CORONET

OVEMBER

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plus THE STORM — a dramatic 16-page picture story

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CORONET

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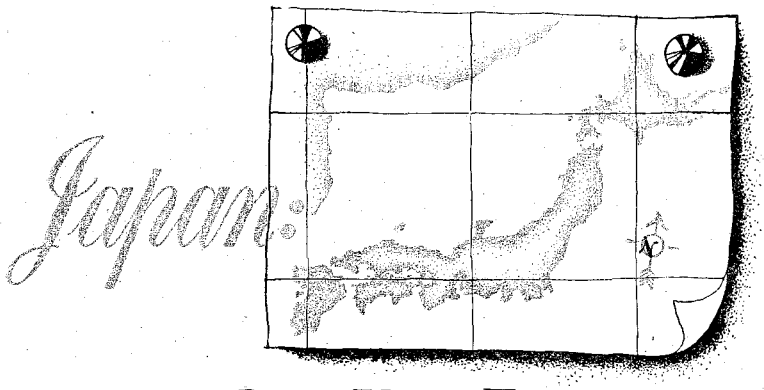
Like it or not, America is in the Far East; how she plays her new role will affect the lives of countless millions



Our New Frontier

by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

WHEN JAPAN hoisted the white flag, and total victory was achieved, that tough old sailor, Admiral William F. Halsey, said:

"Victory is not the end, but the beginning."

"Bull" Halsey had contributed plenty to the winning of the war in the Pacific and he knew whereof he spoke. We have come to the beginning of an entirely new era in the Far East—an era which may produce peace or immeasurable trouble.

Our forces are in the Japanese home islands, the Bonins, the Ryukyus, the Marianas, the westernmost Carolines and the Philippines. And in all the strategically important points along this far-flung frontier we intend to stay.

This is expansion on a staggering scale. In the nineteenth century American pioneers crossed this continent in covered wagons. They reached the Pacific Coast, and stopped. In this century we have crossed the Pacific Ocean in airplanes and aircraft carriers and transports and tankers—we have carried atomic bombs—to the vast doorstep of Asia. Whether we like it or not, we are in the Far East.

We are confronting an entirely new reality in our history. How will we face it? Will we consider our new fortified island frontier a Maginot Line behind which we will crouch, waiting through the years for another Pearl Harbor attack?

Or will this be a jumping off place? And if so—jumping off into what? Jumping, perhaps, into a campaign of economic imperialism? Or jumping into practice of the doctrines of international coop-

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eration which we have preached?

Thirteen years ago Owen Lattimore wrote a book with the prophetic title: *Manchuria, Cradle of Conflict*. This year he wrote one with the somewhat hopeful title, *Solution in Asia*. This latter book makes a point worthy of the consideration of every thoughtful American:

The longest land frontier in the world stretches westward from Vladivostok.

South of that line lives about half of the human race, including the Chinese.

North of that line is one power: the Soviet Union.

It is toward the eastern end of this line—rather than to Europe—that we can look in the future for the greatest possible danger to world peace.

Most of our thinking about the Soviet Union has been conditioned by deceptive propaganda, mainly Nazi. This propaganda created the "Bolshevik Bogey" as a threat to the western world (which Hitler himself fought to enslave).

According to some of our writers and orators, the exact location of the Russo-Polish frontier would appear to provide the entire key to world peace; it would appear to be as greatly our American concern as was "fifty-four forty or fight!" But if we look at these things realistically we shall see that we are now considerably more concerned with the borders of Manchuria than with the borders of Poland as a potential "cradle of conflict."

It is an obvious probability that economic development within the Soviet Union after this war will bear many resemblances to our own American development in the years that followed the Civil War. But it will travel in the opposite direction.

If there were a Horace Greeley in Moscow today he would undoubtedly advise, "Go East—young man—go East."

The Russians will have incalculable opportunities for expansion of their industries and their agriculture within their own territories all the way from the Urals to the Bering Sea, where they are separated from U. S. territory by only a few miles of cold water and the International Date Line. It is by this eastward development that the Russians will be able to increase their standard of living—and if we think that the Russian people are too stupid or too docile to demand a higher standard of living, then we are underrating them as badly as Hitler did.

There is the possibility—if not the probability or the certainty—that China will progress similarly as a modern, industrial power in the next fifty years. And East Asia may develop into an exceedingly tough neighborhood, even with the Japs rendered (and kept) impotent.

IT IS EVIDENT today that the enormous increase in our naval and air power and our occupation of distant bases cause no alarm in Asia. In fact, quite the reverse is true. The fear is not that we may develop into a mighty aggressor but that we may retreat to a status of aloof isolationism, setting up static defenses against trouble which might come to us from other continents, but doing nothing to prevent trouble at the source.

We shall be able to get along

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well with our Asiatic neighbors if we have sufficient strength, and sufficient intelligence to use that strength, not as a dog in the manger, not for the grasping of short-term commercial advantages, but with the practical altruism which produces the greatest long-term benefits.

Fortified bases from Okinawa to Palawan will avail us little—they will form merely another Maginot Line—unless they are maintained for the furtherance of a policy which is intelligently formulated, clearly expressed and vigorously implemented.

Of course the cornerstone of that policy, in Asia and everywhere else, is our determination to sustain the strength of the international organization for world peace. But that is only a verbal beginning. From there on out, actions and not words will do the loudest talking.

The first real test of our future policy will be our handling of Japan. We must be primarily responsible for all Allied policy toward the third and last Axis enemy. Our relations with Russia and China will depend to a large extent on the wisdom and resoluteness of the leadership we provide.

I have talked to many of the leaders of our forces in the Pacific —the men who have had the best chance to gain a working knowledge of the Japanese through having fought them. A small minority of them believe there is no solution for Japan short of total extermination; but the majority opinion, as I have heard it expressed, may be summarized as follows:

The Japanese Emperor and his whole dynasty must go. The "divinity of the Emperor" concept is of comparatively recent origin. It is a myth contrived and promoted by the war lords to fortify their own authority over the Japanese people. It depends for its survival on the legend of infallibility and invincibility. That legend does not look very impressive now that Allied arms have completed the defeat of Japan and the destruction of every vestige of her military power. It may well be that removal of the discredited symbol will blast the myth out of existence.

Certainly there seems to be considerable evidence to support this opinion. The concept of Emperor-divinity cannot be deep-rooted in the Japanese soul, for it has been proved over and over again that Japanese individuals lose it very quickly when given opportunities for enlightenment. (The Nisei from Honolulu and the Mainland, who have fought gallantly with U. S. forces in various theaters, stood in no awe whatever of Hirohito "the god.")

We can dispense with the notion that we must retain Hirohito as another Darlan for purposes of temporary expediency.

The Allied military government of Japan, under General MacArthur, need have no Japanese tie-ups or stooges whatsoever. It must be the armed agency of conquest. It must dispense justice and retribution relentlessly. It must hunt down and capture and kill the criminals, of high and low degree, who have been in any way responsible for Japan's appalling atrocities and perfidies. It must destroy whatever remains of Japan's military organization and equipment and

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heavy industry. It must start the reorganization of Japan's light industry, beginning with the production of goods most needed for the recovery and rehabilitation of those areas, primarily China and the Philippines, which have suffered most from devastation at the hands of the Japs in this war.

This military government—and with it Allied military occupation—of Japan must continue for as long as may be necessary until some liberal movement among the Japanese has gained sufficient power to be *reasonably* reliable as an instrument of authority. That word "reasonably" must be underlined. There must never be a time for as long as you or I may live when we are not watching Japan—watching from without and from within and from above—to make absolutely certain that the anachronistic spirit of Bushido is not again plotting for conquest and destruction.

It is my belief, however—and it is the belief of others who know a lot more about it than I do—that the Japanese may prove to be more easily curable than the Germans. The worst of the Japanese crimes, horrible as they are, have been due to a kind of hysteria, a kind of panic. While the Germans have revealed themselves as hardened, cold-blooded, systematic criminals, the Japanese have behaved as emotionally immature fanatics.

I am referring to the Japanese armed forces in general, but there is another important element in Japan which must not be overlooked: the financiers, the industrialists—the Mitsubishis, Mitsuis and company, who are the opposite numbers of the German Thyssens and Schachts. Those Japs are not emotionally immature; they are the original "Excuse please—so sorry" boys, and they can be supremely dangerous in the future.

We must not be taken in by the assurances, which they will attempt to give us, that they represent "conservative stability" and a return to "law and order" in Japan. They represent nothing but the Japanese will to rearm. Here again the Russians and the Chinese will be watching us closely: if we try to "do business" with the Japs, it will be obvious that we are interested in temporary expediency rather than permanent peace.

OUR HANDLING of Japan is only one step in the establishment and implementation of our Asiatic policy. Of even greater importance—and of greater complexity—is the question of our attitude toward China. Here is where we come to that long land frontier with the Soviet Union which provides the most potentially explosive of all the areas on the earth's surface. Here is where the contact at Vladi-

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Robert E. Sherwood, who wrote his first play at the age of ten and has since won three Pulitzer Prize awards in drama, forsook his career as one of America's most brilliant playwrights to serve as director of the Overseas Branch of the Office of War Information. A veteran of World War I, in which he was gassed and wounded, Sherwood has for years been an outspoken foe of Fascism and an eloquent champion of freedom for all men. The same genius which shone so brightly in "There Shall Be No Night," a milestone in the history of the American theatre, is reflected in this thoughtful and timely article on the role America must play in the Far East.

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vostok ceases to be academic.

The average American can hardly be blamed for a certain confusion as to the internal situation in China. If he tries to simplify the whole thing, in his own terms, by dividing the Chinese into "Communists" and "Democrats," he is apt to be wrong on both counts. Nor is he helped much by the so-called "experts." Owen Lattimore has aptly described the bewilderment of any one of us who has tried to learn about China:

"It was a common experience to hear a lecture or read an article by an 'expert' describing China as a chaos of militarists, opium, squeeze, concubines, Communists, and malevolent encroachment on foreign interests . . . or . . . a lecture or article describing the Chinese as a democratic people, guided by a devoted band of wise political leaders who were preparing, among other things, an unlimited field for American enterprise and profit."

It is difficult to say whether China has suffered more in America from her detractors or from her extravagant devotees.

Whether you feel that China is a chaos of militarists or a democratic people guided by wise political leaders, the fact remains that China is a nation of more than 450 million people who, through the centuries, have displayed a capacity for genius, for moral and spiritual and intellectual leadership, which can make them great or can make them terrible.

If China were to be unified in the future as a militant force under a war-lord oligarchy, then we should find ourselves longing for the good old days when we had nothing to contend with in Asia but Japan.

But if China is unified under a government truly representative of the hopes and aspirations of the masses of her people—a government guided by the democratic principles of Sun Yat-sen—then she will become an overwhelmingly powerful force for the maintenance of world peace.

There can be little argument as to which way our interests lie.

We are certainly not going to enforce democracy in China at the point of a bayonet. And I hope we are not going to consider China solely as a "market," in which we may "sell" democracy (together with our commercial products).

It is a good rule—but one which is far too simple for those who place the formulation of foreign policy among the occult sciences—to practice what you preach.

And what we have preached (and practiced) in this war, and what we should preach and practice in the peace, can be boiled down to this:

Democracy can be just.

Democracy can be generous.

Democracy—in the words of one of its great exponents—can be "copious, vehement, spiritual, bold."

Democracy can be strong.

WE MUST NOT take our place in the future world in the manner of a timid, conservative, pussyfooting diplomat whose most persistent nightmare is that some sunny day he might be caught, in public, squarely facing an issue.

Nor must we attempt to assume the role of a super-shrewd horse-trader, looking out first, last and always for the selfish interests of

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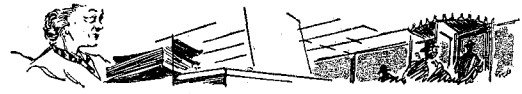
"Number One," scheming constantly to outsmart the other fellow and sell him a gold brick.

For, in either case, we should be heading straight for another world war, and one in which we would learn that the present atomic bomb is no more than a hint of things to come.

The only role we should play in the Far East—and it is one for which our country is by its geographical position and by its very nature well qualified—is that of a *firm friend*, with the accent on both those words.

We may meet the Russians in East Asia with suspicion, and mistrust, and fear, and itching trigger fingers. Or we may meet them in the spirit of General Eisenhower when he met Marshal Zhukov in Germany and said, "All of us who are right-thinking want the common men of all nations to have opportunities that we fought to preserve for them . . . Speaking for the Allied forces, I say we are going to have peace even if we have to fight for it."

It seems to me that with those strong, wise words "Ike" laid down a good, sound cornerstone for our foreign policy everywhere.



Our Unsung Army

WOULD YOU do it? Would you sit in a drafty corridor or lobby for hours at a stretch waiting for a rare customer to come over to your table and buy a 25-dollar bond? Would you give up your home life for a full day or a part day several times a week to drive a Red Cross station wagon? Would you do the hard and thankless tasks of a Nurse's Aide? Would you sit on a draft board or a ration board two days a week deciding the destiny of a man, the allotment of food, transportation, shoes, and suffer all the abuse your work must bring? And would you have kept it up for years?

Maybe you think they're "chumps." But the thousands of people who have been serving as volunteers all over America for the last five years are not "chumps." They are full-hearted, willing, kind and generous people who have taken on a tough, time-consuming job in a pure spirit of service. They seldom get thanks for the work they do, and the only publicity they receive is harsh criticism for "stupid mistakes."

Would *you* do it? *No*, you say, a thousand times no. But remember, the job has to be done by someone, and for the millions of us who won't do it, there are hundreds of thousands who will. The job they're doing is a job in which you could and should help. They are not just serving their country—they are serving *you*. They have given you many gifts you have ignored, they have kept the nation's ball rolling for your benefit, and while assuming personal expense, they have never received a penny in payment.

Next time you see a volunteer on the job, remember he or she is not a show-off, not a trouble maker—but a servant working for nothing. Step over and tell that man or woman that you appreciate what he or she has done for you. And if you can't there and then cooperate in the volunteer's special activity, at least be generous enough to say a simple "Thank you" for service received. —JAMES T. MANGAN

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Jimmy McHugh has a rich stake in the continuing popularity of tunes that he wrote yesterday

You Keep His Songs Alive

by CAMERON SHIPP

AN OVERSIZED Irishman named Jimmy McHugh is on a dicker with the Bank of America to collect royalties on some of your fondest memories. He already has in operation a smartly-geared organization staffed with publicists, exploiteers and statisticians which devotes itself to promoting sweet recollections and yesteryear's romances on a national scale.

If you are square or hep, or merely sentimental, you know who Jimmy McHugh is. He is a songwriter, one of the best, and the burden of his message to the world, in two-quarter, three-quarter, march time or point counterpoint, is always, in whistle-proof melody, "I love you." Having said "I love you" in five hundred songs over a period of years, Mr. McHugh discovered he had an enormous investment tucked away in the musical memories of the nation's hummers and finger-tappers, and he has set about to collect all the nice cabbage that is coming to him.

Five hundred song titles mean an archive of several thousand contracts with publishers, record makers, radio networks, motion picture studios, and individuals. They are as confusing as the pica print of a double indemnity clause. Only the occult science of cashiers and the cunning of people who enjoy algebra can cope with them. This explains why Mr. McHugh is on a deal with a bank. He purports to view this state of affairs with naive astonishment.

The fact is that Jimmy McHugh, who can write a song faster than a Vassar girl can mutter "daisy chain," is a kind of executive tunesmith, one of the most successful businessman-composers of his era. He epitomizes a fantastic trade and has taught it new tricks which pay lovely dividends.

Jimmy is a practitioner of the relaxed, or stream of consciousness, school of composition. In his instance, the stream is a pool. At ease in cabana No. 5 on the edge of the Beverly Hills Hotel's opulent swimming hole, he finds that new tunes murmur in his head at will. He never spends long hours over a hot piano, worrying out a new theme. He has, as a matter of fact,

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two thousand ideas for songs tidily pigeonholed, and could go on producing hits if he turned tone-deaf.

Recently he hurried home from the 20th Century-Fox studio, where he relaxes at high pay, and emptied his pockets on his secretary's desk. The chief items were his new will and a check from the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers for sixteen thousand dollars. On the backs of each were scribbled notations for new tunes which had occurred to him at traffic stops on the way.

Jimmy is a composer who picks up a stray phrase, any phrase, such as "sunny side of the street," or a sailor's remark to his girl friend, "I can't give you anything but love, baby," and turns it into a popular song.

One evening he was having dinner with Pat O'Brien at the Vine Street Brown Derby. Pat read a letter from "Sonny" Bragg, who played football for Duke before joining the Air Forces in North Africa. The letter told about an air battle, and somewhere in it, Sonny tossed off the line, "We came in on an engine and a prayer." Jimmy idly noted that on his cuff, substituted "wing" for "engine" as more poetic, relaxed at a piano a few hours later, and wrote 47,500 dollars' worth of hit tune.

JIMMY MCHUGH is a large, benign, Boston Irishman whose mother was a music teacher and whose father was a plumber. Jimmy gave up plumbing when he dropped a wrench on his foot.

His mother taught him music, and he became a composer while still in knee pants. It was Mrs. McHugh's habit to rap his knuckles when his tunes sounded too much like stolen phrases from Puccini, Verdi or Tschaikowsky. His admiration for Puccini persists, but he resists the urge to plagiarize him.

Jimmy went from his father's plumbing establishment to the Boston Opera House, where he was happy at his job as a messenger boy because there was a piano in every cranny. He played them all, got to be an expert performer and arranger, and found himself a job with the Boston branch of Irving Berlin's publishing house. He was paid eight dollars a week for plugging songs, along with 21 other pluggers who hurried around Boston, from music hall to bar, to dime-store music counters, banging out Berlin melodies. Between plugs, he wrote tunes, but without much success.

From Boston, Jimmy went to New York and met a brilliant girl, Dorothy Fields, daughter of Lew. They formed a song-writing team that soon ranked with Rodgers and Hart, Kern and Hammerstein, and the Gershwin brothers. Their first show, *Blackbirds of 1928*, produced what the professionals call a "standard," a tune that seems to be good for all time. This was *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby*, which was derived—as indicated before—from a chance remark heard on a street corner.

McHugh took over the Cotton Club in Harlem, and not only wrote more hits but began to discover and assist talented young people. Duke Ellington, Rudy Vallee and Phil Harris were three of his many proteges.

And the songs came. Some of the

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titles that now concern the bank, the statisticians and the publicity men are: *Digga Digga Doo*, *Exactly Like You*, *Sunny Side of the Street*, *South American Way*, *Where Are You*, *Say a Prayer for the Boys Over There*, and more than four hundred others, most of which you could probably identify from the first bars of each chorus.

Obviously, Hollywood needed such a man. Jimmy began to commute to the studios in 1930, and today he seems to be set on a term contract with Fox. He has written songs for Deanna Durbin, Ginny Simms, Frank Sinatra, Carmen Miranda, and virtually every other star who can carry a tune on a sound track.

SONG WRITING is a business which 35 million hopeless amateurs, to understate the fact outrageously, are constantly trying to crash. Their chances are somewhat less than those of a hillbilly crooner with the Juilliard Foundation. Song writing is dominated by the pros, and specifically by a little choir of tuneful men whose number seldom exceeds fifty.

Jimmy McHugh is one of these. He represents the composers who write the "standards." Actually, the field is considerably narrower than fifty. If at this moment you decided to whistle or hum ten popular tunes, the odds are long that you would not stray far from Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Vincent Youmans, George Gershwin, Hoagy Carmichael, Rudolf Friml, and, of course, Jimmy McHugh.

While Jimmy turns out new tunes, his staff toils over the old ones. "Songs by Jimmy McHugh" is an organization dedicated to the proposition that Jimmy's five hundred should be played constantly by everybody.

The success or failure of "Songs by Jimmy McHugh" is not left to chance. Jimmy subscribes to three services which tell him to the moment and to the dollar how well his old songs are doing.

Maurice Soladair, an astute Hollywood publicist, also toils for Jimmy, but not merely to keep his name in the paper. His press agent concentrates on letting the music world know that *Sunny Side of the Street* was played by seventeen bands last week.

Attorney Larry McHugh, Jimmy's brother, puts in full time superintending current royalties and inspecting fine print in new contracts. Over all these expert advisers, Jimmy presides with the aid of four secretaries.

Precisely how much does a hit tune earn and where does the money come from? Take *Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer*, written in 1943. It sold 800 thousand copies in the United States and 700 thousand in England, which fetched thirty thousand dollars. It brought in at least ten thousand dollars from "mechanicals," that is to say, records and transcriptions, and 7,500 dollars from motion pictures. The total is 47,500 dollars.

Any time this song, or any other McHugh song of like popularity, is used in a motion picture, Jimmy collects handsomely. Then there's ASCAP.

The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers will take in approximately eight million dollars this year from radio

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stations, theatres, bars, restaurants, grills, taverns, dance halls and night clubs in which music of any kind is played. The proceeds are split among ASCAP members according to ratings determined by a committee. The top rating is "AA," a pinnacle on which McHugh has long resided along with about fifty or sixty other songwriters. Their ASCAP average is between eighteen and twenty thousand dollars a year—and this will go on and on, as long as there are descendants of the composer to collect royalties on the music to which your descendants will listen.

While there are no popular song writers known who are shy folk, avoiding publicity or averse to reaching for a nice dollar, it seems that Jimmy McHugh has most ably grasped the elementary economics of the business. Which is to say that old hit songs (standards) are commodities for which desire has previously been created, and that new generations of listeners are coming along to whom they should be re-introduced. Therefore "Music by Jimmy McHugh," the four secretaries, the public relations counsellor, and the accurate market reports.

Jimmy's head is as innocent of down as the ivory of his keyboard. He dresses and looks like a gentleman who might pass the plate every Sunday at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills, which he does. Unlike many another songsmith, he is not a two-finger composer. He plays in any key, and is likely to perform Debussy, Stravinsky or Ravel, Mozart or Puccini, as often—well, almost as often—as his own compositions.

McHugh follows his friends' careers as shrewdly as he guides his own, goads them, advises them and arranges profitable introductions. A few years ago he became fascinated by the news that Harvard students were eating goldfish. Upon investigating this curious phenomenon, possibly with the idea of writing a song entitled "Goldfish and Crimson, I Love You," he discovered that the hoopla had been inspired by a youngster named Bernie Kamins. He solved Mr. Kamins' career problem for him by sending him to Hollywood to become a press agent. Mr. Kamins has prospered.

Jimmy's mother, now eighty, lives with him in his Beverly Hills home. She enjoys playing Jimmy McHugh tunes on a modernistic grey and silver piano, a gift from George Gershwin, and she still raps Jimmy's knuckles when she thinks he is stealing from Puccini.

Initial Distinction

FUNCTIONS AT the fashionable hotels in London have nearly reached normal. At the Piccadilly everybody drew to attention when the page boy called for a Mr. Neutrosponsiavanci.

A dignified-looking Latin slowly rose to his feet and asked, "What initials, please?"

—TED BENTZ

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A heroic Norwegian professor died a Gestapo death to save us from the full fury of the Nazis

How We Escaped the atom bomb

by HOWARD WHITMAN

THIS, THEN, is the professor's epitaph. You cannot carve it into any headstone, for the ashes of the professor's body are scattered perhaps over the green hillsides or the snowy plateaus or the ragged fiords of Norway. But you can record it in your hearts, for this professor—Leif Tronstad—saved us from Nazi atom bombs.

The glowing accounts of the American-British development of the atomic bomb piled praise upon the heads of many professors. Men of learning stepped from their cloisters and basked for a bit in the sunlight of well-earned tribute. They had developed the atomic bomb and won the war.

Said Winston Churchill in offering thanks for Divine help in the race for atomic power, "By His mercy British and American science outpaced all German efforts."

Thank God, to be sure. But it should not be overlooked that for this work He had an able servant in Leif Tronstad. As saboteur *par excellence*, the young professor was a ball and chain on Nazi ankles in this race to the atomic finish line. He hindered the Nazis immeasurably in the development of their own atomic bomb. He held them back while our scientists did the outpacing. His final contribution was a parachute jump into Norway and a Gestapo death.

In Southern Norway, in a deep cleft called the Valley of the Moon, there is the town of Rjukan. Here are located the sprawling factories of Norsk Hydro, largest electro-chemical firm in Norway. In a tiny village called Vemork, Norsk Hydro had an electrolysis plant which was the largest producer of hydrogen in the world.

Norsk Hydro had a young advisor—tow-headed, blue-eyed Professor Tronstad of the department of chemistry at Trondheim Technical Institute. In the secrecy of his laboratory, Professor Tronstad was working at something during those pre-war years. Like scientists the world over, he too was probing the secrets of the atom, trying to split open the tiniest particles of matter and set free the basic energy of the universe.

With unshakable faith that one

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day man would work this miracle, Professor Tronstad persuaded Norsk Hydro to give him one small room in the electrolysis plant so that he could try to manufacture *heavy water*. He built his apparatus. It was successful. The tiny village of Vemork, in the Valley of the Moon, became one of the few places in the world where this mysterious substance could be produced. It soon became the world's largest producer, and the *only* quantity producer, of heavy water.

To say "quantity producer" when speaking of heavy water requires an adjustment of semantic values. In the beginning the plant produced just a few grams a day. That was *quantity*. By 1940 it was producing two liters a day. That was tremendous quantity. When the Germans took over, they stepped production up to four liters a day.

Heavy water is water in which the hydrogen content is actually "heavy hydrogen," or deuterium. The formula is D_2O instead of H_2O. The deuteron, or nucleus, of the deuterium atom has double the weight of the hydrogen proton. Scientists had discovered that this rare substance was an ideal moderator in splitting the atom. It successfully slowed down neutrons in their bombardment of uranium atoms.

With the thunderous dawn of April 9, 1940, Nazis swept into Norway, and if their boots made the streets of Oslo tremble, there was even greater trembling in scientific laboratories the world over—for Germany now had in its power, in its stolen domain, the heavy water of Vemork. And that meant a substantial head-start in the race for mastery of the atom.

Professor Tronstad shuttled unobtrusively between Vemork and the university at Trondheim, pretending to be a loathsome quisling but actually keeping a sharp eye on every move the Nazis were making. He and his underground colleagues reported by radio to the Norwegian High Command in London and London replied through code messages hidden in its regular Norwegian Service of the BBC. The Nazis never dreamed there was any special meaning in the incongruous remarks that popped up in the midst of a BBC program, remarks such as "The apples are not ripe yet."

Well, soon the apples ripened. The Germans had stepped up the production of heavy water in Vemork. It was time for an Allied move in this weird battle of the laboratories.

On advice from Professor Tronstad and his underground friends, British Combined Operations sent forty commandos aloft in two gliders towed by transport planes. They were to land on the Hardanger Plateau above Rjukan and then knife their way down to the Vemork electrolysis plant and blow it to kingdom come.

When the airborne saboteurs crossed the Norwegian coast the weather suddenly closed in. By the time they were over Rjukan there were billows of cumulus below them. It was impossible to see the prearranged ground signals which were to mark a safe landing ground, and their gas was insufficient to haul the gliders home.

War enforces tough decisions. This time the decision was to cut

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the gliders loose and let them slide down through the clouds to whatever fate might await them. One glider plunged into the sea near Stavanger, to quick death. The other made a landing near Flekkefjord and the commandos on board were quickly captured by a German garrison. They were summarily shot.

Unfortunately the Germans found maps showing the objective of the glider troops. The guard around the Vemork plant was quadrupled. Mines were laid in the surrounding area. Searchlights and anti-aircraft guns were installed. Hundreds of Norwegians were questioned.

Professor Tronstad was working in his laboratory at the university at Trondheim one afternoon when an underground courier burst in with the staccato news, "Flee for your life! The Gestapo knows! They have found out! They are after you!"

Professor Tronstad crammed his vital papers into his shirt and started out on the underground escape route to Sweden. Within two hours the Gestapo had surrounded his home and scowling Nazis were telling his wife she lied when she insisted her husband had merely gone to the university that morning.

PROFESSOR TRONSTAD reported to the Norwegian High Command when he arrived in England from Sweden. He was assigned to British Combined Operations to train an all-Norwegian sabotage team for another attempt at Vemork, this time by parachute.

Eleven men were selected. They included Kjell Nielsen, a chemical engineer formerly employed at the Norsk Hydro plant in Rjukan, and Claus Helberg, whose father, Harald, was still employed there.

Professor Tronstad schooled them well. The Vemork plant is surrounded on three sides by the five thousand-foot gorge of the Maana River. On the fourth side, behind it, are precipitous cliffs leading upward three thousand feet to the plateau. A suspension bridge across the Maana was guarded by Nazis elbow-to-elbow.

Professor Tronstad went over and over the floor plan of the Vemork plant. Each of the eleven Norwegian youths learned to know the plant as he knew his own home: each doorway, each staircase, each corridor; where the guards were stationed; which doors opened inward and which doors opened outward; which rooms were kept locked; which corridors were watched.

In October, 1942, an advance contingent—five of the eleven—were dropped on the snowy wastes of Hardanger, some fifty miles from the planned descent area. This advance party was to reconnoiter and set up radio contact. Their six colleagues would be dropped a month later with the sabotage equipment.

It didn't work out quite that way. The cover party was marooned on the bleak plateau for four months, finally fighting its way to the crest of the Valley of the Moon and reconnoitering down its precipitous cliffs to test the feasibility of Professor Tronstad's plan to reach the plant from behind.

In February, 1943, a British plane came over again and dropped the remainder of the party. Even

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with radio to help them, it was a week before the two groups could contact each other on the trackless plateau. On February 28 the leader of the commando party, Joachim Roenneberg, led nine of them down the cliffs into the Valley of the Moon. Two were left above to keep radio contact with Britain.

Once in the valley, six of the commandos hid at vantage points around the plant, snuggling close to the ground, only the muzzles of their Tommy guns exposed. The other three entered the plant through a tunnel which professor Tronstad told them about. They crept to the room on the ground floor where the professor's heavy water equipment was concentrated.

Norwegian night workers got the high-sign of the Norwegian underground and quietly disappeared. Within ten minutes the wires were made fast, the explosive charge was set, and the fuse was touched off.

The commandos were hardly out of the plant when the charge exploded, blasting the heavy water equipment to bits. At first German guards thought this was just another land mine, blowing up some innocent Norwegian. In the few seconds while sentries chuckled, the commandos were back to the cliffs and away.

"Mission completed," they radioed back to England. Then they skied 250 miles to the Swedish border while the Nazis vainly searched for them.

Professor Tronstad was elated. For nine months the Germans worked feverishly to rebuild the heavy water apparatus, slipping back farther and farther in the international race toward realization of the atom bomb. Norwegian engineers developed sudden illnesses, loss of memory, or acute attacks of ignorance. The Nazis finally brought in their own top-drawer scientists and by November, 1943, the plant was again in working order.

THE PAINFULLY slow process of producing D_2O began again, and by the spring of 1944 underground agents reported to Professor Tronstad that the Nazis were ready to ship a considerable quantity back to Germany. It would have to be ferried out of the Valley of the Moon across Tinnsjo Lake.

Professor Tronstad radioed instructions to two of the most trusted members of the underground. They hid aboard a little steamer on Tinnsjo Lake, waited until the Germans brought a precious tank of heavy water aboard, then planted a time bomb in the engine room and slipped ashore.

When the little steamer was in the middle of the lake it suddenly lifted out of the water, burst its sides and slid stern-first to the bottom.

The steamer was one of several that the Nazis were using to deliver tanks of heavy water to a large cargo ship. When the cargo ship was fully loaded, it was blown up by an American bombing plane at Menstad, near Skien.

In autumn, 1944, Professor Tronstad knew that the underground could do no more. Messages grew fewer and fewer. Yet the race for the atom bomb grew more desperate. Hitler had already hit Britain with V-1 and V-2. Intelligence sources feared that V-3

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would be atomic energy, and the end of the war.

Professor Tronstad went to Combined Operations and asked to be taught parachute jumping. He took with him his trusted laboratory assistant, Gunnar Syverstad.

"There is only one thing to do now. I must return to Norway and destroy the heavy water apparatus myself," he announced.

And so a British plane soared once more over the mountains of Telemark and from it leaped Professor Leif Tronstad and Engineer Gunnar Syverstad.

They took to their skis and rounded up underground fighters in the mountains. A small mountain cottage became their headquarters and there Professor Tronstad worked with charts and drawings on a new plan of attack.

Twice in the weeks that followed, the plan was almost given away by Norwegian quislings. Tronstad and his men rounded them up and brought them to the cottage as prisoners. But the one man they didn't suspect was a half-witted farm hand, considered perfectly harmless, who slipped away from the cottage one night and returned with a Gestapo patrol. In the battle that followed several of the underground men escaped but Professor Tronstad and Gunnar Syverstad were captured.

On March 11, less than two months before Norway was freed, the Germans took the professor up into the mountains of Telemark and there they killed him. They burned his body and scattered his ashes.

This was a typical expression of Nazi rage. They had burned to black dust the man who was the ball and chain around their ankle. Yes, now Professor Tronstad was dead. But there were others to win the race for our side, to cross the finish line at Oak Ridge, Tenn., and Alamorgordo, N. M.

Had the blue-eyed professor not held the Nazis back, who is to say that London and New York would not have felt the atom bomb—instead of Hiroshima and Nagasaki?

Joe's Show!

When the Army took over the Empire Theatre in Paris for the GI revue, *Com Zee Com Zaa*, the production met, at first, with a series of obstacles. Number one, Sergeant Alex Hare, prop-man for the show, needed a water pistol for one of the sketches. None could be found in Paris. Undaunted, the sergeant obtained a syringe from the medics and a piece of hose from the engineers; he used part of a neon sign for the barrel, carved a frame from some slats of a ration box and presto—a pistol.

Then a potato-peeling scene created another problem. Although the Army's supply of potatoes is usually dehydrated, the Quartermaster Corps finally came through with a sack of genuine, peelable spuds.

Least anticipated was the shoe trouble among the WAC. After two years in field boots and GI shoes, they had to learn to walk all over again when they first tried out their new high heels for a night club scene.—*Clipper*

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These tested favorites prove that "the good die young" was never said of a joke

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

TOWARD THE end of the fighting in the Pacific we heard from a B-29 navigator that our pilots didn't even have to bother with plotting their courses. They just stuck their heads out from time to time to read the markers: "By These Signs"—"You Are Knowing"—"To Japan"—"You Are Going"—"Burma Shave."

—*The Communiqué*

THE FORMER vicar and his wife decided to attend the church social of his old parish.

The new vicar greeted his predecessor heartily. "I'm very pleased to see you again," he said. "And is this your most charming wife?"

"This," the other replied reprovingly, "is my only wife." —*Contact*

COMMANDING officer: "Private, there will be a number of high officers here for lunch. I want you to stand by the door and call the guests' names as they arrive."

Private: "Boy, I'd like that!—But who keeps me out of the guardhouse?"

—*Bealiner*

SEVERAL YEARS before the war a newly-rich American and his wife spent a holiday in Paris. As they were passing a church one morning a bridegroom was just alighting from a car.

"Who is that?" asked the American of a Parisian who was leaning against the railings.

"Je ne sais pas" (I don't know), returned the Frenchman.

Later, in the afternoon, the American and his wife chanced to come past the church again. This time a coffin was being carried up the steps.

"Who is that?" asked the American of his former informant.

The Frenchman shook his head and again replied, "Je ne sais pas."

The worthy questioner turned to his wife in horror and said: "Gosh, mom! He didn't last long, did he?" —*Contact*

A SERGEANT, drilling a batch of recruits, saw that one of them was marching out of step. Going up to the man he said sarcastically, "Do you know, Bud, that everyone is out of step except you?"

"What did you say?" inquired the rookie innocently.

"I said everyone is out of step except you!"

"Well," was the reply, "You're in charge—you tell 'em." —*Clinco News*

YOU'VE PROBABLY heard about the painter atop a tall ladder who was whitewashing the ceiling. An apprentice painter called up to him—

"Hey, Joe," he yelled, "have you got a good grip on that brush?"

"Sure thing," the first answered.

"Good. I'm taking the ladder."

—*Contact*

A CLERGYMAN whose wife had passed away six months before had occasion to go to an adjoining state. He left his eldest daughter in charge of the parsonage, telling her he would write home from time to time.

In one of his letters he mentioned that he had married a widow with six children. This created a violent storm

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in his household, and when his daughter greeted him on his return she demanded: "Where is the widow you married, father?"

"Widow? Oh, I married her to another man!" —*Colonel Says. . .*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL teacher had made a convincing talk on the triumph of goodness over beauty. As she ended the talk, she turned to a ten-year-old pupil and asked, "Now, Alice, which would you rather be—beautiful or good?"

"Well," replied Alice, "I'd rather be beautiful—and repent."

—*Reading Railroad Magazine*

A FORLORN-LOOKING youngster wandered up to a clerk in the shoe department.

"What's the matter, Sonny?" asked the man sympathetically.

"Please, sir," wailed the child, "have you seen a lady without a little boy who looks like me?"

—JOSEPH GIGLIOTTI

RUNNING TO catch his train, a young man collided with a deaf, old gentleman. He apologized profusely, ending, "Oh, sir, I beg your pardon."

"Hey, what's that?"

"I said, I beg your pardon," repeated the young man.

"What for?"

"I kicked you."

"Hey, what's that?"

"*I kicked you!*"

"Kicked me! What did you do that for?"

"It was an accident."

"What's that?"

"*It was an accident!*"

"Accident! Where? When? Anybody hurt?" —CHARLES A. AIKEN

HERE'S A STORY about a naval officer who stuttered. One day when his division had mustered on the quarterdeck, he barked, "Column right, march." The men wheeled smartly toward the stern of the ship. When it was time for the squad to halt, the young officer was stopped cold by his affliction and could only manage to get out sibilant "c-c-c-c." The well-trained bluejackets kept marching.

Finally a bos'n, who could stand it no longer, roared in desperation, "Say something, lieutenant—even if it's only goodbye." —*The Beacon*

TWO SAILORS, returning to their base late one night, lost their way. Said one: "Hey, Joe, we must be in a cemetery. There's a gravestone."

"Yeah," said the other. "Whose is it?" Joe lit a match, and replied, "I don't know, but he seems to have lived to a ripe old age—175."

"Well, whatsa name?" insisted the other bluejacket. Joe lit another match.

"Some guy called Miles from Memphis," he reported. —*Review*

A SOLDIER IN ALEXANDRIA for the week-end phoned a hotel. "Where can I get a room for tonight?" he inquired.

"Where are you calling from?"

"A phone booth."

"Sweet dreams!" —*The Communiqué*

NAVY WIFE: "Your honor, he broke every dish in the house over my head. He treated me cruelly and threatened to put in for sea duty."

Judge: "Did he apologize or express regrets?"

Navy wife: "No, your honor, the ambulance took him away before he regained consciousness." —*The Hoist*

THE CLASS was asked by the teacher to write compositions on the subject of the post-war world. The teacher picked this, written by one of her youngest pupils, as the gem of the lot:

"When peace comes, it will bring many people great joy. Some will be reunited with loved ones, others with their husbands." —PHILIP BEATON

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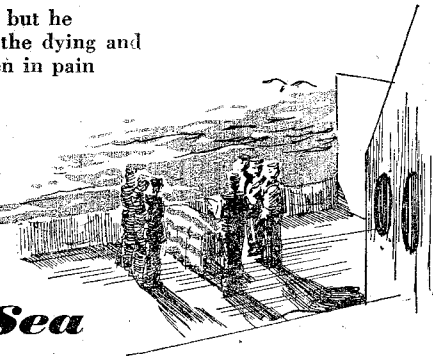
The Chaplain "wasn't the type," but he prayed for the dead, comforted the dying and brought smiles to the lips of men in pain



Burial At Sea

by EARL MERCER

LIEUTENANT Colonel Billings was a large man, almost a fat man, who insisted on wearing pince-nez glasses. Pince-nez glasses are a rarity in the overseas areas, but Billings himself was a kind of rarity. With a professorial head, and a Roman nose, and the pince-nez glasses, he was a strange sight among the other officers on the ship: He looked and acted so much like a visiting lecturer wandering among warriors.

Actually, there was nothing at all pedagogic in his personal history. Lieutenant Colonel Billings had been the manager of a department store in Duluth before the war; his specialty was supply. Nevertheless, he was a pedantic man, always ready to tell you all about the war, to discuss the issues one by one in his finger-pointing professorial way. He knew everything. He tried to talk tough. He considered himself a hard man.

Chaplain Eglantine was a much shorter man than Lieutenant Colonel Billings. He had a strangely shaped head on practically no neck at all: the cranium seemed to rise, ellipse-like, to a knob on top. The Chaplain had straight black hair which he parted in the middle. It is hardly necessary for me to add that Chaplain Eglantine was not a handsome man. His body, in strange contrast to his sharp and towering head, was short, bull-like and stocky.

Eglantine, Billings and I were together on a ship which joined a convoy in New Guinea and started moving towards a Jap-held island. The Chaplain was the regular Chaplain on the ship. Billings, an Army man traveling with the troops on board, would be with us only until the island was taken. Then he would leave us and go ashore to take up his quarters on that island.

On a ship going into battle you make lifelong friends in a few days, and on that ship we were all particularly friendly. It was a good ship, an experienced ship, a brave ship. The men, even the new men, felt pride in her past accomplishments and were proud of being together on her. The only two men on board who hated each other were

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Chaplain Eglantine and Lieutenant Colonel Billings.

The little Chaplain said to me one day: "Your friend Billings has been telling me all about God. He despises me because he says I worship a dogma, not a God. The fool hasn't the faintest idea of what dogma is. He's an idiot."

A little later Lieutenant Colonel Billings tapped on my chest with his finger and said: "That Eglantine! Thinks he's Billy Sunday. Wants the old-time religion. Always thinks he's rasslin' with the devil. I wish he'd stay away from me."

The two men avoided each other with a deliberation that embarrassed the rest of us. At first, when the convoy left New Guinea, they sat next to each other at the mess table. Then one day I saw the Chaplain whispering to the chief bosun's mate, who was the mess sergeant, and at the very next meal Eglantine and Billings were sitting at opposite ends of the table.

Once I saw little Eglantine walk the entire length of the wardroom looking for a fourth at bridge. The only man in the room he did not ask was Billings—and we all knew that Billings was the best bridge player on the ship.

Billings and I stood on the bridge one evening after supper. He wiped the fog from his glasses and moved his big shoulders and said to me, "I've seen a lot of Chaplains under fire. This is Eglantine's first battle. I'll bet my bottom dollar he folds up. He's just not the type. Shoulda stood in bed."

It went on that way for two weeks, growing worse all the time. When two officers among fifty openly dislike each other, even the biggest ship in the world will shrink to the size of a dinghy, and the thing becomes a spreading sore. Two weeks of it, with the impending battle for the island looming larger every minute, and we were all pretty well fed up with the situation. I doubt if it could have gone on that way one more week, but there is no way of ever telling.

Suddenly one morning the Jap island floated over the horizon.

And then the petty grievances of life on shipboard were lost in the larger fury of the fight for the island. The Lieutenant Colonel went to work with his troops—unloading them, checking them, sweating out the thousand details of a man who dispatches other men into battle. The Chaplain took up his station in the sick bay, where he would help the doctors.

I saw Eglantine taking up his position in one corner of the sick bay. And then when we were getting into the landing boats, I saw Billings with the troops on deck. He knew his job, he had been through it all before, and as I watched him I kept thinking of what he had said about the Chaplain folding up.

TWENTY HOURS later I got back to the ship. The first thing I did was go down to the sick bay, and there I saw Chaplain Eglantine.

I have a pretty vivid memory of that bull-necked, bullet-headed man in the sick bay that night. He was all over the place. Talking to a sick man on a table is either a carefully acquired science or an instinct, and Eglantine had the gift instinctively. He spoke softly,

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he joked and he kidded. He seemed to have time for each man, and yet actually he never did stand still. He held cups of water to the lips of the wounded; he held their arms down when the doctor had to make a painful incision. He held surgical instruments for the doctors; he assisted in giving the blood transfusions. He helped the litter bearers. He handed fresh swabs to the doctors and carried the blood-soaked swabs away when they were handed to him. Yet always he managed to pause at the tables and talk with the men and joke with them and somehow make some of them laugh.

But twice he did a peculiar thing: He left sick bay and was gone for ten—fifteen—twenty minutes. Each time he returned I wondered what he had been doing.

Then, while I was standing there watching him, completely fascinated, I heard a voice close to my ear: "There's going to be another funeral. Want to see it?"

I turned and looked into the perspiring face of Lieutenant Colonel Billings. The man had the distraught look of all men who stay behind on the ships on D-Day—the hopeless, helpless, bloodless look of the men who have to stand around and watch the arrival of the freshly wounded cases. Lieutenant Colonel Billings' duties for the day were officially over; he had seen his troops over the side. Now, like the rest of us with nothing official to do, he had come down to the sick bay hoping to lend a hand. "Do you want to see it?" he repeated.

I said, "Yes."

I followed the Lieutenant Colonel down the passageway towards the stern of the ship. When we came to the end of the corridor, he held the first back curtain aside for me, and I held the second aside for him. We passed out onto the deck of the ship, and the black night swallowed us up as if we were walking into the mouth of some monstrous fish. It was so black I thought I had suddenly gone blind. There was a ghastly silence, too, except for the popping noises coming from the island off to our left.

We felt our way forward. In that kind of blackness it sometimes takes half an hour for your eyes to make out anything at all. The Lieutenant Colonel and I had been on that ship for two weeks, and we knew our way around. Nevertheless, in that blackness, we couldn't help but bump our shins on this and that, and rub our trouser legs against the grease-covered davit cables.

Soon we came to what I knew must be the fantail, the very rear end of the whole ship. I could make out the dimmest of shapes by that time. There were voices all around us now. We were surrounded by human beings, but in that darkness none of them had any identity.

We stood there looking at nothing but blackness and listening to hushed moving voices. Suddenly, somebody in front of us mumbled, "Make sure they're all in a line."

Another voice said, "Make sure the flags don't get fouled up." Hands were suddenly busy with something in the darkness, and large heavy things were being shoved around. And then close to my ear again, I heard Billings. He spoke in a harsh whisper, and he had to squeeze the words out of his

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throat. What he said was, "D-Day is Death Day!"

Then, unexpectedly, we heard Eglantine's voice not more than a few feet in front of us. "All right, boys," he said. It was the first full voice above a whisper to come up out of that blackness. There was the sound of ropes falling on the deck.

Eglantine cleared his throat. His voice was quiet, but strong. "Our Father," he said, "Who art in heaven—take unto Thy bosom these brave young men . . . These innocent and brave young men . . . "

He spoke for perhaps a minute and a half. He spoke slowly and simply, and during his brief pauses, we could hear faintly the gunfire on the island. By that time, slowly emerging from the blackness, I was beginning to make out three distinct shapes on the deck in front of me. They were three American flags. The white stripes were beginning to take shape.

"Who gave their lives this day . . ." the Chaplain said, ". . . that faith might endure, that democracy might live, that the belief in his own God may be every man's prerogative . . . to the deep we consign them, together. For it is not life that brings us together in Thy presence, but death. Among these dead tonight there is a togetherness, as there is a new togetherness among us the living here tonight . . ."

He finished the short speech. He said, "All right, boys."

I could just about see the first flag being slightly raised. There was a sliding sound. Far down below us there was a splash, like a great sob. Someone said, "The next one." There was a shuffling of feet. Then the second flag came up, and its cargo slid from under it, and in a matter of seconds we heard the echo of the second splash. Someone whispered, "The last one now. Take it easy." The last flag was hoisted, and the last body slid over the rail and into the water.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL Billings and I got back to the sick bay. I looked around for the Chaplain, who hadn't returned with us. Billings was looking around too. I said to myself: *He couldn't be looking for the Chaplain. He couldn't be—not the Lieutenant Colonel.* And just then the Chaplain came in.

He came in briskly. He slipped his small prayer book into the back pocket of his trousers and rolled up his sleeves.

The bay was filled to overflowing by that time. The doctors and corpsmen were working harder than ever. The Chaplain didn't ask any questions. He walked over to a table where a man was being given a transfusion. He asked, "Anything I can do, Doc?" The doctor looked up and jerked his head. "Hold his wrist," he said. "Feel for his pulse. Tell me if the pulse keeps steady." The Chaplain took the boy's wrist, leaned over and started speaking to him—telling him something that made the boy suddenly smile.

Billings and I stood in a corner, watching all this. Billings' mouth was wide open, and those pince-nez glasses were slightly askew on his big broad nose. He couldn't take his eyes off the Chaplain.

While we watched, a corpsman came into the sick bay and walked straight over to the Chaplain and whispered something to him. The Chaplain listened, and then he

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nodded. Then he gave the one single sign of his fallibility that night: a tremendous sigh. Releasing the man's wrist, he laid it carefully down across the man's chest. He took the prayer book out of his pocket. And then he looked over and saw Billings, his sworn enemy, standing next to me.

He was about to say something to me, but in that split second he seemed to change his mind and turned his eyes to Billings. He pointed to the table where the boy was being given a blood transfusion. "Take over, will you, Joe?" he asked.

Billings jumped forward to the table like an eager little boy. Gently, he took the young soldier's wrist in his hand. He looked up at the Chaplain. "Okay, Padre," he said.

He smiled at the Chaplain. The Chaplain waved the prayer book, then was out of the sick bay and walking down the corridor again toward the fantail of the ship.

Billings did a good job of feeling for pulses, and emptying buckets, and carrying litters, and holding bandages for the rest of the night. He spoke to the wounded men, too, and managed to make some of them smile, but it was hard for the rest of us to look at Billings for very long because all the time he was talking to the men he kept dropping great big tears on the operating tables.

How on Earth . . . . . ? ?

ONE DAY AN overloaded paper elevator blew a circuit fuse and saved printer Frank L. Blanchard from certain death by only a scant three inches. Mr. Blanchard was feeding a flatbed press when his apron caught in the plunger recoil spring. He was gradually being pulled toward the powerful jaws of the press, unable to do a thing to save himself, when suddenly the fuse blew and the press stopped. The National Safety Council selected the California printer as the nation's champion "freak squeaker."

IN JACKSONVILLE, Florida, a buzz saw broke loose from a mill and began a dizzy journey. It tore through the kitchen wall as Henry Butler ate breakfast, neatly sliced the table at which he sat right down the middle, and spun merrily out the other side of the house.

AT HOME IN Claudell, Kansas, Pfc. Charles Smith watched a power lawnmower churning up the grass in his front yard. Suddenly the machine sounded with a metallic ring and an old spoon, which had been lying on the grass, hurtled through the air to penetrate the calf of Smith's leg. It had to be removed by operation. Pfc. Smith was on leave at the time, recuperating from wounds received in three South Pacific invasions.

—JOHN V. DONNELLY

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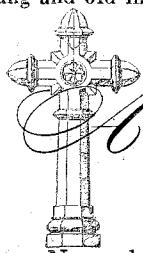
The young and old in faraway lands join us in joyous thanks for a world at peace



A Prayer of Thanksgiving

NOW, IN November, is the American time for Thanksgiving. In this year of Grace returned to earth, this must be the most joyous of all Thanksgivings.

But when you sit down to the Thanksgiving feast, to the turkey garnished with sage and onion, to offer up your thanks for the food, the shelter, the clothing that was never taken away from you—listen hard. In the winds from the east you may hear other prayers of thanks—prayers in different tongues, giving a different kind of thanks. You may hear, for one, the Thanksgiving prayer of a little Dutch girl: "*Onze Vader*," she begins. "Our Father . . . "

"*Onze Vader* . . .

"I give thanks . . .

". . . that peace has come to Holland. I give thanks that my father and the one brother who is left can start building the dike again, the dike at the north end of our land which the conquerors tore open to let the sea water in.

"My brother says it will not take long for the land to become fertile again. The sea water and the salt will drain out of the land in time. Not long, my brother says. Just a few years. I give thanks that we are a patient people.

"I give thanks for the piece of meat on my plate.

"It is a long time since we had meat. For three cold hours I stood in line at the food office. But my reward is great, for I have this piece of meat. For it I give thanks. *Onze Vader*, some day perhaps we shall eat the *hutspot* again, the meat with carrots and potatoes and onions. Some day soon. A year or two, perhaps. I can wait. My brother says I am the patient daughter of a patient people.

"*Onze Vader* . . . I give thanks, for these blessings: For the land which is ours again, for the lives which we can live again, for the meat on my plate, for the still strong arms of my father and the one brother who remains. For all these blessings I give thanks.

"But most of all—for Peace. Most of all that when the wind blows now it brings not the terrible sound of Stukas and the fear of bombs, but the force to drive the windmill that grinds the wheat that makes the bread to eat with the piece of meat to make us well and whole again."

—DAVID LOUIS

A Prayer of Thanksgiving

Another feature in Coronet's series of words and pictures devoted to memorable days in American life.

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLASS CROCKWELL

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The Army-Navy Classic

by Paul Gallico

On the afternoon of December 2, 1944, the United States of America was engaged in fighting a three-front war in Germany, Italy, and in the Pacific. There were eleven million men under arms, and in the greatest naval armada the world has ever known. The nation was fighting for its life against two deadly enemies, the Germans and the Japanese.

But on that same afternoon in the Municipal Stadium at Baltimore, Maryland, the Army and the Navy

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were seriously engaged also in a continuation of their annual feud, a feud which is a peacetime catharsis for both branches of the service, and the *only* brilliant military spectacle of the Republic beloved by the young and the old alike.

To all intents and purposes, the war against the Axis partners was stopped for that afternoon while the yard-by-yard, kick-by-kick, plunge-by-plunge and run-by-run account of the actions of those two teams was shortwaved to the most remote corners of the globe that contained American men in Army brown or Navy blue.

To enlisted men as well as officers wherever they were, in icy foxholes or stinging winter bivouac, in submarine or tank, on weapons carrier, on battlewagon or landing craft, on carrier, cruiser or destroyer, in the deadly forests of the Ardennes, the spiny ridges of Italy, the jungles of the Pacific, wherever men bore arms for the United States, an important thing that day was the outcome of those four fifteen-minute periods of football in Baltimore.

In case you care, Army's greatest undefeated football team won that particular game by the score of 23—7, bringing the score for the 45 games played in the series since its inception to 23 victories for West Point, 19 for Annapolis, and three games tied. But that isn't the point. That is a mere statistic. The point is that these youngsters played one another, hard, fast, bruising and for keeps, while all over the world Americans paused in battle to listen, or to ask, "Who won?"

It all began back in the year 1890, when West Point, with no athletic program, was a stern and sour-faced military academy, in contrast to the more lenient and enlightened Naval Academy, where football was being played as far back as 1879. But in 1890, when Annapolis challenged West Point to a football match, a young cadet named Dennis Mahan Mitchie took it upon himself to buck Army tradition and red tape to bring football to the Point.

He succeeded. The cadets scratched together a team and were beaten, 24—0, by the Navy. But that ended West Point's athletic isolation, for not even the most hidebound Army conservatives could swallow that defeat. The following year West Point had a trained and coached eleven and turned the tables on Navy, 32—16. The great series was under way.

That series has been interrupted three times, and the interruptions themselves are interesting and significant. In 1894, the Secretaries of War and the Navy ruled that the game be suspended because they felt the rivalry had become too bitter. Friction was spreading throughout the services, and for five years no Army-Navy football game was played. We were young then. Those were growing pains. We were already becoming a great nation.

In 1917-1918, the games were not played because of World War I. We were adolescent and not yet sure of ourselves. And once more, in 1928-1929, the games were canceled because of a brass-hat squabble over athletic eligibility rules. We were big boys then and nobody was particularly proud of that per-

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formance. It took a Presidential directive to start the games again. But since then the games have continued in an unbroken line, with not even a hint of time out for the greatest war the world has ever known. We have come of age and can appreciate not only the value of athletics in military training, but the high morale value of a certain amount of pomp and tradition.

For the Army-Navy game is compounded of more than just 22 military and naval fledglings struggling for temporary possession of an inflated leather-covered bladder. It is a national ceremony of epic qualities that lives in the hearts and minds of the people of the country. I doubt if there is a single person in all our vast population into whose consciousness the annual meeting of Army and Navy on the football field does not penetrate.

THERE IS something of the classic Greek drama in these annual meetings of the two schools, complete with choruses and fetishes. The patron gods are a bathed, combed, silked and scented goat for the Navy, and a superbly groomed and blanketed mule for the Army.

The origin of these mascots, to whom pagan homage is solemnly paid on the field before each game, is lost in the antiquity of the series. But the first Navy goat appeared on the sidelines that long-ago November 29, in 1890, when the first inter-academy game was played. There is one story that the Navy, remembering the parading of the Yale bulldog on the field at a Yale-Princeton game of those times, arrived, minus a mascot, at the Highland Falls Ferry landing. Marching up the steep hill to the plateau of the Point, the midshipmen espied a goat munching Peruna bottles outside the noncom's quarters and promptly adopted him.

There is no legend extant, or at hand at the moment, on the birth of the mule idea for Army, but it is known that the cadets had one as mascot at the turn of the century. And now, no Army-Navy game is official without the opening prayer, and the meeting of the mule and the goat in the center of the field, with from forty to a hundred thousand pairs of eyes turned upon them to see whether out of that meeting will come any omen outside of a momentary nuzzling or bored disinterest.

Sometimes there is action, a lowering of Nanny's head, a pawing of the ground by Maud, and the stands scream appreciation as, the rites performed, the attendant priests—blue and white clad Navy, gray and black clad Army cheerleaders—lead them back to their Druidical duties.

I remember I used to take these mascots very seriously and write pieces about their significance and maintenance. It came as a great disillusionment to me the day I discovered in Boston, where Army was playing Harvard, that it actually wasn't *a* mule, but *any* mule; when it developed that upon arriving in Cambridge mule-less, the cadets had journeyed down to Mr. Kelly's livery stable and rented one for the occasion.

Orange, gray and black, blue and gold, furs, chrysanthemums, pink cheeks and sparkling eyes, the

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prettiest girls in the world, huge bands with *glockenspiel*, the steel gray precise marching of the cadets, the blue-steel marching of the middies, the solid blocks of the two schools on opposite sides of the field; the stunning chorals of their cheers and songs, uttered as though by one giant voice; gray Army sky or blue Navy sky, frosty air, and the striving figures on the field. That is the setting of your annual game.

It is always perfectly stage-managed, always the same in routine, pace, timing and color, like a film that is revived year after year. Rarely is there an untoward incident, but when one happens it looms like someone knocking over a chunk of scenery in *Parsifal* during the Grail music.

One such I remember. It was a rainy day at the Polo Grounds, had rained for days and later the field was to turn into what two hundred sportswriters were to describe as a quagmire. But the cadets marched to their places as usual, to be followed by the midshipmen in solid phalanx.

But after the midshipmen had left the field the playing ground was suddenly oddly pimpled with small, dark pocks which at first baffled us and then, when light dawned, gave us a new insight into the care the Navy takes of its own.

Those pockmarks were one thousand pairs of rubbers which had come unsuctioned from Navy feet by the thick goo of the rain-soaked playing field. The sailors had calmly stepped out of them and kept on marching. What matters it who won that year?

Navy has won nearly as many of the games as Army, but curiously it is the great Army backs who somehow remain in mind and memory. The Army had striking players, names and personalities you cannot forget—Ollie Oliphant, Ed Garbisch, who alone beat Navy with four field goals in 1924, "Light Horse Harry" Wilson, Ray Stecker, Monk Meyer and the late Chris Cagle—Cagle, the heart-failure runner.

He was the one I remember best, the crazy little redhead who would drive your blood pressure close to blowing off the roof of your skull. I can still hear the rising screams of hysteria from the iron bowels of the Yankee Stadium as Cagle would take the ball and fade backwards and suddenly would be running alone, deeper and deeper into his own territory, chased by the enemy singly and in packs, only to criss-cross them, double back, twist and turn to regain the lost ground and thunder on for a substantial gain before being brought to earth.

If I had to pick *one* outstanding game to mention over all others of the classic series, it would have to be the fantastic, hysteric 21-21

When Paul Gallico worked for the New York Daily News, he was the highest-paid sports writer in New York. But after fourteen years with the paper he resigned to devote himself to free-lance writing. He has written more than a half dozen books, mainly on sports, of which "Lou Gehrig—Pride of the Yankees" is perhaps the best known. Gallico is at present writing everything from fiction to a personal-opinion column, and turning out something for the movies now and then. But, as this article attests, he has never lost his love for a good ball game.

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tie of 1926 which was played in Soldier Field in Chicago before 110 thousand people, the largest crowd ever to see a football game in the United States. Never did the two schools have so many great players at one time. For Navy there were Frank Wickhorst, Caldwell, Schuner, Tom Hamilton, Eddy, Born, Hardwick and Shapley. On Army's roster were Cagle, Harry Wilson, "Trap" Trapnell, Harbold and Murrell, Bud Sprague, the great end, and Saunders, the star tackle.

Yea verily, those were giants, and golden was the era of their flourishing. It was only right that two such teams on such a day and for such a cause should leave the field with neither gaining the victory. And the great crowd sitting thrilled and light-hearted in the vast acreage of Soldier Field gave hardly a thought that these boys, these tiny striving figures on the field below, would in less than twenty years be their generals, their captains and commanders guarding the goalposts of Liberty and the Union, carrying the ball deep into enemy territory.

Remember the names "Blondie" Saunders, Art Meehan (missing in action), "Trap" Trapnell, "Chuck" Born, "Big" Murrell? Or "Jabbo" Jablonsky, Monk Meyer, hero of Leyte; Connie Necrason, winner of the DFC; Casey Vincent, one of the youngest generals in the Army?

Navy men who through the years fought the Army up and down the cross-barred turf now have sent their names ringing down through history—"Bull" Halsey, for one. Then there is Slade Cutter, ex-football captain for the Navy who won three Navy crosses as a submarine commander; "Jumping" Joe Cliften who raised hell commanding a Navy air group; "Buzz" Bories and Lou Kern.

Admiral Ernest J. King played football at Annapolis; Rivers Morrell, a Marine hero, was on the Navy team, as were Swede Hagberg and Jonas Ingram.

And therein lies that extra something of the Army-Navy game that makes it unlike any other game or spectacle in the land. For even though we go with festive spirit to the football stadium, we know, deep in our hearts, that from the ranks of grey and blue come those who in time of danger become the men who lead the protectors of the Nation, the leaders of the Army and Navy of the Republic.

"Murder!" They Said

A SALESMAN making a two-weeks' stay in town bought some limburger cheese to eat in his room. When he got ready to leave, he still had about half the cheese left.

He didn't want to pack it, nor did he want to leave it lying in the room. He went over to the windowsill, carefully removed a plant from its pot, buried the cheese and replaced the plant.

A few days later he received a telegram from the hotel: "We give up. Where did you put it?" —CPL. STEVE MARKIEWICZ

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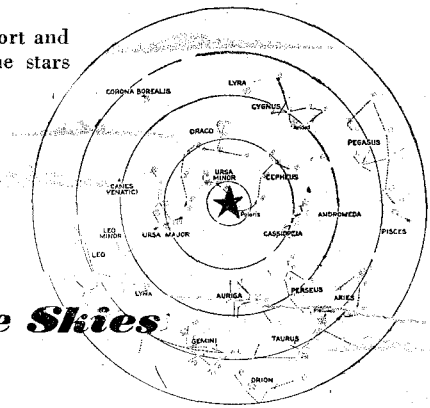
Weary thousands are finding hope, comfort and a rebirth of faith in the majesty of the stars



theatre of the Skies

by ALAN HYND

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO a pretty young bride of a year, who had been notified a week previously that her flier husband had been killed in the South Pacific, wandered into the Hayden Planetarium of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

She walked in a daze. There seemed to be nothing left to live for. The killed-in-action telegram from the War Department had made her lose interest even in her unborn child. Her hopes, her plans and her dreams had all gone in a twinkling. She had often prayed for the safety of her husband, flying on the other side of the world where the Southern Cross glitters in the soft sky at night, and now, with her prayers apparently unanswered, she had begun to lose her faith.

The young widow took a seat in the vast, circular dome room—called the theatre of the stars—along with some seven hundred other visitors. It was afternoon, and outside the planetarium a brilliant sun shone from an azure sky. The room, in semi-gloom at its brightest, began to darken gradually in preparation for the projection from a wonderful instrument of the heavenly bodies on the blue-black dome overhead.

The girl experienced a sense of fright and, as she said later, had an impulse to rush out into the daylight. Then, as the darkness deepened, she saw a star. Then she saw more and more stars—countless stars. By now the room was so dark she couldn't see the other people, yet her fear had vanished.

There above her, and arching down to the horizon all around her, were the night heavens. The illusion produced in the New York planetarium (and in the country's four other planetariums, located in Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Pittsburgh) has been described by Hollywood illusion experts as total and utterly perfect.

The widowed bride sat spellbound by the majesty and grandeur of what she saw. A record was playing soft music, and when the music stopped a soothing voice began to explain the night skies.

The intricate and costly projector that so faithfully reproduces celes-

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tial phenomena can be adjusted so that time goes either forward or backward with incredible speed, and so that barriers of geography and space no longer exist. The Hayden skies can be made to appear exactly as Columbus saw them the night before he discovered the new world, and the projector, which comprises more than 120 scientifically synchronized stereopticons, can be adjusted so that the heavens can be seen as they will be seen twelve thousand years from now, when Vega will have supplanted Polaris as our pole star.

The lecturer adjusted the illusion-producing instrument—the gift of Charles Hayden—so that the night skies of the Southern Hemisphere became visible. The young widow looked with wet eyes at the Southern Cross, a celestial constellation of transcendent beauty. Her husband had often written to her about the Southern Cross. Some day, he had promised, they would go on a round-the-world trip—a second honeymoon—and he would point it out to her.

The speaker went on to explain that the planet we know as the earth is but an infinitesimal part of the universe. The girl began to listen carefully to his words—the first words that she had paid the slightest attention to since the telegram. Suddenly she discovered that she had been caught up in the overwhelming vastness of space and time, given a passport to infinity. New and everlasting horizons, a new perspective and a spiritual awakening, had come to her through contact with the limitless expanses of the universe.

The boundless and eternal majesty of the Creator became visible, tangible, almost touchable. Although her grief was great, she saw how pitifully small it really was in relation to the whole universe. She realized now how much she had never even suspected about the mystery of life and death. She knew, for the very first time, that there could be no such thing as permanent death in the Great Plan unfolded to her on the planetarium dome. There was no Great Evil, only Great Goodness.

At length the dome room began to brighten slowly. A dull red glow on the eastern horizon increased in strength—a startling reproduction of the rising sun. One by one the stars disappeared. A new day had dawned in the theatre of the stars. A new life, in tune with the infinite, stretched ahead for the young widow. She arose, held her head high, and walked out of the room with a sure, confident step.

WHAT HAPPENED to the flier's widow had happened, with variations to fit the circumstances, to hundreds, perhaps thousands, of others since Pearl Harbor.

Planetariums have always had an awe-inspiring effect on people. In normal times, the average man or woman has a tendency to minimize personal troubles, or at least place them in proper perspective, after considering them in relation to the vastness of time and space. In wartime, with troubles multiplied a hundredfold, direct contact with the infinite had a proportionate effect on the average visitor to a theatre of the stars. And the planetarium grew in popularity.

Before Pearl Harbor, attendance

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at the Hayden Planetarium was rather slim, considering the nature of the attraction and the fact that admission is only 35 cents in the afternoon and 50 cents at night. When war broke out, however, the dome room became a mecca for weary and tortured souls from every stratum of society and every corner of God's troubled globe.

Little and big fighting men of the Allied nations, some on crutches and some walking with the belligerent step of those who had lost their faith in the man-made hells of far-flung war fronts, came—and went away spiritually healed. Gold Star mothers found comfort to supplant their grief. Sweethearts and wives of the maimed, the dead and the missing found troubled or broken hearts assuaged by the miracle of the infinite.

The kin of men who fought in the South Pacific drew another kind of comfort from the planetarium. The boys began to write home about the singular beauty of the stars on or below the equator. Parents in particular came to the planetarium to see the Southern Cross and other constellations their sons wrote about.

Conversely, just as the dome room stars formed a direct link between parents and sons, so did the real stars form a sort of link with home to men who fought under them. Letters reached the planetarium almost daily during the war from young men who, having learned their southern stars in the brick edifice with the copper dome facing Eighty-first Street at Central Park West, said that the real stars reminded them of the simulated ones and, as a result, of home.

Men who fought in the South Pacific reaped direct practical benefits from the planetarium. When the war broke out, the Hayden Planetarium dome became, among other things, a classroom for naval men ticketed for duty in the Southern Hemisphere. There they learned celestial navigation from a study of the southern stars, and many a pilot inching a crippled plane toward its base over the desolate night reaches of the Pacific was guided to safety by a star he first became acquainted with in the Hayden Planetarium.

FROM TIME to time during the war, the shows in the planetarium were in the top-secret class. Men about to leave for the South Pacific, to participate in invasions planned ahead, were shown the southern stars as they would appear months afterward, at the time of a given invasion.

There is no telling how much this benefited morale. There are letters from servicemen, though, saying that the terrible fear they experienced on the night before an invasion was tempered by an exact duplicate, in the real heavens, of what they had been shown in New York months before. The fact that the real stars were exactly as the simulated ones had appeared on the planetarium dome gave the men the feeling that they had been told the truth about at least one phase of the invasion, and they came to have more confidence in what they had been told they could depend upon at daybreak.

Aside from the spiritual comfort and material benefits that were derived from the planetarium stars by

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both fighting men and civilians before the war ended, there is still another facet of the dome room that has had a widespread effect. This was typified by the experience of a middle-aged wife of excellent education who gradually found herself so overcome by ennui that she was no longer interested in anything. Her physician could not place a diagnostic finger on her trouble. For some obscure reason, she had lost the will to live.

Her husband tried everything to revive her interest in life—travel, change of scene, clothes. Nothing had any effect. Then he took her to the planetarium. Immediately she became fascinated by the mysteries of the universe. She went back each month, as the show was changed to depict some new aspect of the stellar system—solar and lunar eclipses, sun spots, meteor showers, comets, the northern lights and the skies 120 centuries hence.

Her interest in the stars became so intense that she began the study of astronomy. Today it is her hobby, and as the result of an interest in one subject she has again become interested in everything.

A prominent male radio star is an irregular visitor to the planetarium. Every once in a while, he says, his perspective gets out of focus when he realizes how much money he is making and how popular he has become in a few short years. A visit to the planetarium, he has found, always puts his feet on the ground again. It makes him realize how fleeting and unimportant one life is when compared to the great scheme of things.

The overwhelming effect of the simulation of the universe and the smallness of man was never summed up better than by a flier who happened to visit the theatre of the stars on the day the discovery of the atomic bomb was announced to the public.

"I thought that bomb was big stuff," said the flier, as he came out of the dome room. "And maybe it is. But compared to what I've just seen here at the planetarium, the atomic bomb is just an unimportant little firecracker."

With the world again at peace, the theatre of the stars is continuing to give comfort and hope and a new appreciation of the wonders of the universe to thousands of American people.

It's Still the Housing!

A CORPORAL, wearing overseas campaign ribbons with stars, asked the housing desk at a metropolitan servicemen's center for a house for himself, his wife, and their three-year-old son.

An excited attendant who had just finished talking on the phone told the corporal that a landlord had offered a desirable vacancy, but that a family with two children was wanted.

"Tell him we'll take it," replied the corporal. "If the guy insists on two children, okay, then we'll go ahead and have another one!"

—MINNIE A. WILLETT

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Common-sense precautions in your home will help prevent illness and possible death

The Truth About FOOD POISONING

by DONITA FERGUSON

FOOD HAS BEEN in the forefront of the world's conversation these last few years. GIs griped about it, the Navy boasted of it, government agencies issued ponderous statements on it, housewives sought it and queens and first ladies told how to prepare it. In spite of this, we know little about a subject connected with food which is certain to come in for a great deal of attention as a post-war public health project—that of food poisoning.

The things we eat and drink are responsible for a variety of illnesses: botulism, staphylococcic poisoning, trichinosis, tularemia, amoebic and bacillary dysentery, typhoid, paratyphoid and undulant fever. In spite of this, we bitterly continue to brand every acute digestive upheaval an attack of ptomaine poisoning.

Ptomaine is not a poisoning. It is the name of a substance which forms in the decomposition of food. In fish and most other foods ptomaines set up so redolent an aroma that the human nose is happier turned in the opposite direction.

Perhaps the biggest ptomaine whopper of all time revolves around the late President Harding. Although he died of an embolism which coincidentally followed four days after a gastro-intestinal prostration, his death was generally attributed to ptomaine poisoning caused by the eating of crabs or canned fish. No crab is inherently poisonous. Nor is any other shellfish, though mussels taken from the West Coast may be dangerous because of food they eat.

Marine life is a safe bet for anyone's dinner—and that includes the much maligned barracuda, as well as oysters in months without "r." Like shellfish, which are sometimes typhoid fever carriers, an occasional barracuda may catch and convey a poison. In general, however, it is as harmless as the usual fish story. So are oysters. The only trouble is that they spawn during May, June, July and August —an event which makes their flesh stringy and unappetizing, but *not* dangerous. The final folly in the presidential ptomaine fable was the suspicion cast upon canned fish. As the Department of Agriculture

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is constantly at pains to explain, American canners have so perfected plating processes that metal poisoning from old-fashioned tins is a danger of the past.

Very few foods, either earth or water grown, are naturally poisonous. The exceptions include green potatoes, rhubarb leaves, diseased fava beans, bread made of ergoted rye, water hemlock and maple sugar sand. All except unripe potatoes—which can be made harmless by deep peeling and removal of the eyes—are quite rare in this country and are seldom lethal. The only natural poisonous foods which deserve a wide berth are mushrooms and the aforementioned West Coast mussels.

Poisonous mushrooms, even to experts, are frequently indistinguishable from safe varieties. Neither their taste nor the silver spoon test is a guide to their safety.

Equally mistaken is the notion that green apples cause stomachaches. It is not the unripeness, but the insufficient chewing of hard, unpalatable fruit which torments youthful tummies. Nor is there anything to the tale that abdominal twinges result from mixtures of certain foods. Lobster and ice cream, pickles and milk, fish and celery, are dangerous only in an old wife's dream world.

True food poisoning (or food intoxication, as it is technically known) occurs when bacteria get into normally healthy food and release poisonous substances known as toxins. Although the bacteria might be originally present in the food, they usually enter during its preparation. We can prevent such an occurrence by observing strict sanitary measures in preparing meals and seeing that no one with an infection goes near a kitchen. Once the bacteria is in the food, it can release toxins only in temperatures above freezing and below boiling. If we keep food at temperatures below freezing, no toxins (with one exception) can form. *If we boil it before eating, all toxins present will be destroyed.* By these two means, as well as by thorough cleanliness, we can absolutely avoid staphylococcic poisoning, one of the two food intoxication illnesses.

BOTULISM, the exception above, is a disease which results from improperly processed canned food. It is so dangerous that health officials urge special precautions for its prevention. Outbreaks are rare, affecting perhaps twenty people a year, but up to two-thirds of those people die within four days. There has been no case of botulism from commercially canned food since 1925. Home canned food is responsible for every single outbreak in this country.

Botulism is caused by bacteria which produce toxins under anaerobic (oxygenless) conditions. Non-acid foods, especially string beans, are most favorable to the growth of these poisons. Unlike staphylococcus toxins, freezing has no effect on them. Canning by old-fashioned methods is extremely dangerous unless the food is boiled twenty minutes prior to eating. The only intelligent method is to use a pressure canner. In that case, there is one important thing to remember: be sure to check the pressure gauge before each canning season. The cooker does the rest, precluding all

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danger of poisoning from this fatal disease.

Food contaminated with botulism gives little warning. Occasionally bubbles or a rancid smell indicate possible danger. Sometimes the jar swells perceptibly. Under no circumstances should suspected food be touched. It should immediately be destroyed in lye.

If botulism is the rare and fatal food poisoning, the staphylococcus poisoning produces the wholesale food intoxication. Nobody knows how many cases occur in a year. One hundred and fifty to two hundred outbreaks are reported annually. But because this form of poisoning is not fatal, doctors and health officials tend to slight it.

Although staphylococcus poisoning cannot be detected in food and is therefore impossible to avoid by taste or smell, the thorough reporting of each outbreak would make it as infrequent as botulism. The only way to stop others from acquiring it similarly is to investigate the source of everything the victim has eaten recently. Custard and processed meats are the worst offenders. Next come all the foods which require considerable manipulation. Sandwiches, salads, sauces, hashes and all left-over foods are examples.

A majority of the states require reporting of all food, milk and water illnesses. So long as we ignore these laws and until community officials are not too busy to record detailed studies of each outbreak, there will be food poisoning cases by the thousands.

VERY LITTLE is known about natural resistance to botulism, but in this connection United States Public Health officials tell a hair-raising tale of a perfect crime.

The story begins at a dinner for five. All five persons ate the same food, but it killed the host and three guests, while the hostess lived. Investigating health officials were certain the hostess was the murderer, but because there were no witnesses and no tangible evidence, their suspicions would not stand up in court.

For reasons best known to herself this contemporary Lucretia Borgia decided one day that she had had enough of her husband. A model housewife, she had long been accustomed to home canning and knew the danger signals of botulism. One day she joyfully observed bubbles in a mason jar of beans. By swallowing a drop from the lethal jar on the first day, a few more the next, she was able at the end of the month to absorb enough botulism to kill a brigade. Thus immunized, she was now in a position to deliver the *coup de grace*—serving of generous portions of the fateful beans to her husband, herself and the three incidental guests who were evidently included as the last diabolical step in her scheme of establishing a totally innocent setting. It worked, for she walks abroad today.

Although this is surely the perfect murder, it is not a very wise example to follow. For the lady took an awful chance when she decided to immunize herself against a fatal disease for which no natural immunity has as yet been medically established. —D. F.

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There's heartbreak ahead if you listen to the promises of swindlers fattening on "suckers for fame"

The Talent School Racket

by ALFRED PROWITT

SALLY JONES steps out onto the porch of her parents' bungalow in a Chicago suburb. The stranger who has rung the doorbell studies her silently for a moment.

"Miss Jones?" he asks. When she nods he says with a smile: "Your friends gave a perfect description of you—young and pretty. They also told me you're talented . . . and that you'd like to go into the movies. Is that correct?"

"Why . . . why, yes . . ." Sally admits. What girl wouldn't want to be a Hollywood actress!

The stranger becomes brisk. "Let me introduce myself," he says. "I'm a movie talent scout. I have good news for you. My organization has decided there's a place on the screen for your type. We are ready to make you a star."

Sally thinks she's going to faint. It seems too wonderful to be true. Why, all those times she dreamed...

"Of course you realize," the stranger goes on, "that you can't become a movie star in a day. You need expert training. But my organization is ready to give you that. The course is only three hundred dollars—payable in advance."

It develops that he is not a talent scout from a movie company, but a "talent scout" from a voice-and-drama school. "It means practically the same thing, however," he assures Sally. "Our school has the right connections in Hollywood. We have no trouble placing our graduates."

The three hundred dollars worries Sally. She is a stenographer, making 25 dollars a week. She doesn't have three hundred dollars, nor anything close to it. And she

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can't count on her parents very much. Her father is a mechanic with a well-paying job, but family expenses are high.

Sally discusses it with the family. Her mother is ecstatic. Her father is dubious. Sally pleads: "But, father, he said they'd really put me in a movie studio when I finish the course."

Sally's father lends her a hundred dollars—all he can spare. She has 25 dollars saved. She borrows the rest from a loan company and signs the contract for the course.

MAYBE Sally eventually reaches Hollywood. It *could* happen. But the chances are that Sally has just bought a heartbreak.

Sally is merely one of the thousands of ambitious persons of all ages who are victimized by the cruel talent school racket. The nation-wide swindle, operating in almost every fair-sized city, is not confined to the movie lure. It also robs innocents who are attracted toward careers in radio, the stage, television and modeling.

The racketeers have invaded a rich field in competition against legitimate schools that offer honest training. At the moment, the con men are grabbing for the cash of returning service men and women —a great many of whom, surveys show, want careers in radio and television.

Estimates of the total money extracted from victims yearly run as high as 25 million dollars. *Variety*, a leading publication of the theatrical world, recently charged that in Chicago alone the gyp nets five million dollars a year.

Cynically, the tradesmen of this black market use their own derisive term for their prey. They call them "suckers for fame."

Looking further into the experiences of Sally Jones, the ambitious little stenographer, this is what happens. Sally, naturally, already sees herself on the screen in a hundred dramatic scenes. She goes to the talent school three evenings a week. At each session, she and her fellow victims read lines from a former Broadway hit. Just that. It's all very simple.

The course ends. Sally waits eagerly for her Hollywood job. It doesn't come. She besieges the school's heads. Finally she gets an explanation. "There's a little catch in your case," she's told. "Your acting is excellent, but you're a little rough in spots. You need a course in personality and charm. We'll give you a special price of two hundred dollars on that because you're an advanced student." Desperately, Sally borrows more money against her salary. By this time, payments on her debts are taking a lot out of her weekly envelope.

In the charm course, Sally finally realizes that she is making no progress toward her real goal. The schooling doesn't seem to lead anywhere, and she drops it before the completion of the course. She suspects that her friends are laughing at her, and she evades them. She worries about her debts, and her work at the office suffers. The charm course has made Sally over, all right—it has turned her into a moody, sensitive, unhappy girl.

Who are the operators of the vicious racket?

In San Francisco, investigators

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learned that one school was run by a former salesman of cemetery lots. A New York "star studio" was directed by a man formerly connected with two trade schools which had folded up mysteriously. A Chicago drama school was promoted by a one-time real estate agent.

In most cases, the racketeers simply rented office space and furniture, hired pseudo instructors, then put out the bait for the gullible. In a few instances, the con men have bought long-established schools of high reputation, replaced efficient instructors with stooges, and gone out for big student bodies.

In finding their prospects, the most common method of the racket schools is to advertise in newspapers and magazines and to send glowing circulars. Come-ons like these are familiar:

"Does your child have talent—sing, dance or like to act? Then place him in my hands. I will make him famous."

"Become a movie star. It doesn't matter if you're not beautiful. Even if you're considered homely, you can become a great performer like Marie Dressler or Charles Laughton if you take our guaranteed course."

"Every girl can be a glamorous model—a toast of the artists—under our expert supervision."

Salesmen watch announcements of amateur programs for names of prospects, scan newspaper stories for casts in neighborhood theatricals. One Chicago school sent agents to teen-age gathering-spots to look for "showoffs."

Investigators report that in every city the salesmanship talk runs along the same line. The agents assure students they have "the right connections" to help them when they have finished their course, but such assurances are carefully kept out of the contracts.

Courses in such fly-by-night schools are not cheap. They range from 150 to 350 dollars for two or three evenings a week over a period of a few months. The schools invariably try to get the money in advance. The usual method is to take as much as the victim has on hand, then have him sign papers that will permit garnishment of wages after any default.

In Chicago, where there is an expertness in such things, several schools evolved a new trick. Victims who lacked the money were escorted by an agent to a personal loan bank, where they signed notes, then received checks which they had to turn over promptly to the agent. Those who dropped out of school learned that they still owed the loan company.

The Chicago gyp became so vicious that the state's attorney's office had to intervene. It forced loan companies to stop their disreputable practice and compelled the return of large sums to students.

Letters exposing the racket come from people in all walks of life. From an intelligent, well-educated man who is fully aware that the school his wife wants to attend is a fraud, but who is powerless to prevent her from enrolling. From a distracted young wife whose husband, entirely without talent but anxious to "make good in a big way," is throwing his small salary into a course which promises to make him a radio star. From a

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college graduate who enrolled in a Hollywood talent school and who, after two years, is still waiting for her "big chance."

Heads of talent racket schools who have been called on the carpet by prosecutors have said, "Well, maybe we don't make actors or singers out of them, but *we help their morale.*"

IF YOU'RE thinking of taking a course in a drama-and-voice talent school and believe you have the goods, be sure that the school you select is on the level. Observe these cautions:

1. Don't be misled by the school's mere claim that it's reputable. Investigate its background. A good school will welcome such queries.

2. Don't swallow a school's glittering description of its voice instructor as "a former member of the famous La Scala Opera," or the radio teacher as "a star of the airways," or the dramatics professor as "a Hollywood star of earlier days." They might have been, respectively, a former wardrobe maid for the opera company, an amateur with one appearance on the radio, and a five-dollar-a-day player in a movie mob scene. Make the school produce credentials about its faculty. A good school has such credentials.

3. Beware of a radio school that offers you "an audition" at a broadcasting station if you buy a course. A radio station will give you an audition, without any cost, just to learn whether you are likely material.

4. Don't trust a school that "guarantees" a job at the completion of a course. *No school can carry out this promise.*

5. If you have the vaguest doubts about a school, and can't decide for yourself, consult the local office of the Better Business Bureau. They know all the answers.

The world cries continually for new entertainers to amuse it in its leisure hours. The spotlight is waiting—for those who can attain it. But in most cases stardom comes through hard work by some one who has an unusual talent or personality to start with.

Betty Grable doesn't owe her success to the Oomph School of Charm. And Bing Crosby didn't master singing in Twelve Easy Lessons.

Close Enough!

WE WERE RIGHT in the middle of World War II. Lt. Audie Murphy of Farmersville, Texas, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor and almost every other decorative medal in the book, had called for artillery fire to rout the Nazis. Shells began bursting in German ranks and Murphy dropped the field telephone to snare a few German prisoners.

"How close are they to you?" an artilleryman yelled into the telephone.

Murphy picked up the thing and said calmly, "Just a minute. I'll let you speak to them."

—TED BENTZ

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Peeved at hunters who ravish wild life, an artist complains about ruthless killing

They Call Themselves Sportsmen

by DALE NICHOLS

This article, written by an artist, a man sensitive to all the beauties of nature, presents a personal point of view. Dale Nichols' love for living things is as strong as the love of others for the excitement of the hunt. Both the editors of Coronet and Mr. Nichols realize that this is only one side of an age-old controversy. But it is a side often neglected.
—THE EDITORS

THEY'RE with us again. The gullies, the hills, even the bushes, seem filled with them. They are banging away with everything that uses gun powder, from twenty-two to fourteen gauge; from pistols to carbines. Who are "they"? Why, "sportsmen," of course. Every year at this time they scourge the countryside, thousands strong, killing nearly everything that runs or walks or swims, and nearly everything that flies. And even one another, at times.

Sportsmen come in all sizes and shapes, and in all manner of dress. Some sportsmen, who play the game very seriously, will have all the trappings that the sports store offers, from the red hat, which is to let other sportsmen know that the wearer isn't game; to the over-sized yellow jacket.

The remaining sportsmen are the more rugged type who prefer wearing old pants and a farmer's sheep-lined coat. They're the virile variety.

Why are they called sportsmen? Well, from a sportsman's point of view the sportsman is one who hunts according to a set of rules, or laws, which function somewhat like rules of golf. A friend of mine once told me a story which best illustrates the nature of the rules as well as demonstrating the attitude of one sportsman toward another:

"I went out hunting for quail with the wife's brother-in-law. The so-and-so must never have gone hunting before . . . We ran across some quail, and this fellow bangs away into the flock of them right off the bat. Now, what kind of sportsmanship do you call that? Any hunter would have known that he was supposed to let them fly first before shooting!"

Considering that the shooting is done with a modern death weapon capable of spreading small shot over a wide area, I can't quite understand (not being a sportsman myself) where the difference lies.

Sportsmen also vary with the size of their purses. According to a friend of mine, who is an Alaskan big-game guide, the guides—and there are usually two of them—meet the venturesome, wealthy glory-seeker at the dock and help him unload his freight car full of hunting truck. Then, that evening, they spend several exciting hours over a bottle of scotch retelling hunting tales of personal experiences. The

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next day the guides run through the equipment, sorting out the usable stuff from the useless. They're very tactful, of course, always explaining that the discarded piece is too cumbersome for use in the spot where they think they will find Ol' Bones. (It's good to have a bear picked out which has a reputation for wariness and meanness—even if it doesn't exist.)

On a day when the weather is just right, the party of three proceeds to the point of action. The huge bear is usually spotted through binoculars, high above timberline. If the animal proves big enough to suit the tastes of "mister big shot," one guide remains in the valley where he can signal the position of the bear. The other guide and the sportsman climb the mountain, always down-wind from the bear so that the latter can't scent them. With the aid of signals the two stalkers maneuver into range. They close in until the guide feels sure that his big city companion can use his marksmanship. Whereupon the hunter aims and fires a high-powered modern rifle equipped with telescopic sights.

But the hunting doesn't end at this point. There is the picture to be taken. The killer hands over his equally high-powered camera to the guide, puts his foot on the carcass of the victim, holds his rifle by the barrel at arms length with its stock resting on the ground, and in the pose of a conquering hero he has his picture taken.

Recently I talked with a local acquaintance who had just returned from a deer hunting trip. He had this story to tell: "I saw a big buck down in the gully below. Well, I grabbed my gun and rolled him over, and, seeing that I had knocked him down, I just decided to wait and go down with the rest of the fellows.

"We had breakfast, then packed up the camp stuff and went down to my buck. Imagine my surprise when he wasn't there! By traces of blood, he led us around in a circle for almost a mile, and then suddenly we saw a big mountain lion run out of an arroyo ahead of us and scoot up the mountain side. That mountain lion, the dirty so-and-so, had *my* deer and had just about torn it apart. These mountain lions ought to be exterminated. All they do is kill off the deer!"

I pondered over that story for several days trying to figure out which of the two, the mountain lion or the sportsman, had more right to the deer. From my distorted point of view, the lion was foraging for food, while the sportsman, with a full stomach, was merely killing for the fun of it.

I am a painter and I can't see beauty in destruction. When I look at any animal, I see a touch of the mysterious powers of the universe —rhythm, order, symmetry, power, balance, energy and color.

The brazen unconcern sportsmen have for trespassing upon other

Dale Nichols—writer, lecturer, designer, artist—has for more than twenty years contributed fine art illustrations to the advertising displays of American industry. His sensitive interpretations of rural America are among the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, the Art Institute of Chicago, and many other museums, both public and private. He is at present art editor of the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

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people's property is incredible. Out here, in the wide open spaces of the southwest, one hesitates to spoil the beauty of the country by building barbed-wire or woven-wire fences. No one, to my knowledge, objects to people riding horseback or hiking across one's acres. But, personally, I do object to sportsmen ravaging my land. Last fall I found three hunters down by my pumphouse.

I shouted, "Aren't you considerate enough not to hunt on other people's property?" One of the hunters, of the red hat variety, shouted back, "Didn't know it was private property."

The other two men, both dressed in the garb of ranchers, promptly moved outside my property lines, while the red hat sportsman completely ignored my protests. He knew his rights! First, he knew it was the season. Second, he knew that the territory was open. Third, he knew that my acres were neither fenced nor posted. So he proceeded to mow down the quail which water in my front yard.

To post my property would mean to encircle it with "No Hunting" signs every thirty feet — which would be hideous. My objection is that I have but twenty acres in a section which stretches uninhabited for seven miles to the base of the Santa Catalina mountains. All of which means that in this territory there are hundreds of gullies other than my own. Yet each season these self-styled sportsmen run wild over my property, just as they run wild all over the nation.

They don't and won't give any living thing a break, regardless of their self-kidding, sportsman-made rules. I have encountered sportsmen in almost every part of this country, including the territory of Alaska, and they're much the same breed. Out here in Arizona there is a bounty on coyotes, but none on sportsmen. The coyotes are condemned because they ruthlessly kill other wild life, and trespass on the rancher's property to kill his birds and animals. Give a coyote a gun and turn him loose with a hunting license . . . but that's too strong a comparison. I'm just a bit peeved, also, because the sportsmen who ravage my place always take a parting shot at my gatepost sign.

Might As Well!

AN ELDERLY COUPLE had been sitting in front of the evening fire a long time without speaking. At last the husband inquired, "What are you thinking about?"

To which the wife replied: "I was just thinking how long we had lived together and that it couldn't go on forever like this and that the time will soon come when one of us will have to go."

"Yes," assented the old man, "but it is no use to worry about that now, Mother."

"No," was the calm reply, "but I was just thinking that when it does happen, I would like to go to California to live." —THE COLONEL SAYS

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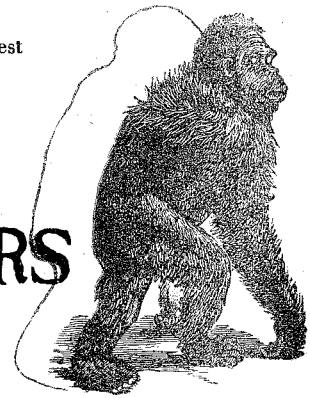
A world-famous anthropologist and adventurer sets us straight on some matters of family interest



Meet Your ANCESTORS

by ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

I OFTEN STOP for a moment when visitors are looking at the gorilla habitat group in the Akeley African Hall of the American Museum of Natural History. I stop because I want to irritate myself by hearing a remark that I know I will hear; it's like pressing a sore spot just to be sure it is still sore. The remark is: "No one can make me believe I came from an ape like that!" I almost never miss. Someone is sure to say it.

Of course, the real trouble is that mankind is essentially snobbish. It does not want to admit that its ancestors lived "on the other side of the railroad tracks" and were of extremely lowly origin. Just because we dominate the earth now and are fond of "acting like the viceroys of God," it hurts our pride to admit that our great ad infinitum grandfathers and grandmothers searched for grubs under stones, hung about like jackals, happy to get the leavings from kills of the saber-toothed tiger and other carnivores, and had not very nice, cannibalistic habits. A specially created Adam and Eve, dallying in a beautiful garden and eating apples, are the kind of ancestors of whom we could really be proud.

But no matter what we would like to believe, facts are facts. There is incontrovertible proof that man and the great apes are not very distantly related and that they both inherited many characteristics from a common ancestor. Comparative anatomy demonstrates that our bodies and those of the anthropoids are built upon a similar pattern. Of course, the proportions are different. The apes have long arms and short legs, while with us the opposite is true. But their skeletons, teeth, muscles and visceral anatomy are astoundingly like ours. Even their brains.

The main stem of our family tree goes back to a group of giant apes known as the *dryopithecids*. This was the sort of beast from which the gorilla, chimpanzee, orangutan, gibbon, *and* man probably developed. The genus *Dryopithecus*, or Forest Ape, represents an extremely diversified family—real apes, but apes with human possibilities. They lived in Europe, Asia and Africa—

Excerpted from the book published at $3.00 by The Viking Press, New York; copyright, 1945, by Roy Chapman Andrews.

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going from Spain to India—during the Miocene and Pliocene periods, something like one to fifteen million years ago. So our *nth* degree progenitors carry us back only that far. Fifteen million years for our remote ape ancestry is merely a drop in the geological bucket. Instead of being one of the "oldest families," we are almost the newest.

The Forest Ape was big—almost as large as a modern man. The teeth and fragmentary jaws are all that we have of him except a slender thigh bone which, in its form, suggests that he progressed through the trees by swinging from one branch to another. The gibbons, orangutans, and chimpanzees travel by "brachiation," as it is called. I must talk a little about brachiation because it was of the utmost importance in the early development of man's erect posture.

One genus of gibbons is named *Hylobates* (tree walkers) but its members can do a good deal more than walk in the trees. When I hunted them in Yunnan and Burma they gave me the surprise of my life. The first time I saw them was just after I had returned to camp from inspecting a line of traps. Suddenly the forest resounded with the breath-taking call of the gibbons—*hu-wa*, *hu-wa*, *hu-wa*. It seemed a long way off but became louder and clearer every minute. Seizing my rifle, I dashed down the mountainside, slipping, stumbling and falling. The animals were in the giant forest about five hundred feet below the summit of the ridge, and as I neared them I moved cautiously, going forward only when they called.

But I was still a hundred yards away when a huge black ape leaped out of a tree top just as I stepped from behind a bush. He saw me instantly. For a full half-minute he hung suspended by one arm, his round head thrust forward, staring intently; then, launching himself through the air as though shot from a catapult, he caught a branch twenty feet away, swung to another, and literally flew through the tree tops. Without a sound save the swish of boughs and splash after splash in the leaves, the herd followed him down the hill, fading into the forest like black shadows. The way they could throw themselves from tree to tree with unerring precision was one of the most amazing things I have ever witnessed. They could travel through the leafy tops much faster than I could run on level, open ground.

CHIMPANZEES also brachiate in a way and are expert climbers. They swing from limb to limb but spend a good deal of time on the forest floor. Although they can stand and walk erect they prefer to go on all fours, resting their weight on the knuckles. I am very fond of chimpanzees, perhaps because I got to know one intimately.

Meshie was her name and she belonged to my lifelong friend, the late Harry C. Raven, who brought her from Africa as a baby. Meshie lived, played and slept with Harry's children. They treated her as one of themselves and in all respects she was a member of the family. Harry often brought her to the museum, where she lunched at the staff table with the rest of us, sitting in a baby's high chair. Her greatest delight was to ride the

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length of the museum restaurant on her little tricycle, weaving in and out among the tables to the amazement of the visitors. She would climb into her high chair, sit most decorously while being served, and eat with a knife, fork and spoon as well as any three-year-old child. As a matter of fact, her table manners were better than those of most children of that age. Ice cream was her favorite dish but it gave her a stomach ache if she ate too much. When I was director of the museum, if I wished to give a visitor an unforgettable time at luncheon, I would send for Meshie. A book could be written about her human-like reactions.

WHEN THE group of ancestral Forest Apes began to increase in size it was confronted with the same problem that all the living anthropoids except the gibbon had. It became difficult for the apes to swing fast or far enough through the trees to meet the demands of food for an ever-growing body. They could find birds' eggs, fruit, nuts, leaves, and tender shoots, but the ground produced more berries, more fruit, roots, grubs, and a variety of crawling things palatable to their developing omnivorous appetites. Moreover, sleeping in a tree was not too comfortable, even though they made nests as the chimpanzee and orang do today. So to the ground they went.

At last the Forest Ape—the ape with human possibilities which the living anthropoids never had—crossed the Rubicon. He became an earthbound creature, walking and running on two feet and sitting erect even as you and I. No longer did he resort to the tree tops when danger threatened. Instead, he sought concealment in the thickets on the forest floor. That growing brain of his impelled him to pick up stones; to hurl them at attacking animals or those he wished to kill for food; to use sticks and clubs. It impelled him to shape rocks and pieces of wood into implements for his use. When this happened he had grasped the lowest rung on the human ladder.

This radical change of habit, however, was not accomplished in a day or without a profound altering of his anatomy. It may have required more than a half dozen million years. Perhaps not that long. But what happened to his body is plainly seen. The way in which it happened I shall not discuss. It would require a volume of its own.

We are concerned only with the end result. Dispensing with the fore limbs in locomotion, and their use instead as hands, was made possible only by the development of a foot capable of supporting the entire body's weight. The ape foot was transformed into a human foot, which lost the power of grasping, by drawing the big toe toward the other toes and later tying it to them by the shortening of the connective tissue lying on the web between the great toe and the other digits. It was transformed also by the increase of the supporting surface of the heel and the development of a plantar arch.

The "opposable thumb" made the hand a more effective grasping organ. A gorilla's or chimp's thumb cannot be turned inward to reach the other fingers, but man has

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developed a powerful muscle for just this purpose.

Long before all this occurred, the Forest Ape had lost its tail. Likewise, in the living anthropoids the tail disappeared far back in their evolutionary history. Just why is not clear; probably because they habitually sat on their rear ends and the tail vertebrae turned inward instead of continuing the line of the spine. An animal as large as an ape does not need a tail as a balancing organ. Neither is it needed to keep off flies or to curl about the body for warmth, like that of a squirrel or a fox. But that some time in our extremely remote ancestry we did have tails is evidenced by the human foetus, which from the fourth to the eighth week shows a protruding portion of the spine that later becomes obscured by the surrounding parts. Moreover, Sir Arthur Keith says that there are vestiges of tail muscles in about ten per cent of dissected human bodies. Very infrequently a child is born with the rudiments of a true tail.

In the Philippine Islands in 1910, a native was brought to me for inspection. He possessed a blunt, bony tail-stump two and one-half inches long. Obviously it was a projection of the coccyx, which, instead of being bent under as usual, continued in a direct line with the spine. A local photographer had retouched and extended the projection in a photograph to a pointed spike six or eight inches long, and sold the pictures to tourists like hotcakes. For years afterward they kept appearing in my mail as indisputable evidence of a "tribe of people with tails."

Man's forerunners made their bodily adjustments with incredible speed, speaking from an evolutionary standpoint. Possibly it was less than a half dozen million years. If that seems a long time, think of the horse. It required fifty or sixty million years for it to change from the four-toed *Eohippus*, scarcely larger than a fox, into the magnificent thoroughbred of today. Man accomplished a far greater miracle in a fraction of that time.

Hurry has always been the tempo of human evolution. Hurry to get out of the primordial ape stage, to change body, brain, hands and feet faster than it had ever been done in the history of creation. Hurry on to the time when man could conquer the land and the sea and the air; when he could stand as lord of all the earth.

Confidentially

JUDGE SILAS BRYAN, the father of William Jennings Bryan, once had six hams stolen from his smokehouse. He missed them immediately but never mentioned it to anyone. A few days later he met a thriftless neighbor on the street.

"Say, Judge, I heard you had some fine hams stole t'other night."

"Yes, it's true," the Judge replied confidentially, "but please don't tell anyone. You and I are the only ones who know it."—WILLIAM H. HUGHES

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Out of the American Revolution comes this forgotten tale of a General's wisdom

Where Washington Didn't Sleep

by MADELINE MASON

NOW THAT the guns are silent, many of our soldiers will succumb to the boredom of inaction while waiting for ships to carry them home.

General Washington had the same problem during the long winter of 1779-1780, when his army languished on the slopes of Kimball's Mountain above the town of Morristown, New Jersey. The enemy was far away, and there was nothing to do but wait for the coming of spring and the opening of a new campaign.

Washington worried about the morale of his men. Inactivity could undo months of training and all the discipline learned in battle. Then one night he hit upon a plan to keep his men occupied and in good fighting condition.

In the morning he sent for his chief of engineers and ordered a fort to be constructed on the ridge overlooking the camp.

Now there was plenty of work to be done. All day long there was a clatter and bustle, sawing and hammering, digging of trenches, and throwing up of embankments. Rumor ran like spring sap. The enemy was about to attack, the men heard. Would the fort be ready in time?

"It'll be ready!" the soldiers promised grimly.

They worked feverishly against time. The blockhouses began to take shape. Often in the night the sentries' shots rang out. The impatience and anxiety of waiting and watching began to take effect, and the guards fired at anything that moved. General Washington sat in his quarters and smiled. His plan was working.

The winter passed quickly and unnoticed under the strain of preparing to meet the enemy. But the enemy never appeared. And now the spring was at hand. Where the snows had lain, thick, black mud oozed. And then one day Washington gave the order to break camp.

"And the fort, sir? It's not yet finished." The chief of engineers detected the suspicion of a twinkle in the General's keen eyes.

"It has served its purpose," Washington answered.

"You mean . . . ?"

The General nodded. "It was just nonsense, but it kept the men busy."

Washington had created his own entertainment program for his troops. He had done singlehandedly what our Army today is doing with its vast educational and entertainment programs. Of course, Washington dealt with a tiny group of men, but the problem then was the same as it is now.

The fort? Well, to this day it is known as Fort Nonsense.

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Pete Mitscher is modest and soft-spoken, but he blasted the Japs out of the Pacific

He Led Task Force 58 *to Glory*

I WAS WITH Pete Mitscher and Task Force 58 for two years. I know them both well.

Pete Mitscher is little and skinny and he's got blue eyes and shaggy eyebrows and a wrinkled-up face. He hardly talks above a whisper, and from all he'd tell you, you'd never guess he was boss of the biggest naval force ever set loose in the Pacific. I'll never forget the day ace Vraciu shot down six Jap planes and landed on our carrier. Mitscher very politely asked the photographer, could he get his picture taken with Vraciu—just for his scrapbook, of course.

Quiet, and modest—but tough. They used to think a carrier was a hit-and-run fighter, but Pete changed that. He said "Hit 'em, and stay. Hit 'em again tomorrow." And he did. Our outfit knocked out 800 Jap ships and 4,500 planes in less than nine months. The Japs won't forget Pete Mitscher.

Nor will he forget them. He hates Japs. He wouldn't even look at prisoners we took on board.

Marc A. Mitscher was studying how to catapult planes in 1917. He wears a sheath knife he used in 1919, when he was piloting an NC-1 and his and three other planes tried the first hop from Newfoundland to the Azores. He didn't make it. That knife is the one he used to punch holes in a bucket to make a sea anchor. Some Greek ship picked him up. The point is, he was trying everything we're doing now, only *he* tried it 25 years ago.

Then the time came when we got together the biggest, fastest, toughest fleet the world has ever known. It had the best of everything that brains and muscle and courage and determination could fashion, and it set out one morning to do the biggest and most terrible job that men and guns had ever done. The head of that giant force was Pete Mitscher.

He blasted the Japs out of Truk. He skippered the ship that was Shangri-la for Doolittle's Tokyo raid. He hit them at the Marshalls, the Marianas, Saipan, the Bonins. He's proud of those things, but prouder still that he's been in love with his wife for 33 years.

He's a big guy who never forgets the little guy. Last year, during the first battle of the Philippines, some of our boys were coming back at night. It was so dark they couldn't spot the flattops, but if the searchlights went on the Japs could see the whole task force.

Pete said, "My boys have done a good job and I'll be damned if I don't do everything to get 'em back. Lights on!" On went the lights, and the boys got in safely.

—KEITH HARRIS

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Baguio Trail

When Baguio became a battleground Igorots on Luzon led thousands of refugees through the jungle to safety

by SIDNEY CARROLL

I MET SERGEANT James Patrick Lindquist in a small Filipino village. You had to see that village to believe it. It was a church, and a few houses, and a village square.

An incredible collection of people walked the so-called streets. The people were white, and yellow, and brown, all the coffee colors and some of the tea tones. They walked up and down the dirt roads of the town aimlessly, as if they didn't belong there, as if they were waiting to move on. The place had the impermanent air of a summer resort, or of a railroad station.

Not twenty miles from us in the hills above this village a great battle was going on for a city named Baguio. All these people had been taken out of the hills and out of Baguio, and they were resting temporarily in this village be-

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fore being shifted to other parts of the island of Luzon.

They had been evacuated over a tortuous and terrible mountain route known as the Baguio Trail. They had been evacuated largely through the efforts of Sergeant Lindquist. He is a tall fellow with long, thin legs and extremely broad shoulders. We sat in one of the village buildings and talked. The Sergeant is not a voluble man; you had to plague him with questions. But the answers you would get were extremely worthwhile, and after a while it would dawn on you that this tall, thin non-com, the major domo of the Baguio Trail, was doing one of the amazing jobs of the war.

BUT BEFORE you can be impressed by the Sergeant's activities you have to know a little about the city of Baguio.

Any Filipino will tell you that Manila was a beautiful city before the war. But he will tell you, with pride in his eyes, that Baguio was once the most beautiful city in the whole world. For Manila, the Filipinos say, "Manila was beautiful." But for Baguio they say, "Baguio —ah Baguio!"

It must have been something. It lies approximately in the center of the island of Luzon, 150 miles or so above Manila. Before the war, in the summer, when the heat and the humidity around Manila would become too much for the *politicos* to bear, Baguio would become the summer capital of the Philippine government. It was a white city, beautifully laid out, with great gardens and sports stadiums and buildings of Grecian line. It was in the hills, sheltered from the heat, always just warm enough by day, always cool at night.

To this city in the summer flocked the fantastic international gentry of Manila—Russians, Spaniards, Americans, Germans, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Swedes, Egyptians, Swiss, and Filipinos. They would go up there for the baths, the sports, and the politics. I've seen architectural plans of the city of Baguio, and I've seen aerial photographs of it taken before we started blasting it off the map. It must have been beautiful.

But then again, in the month of April, while the great battle for Baguio was in progress, I saw the city itself from an adjoining hill which the 33rd Division had just taken. I saw it through a pair of captured Jap binoculars. It looked like the Acropolis, like a hunk of broken birthday cake scattered over the hillside. The once lovely city of Baguio—ah Baguio!—was in ruins.

For weeks our artillery had been pounding the city on the hill until it was nothing more than rubble. We were pounding it for the best of reasons: it was full of Japs.

And yet, all the time that battle was going on, in the midst of all the air and artillery fire, at the very moment I was looking at the ghost city through the binoculars, an unbelievable thing was going on. All day long and all night we were taking civilians out of Baguio, right through the Jap lines and under the Jap noses, right through the fire from both sides and safe into our own lines. Somewhere in that dense jungle on the hillsides which

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I could see through the glasses was the Baguio Trail, and at the end of it the village, the domain of Sergeant James Patrick Lindquist.

In the village the most conspicuous people of all were groups of strange little natives—brown, dark, husky, always smiling. "Igorots," Lindquist told me, "You can't miss 'em." The Igorots are the elusive little people of the hills, the equivalent of our own hillbillies. The women wear gaily-colored skirts and the men nothing but hats and g-strings. The Japs had been particularly tough on them, had taken away their food, their pigs and chickens, and had butchered whole families.

We had liberated them when we started the Baguio campaign. They had been brought down from the embattled hills, hundreds of them, down to this village where the Americans were feeding them and giving them shelter.

They are a good people. "Funniest thing about this whole business," Lindquist told me, "of all the people we've taken out of the hills—and I guess we could form a League of Nations with what we've taken out—the only ones who've expressed any gratitude at all are these Igorots."

They are the ones who acquainted us with the Baguio Trail in the first place. When the battle in the hills of Luzon started, after we moved in from the Lingayen Gulf, the town of Baguio was still full of the summer civilian crowd from Manila. Many of them had gone up there as soon as we invaded Luzon from the south, figuring that there wouldn't be much fighting in the hills. It was too bad that so many of them picked Baguio because it turned out to be one of the worst battlefields of the campaign. When we trained our guns on it we knew just how many civilians were in the way, but Baguio had to be taken. When the Igorots told us about the trail we saw there was a chance of getting those civilians out of the place. Lindquist was one of the men put on the detail, and it wasn't long before we had a system working.

EACH DAY in Baguio certain groups of these civilians would stray to the edge of the town. They would carry light provisions with them, as unobtrusively as possible. They would approach the Jap sentries at the outskirts of town, and they would bribe their way out. A Jap sentry is usually a great one for bribes. For a piece of jewelry he will forget his holy allegiance to the Emperor. One Spanish woman who had come out of Baguio told me she had given a Jap sentry her wristwatch. "He rolled up his uniform sleeve to strap it on," she said, "and I could see that his whole arm was covered with wrist watches." Sometimes the sentries would not place so high a price on the business of looking the other way. Sometimes they would listen to reason for a few *camotes*, those Filipino sweet potatoes which the Japs love.

The civilians who got by the sentries would make for an appointed spot in the hills. There were actually five paths leading from the edges of town to the main trail. They could take any one of these paths. Once they got to the

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main trail they would find Igorot guides waiting for them, ready to lead them over the long, main trail to the American lines and liberation. The trip would have been impossible without the Igorots.

In the first place, it was their trail. They had been using it for the length of time that makes legends. It is not the sort of trail that you or I could see in the dark. It is something like an old Indian trail, but the jungles of the Philippines are filled with all sorts of natural death-dealing devices; even the foliage goes in for manslaughter. There are vines like snakes, enormous shapes that block the path, and insects, and peculiar pestilences. There are sudden precipices along the trail, hidden by dense giant leaves, and if you don't have an Igorot to steer you along the edge you will step on what looks like solid ground and fall a thousand feet. The trail goes up and down hills that are 2,500 feet high, and practically perpendicular.

IT TAKES anywhere from three to seven days to come over the trail, depending on your health, your age, your agility, and your spirit. Have you ever climbed jungle hills for seven days and seven nights? If you have you know how much the spirit counts.

Sometimes a woman would give birth on the trail, and Lindquist would play midwife. He told me about a Filipino woman who had a child on the trail at four o'clock in the morning. That night she had the baby on her back and she was on her way.

Several people died on the trail, young ones from disease and old ones from exhaustion. Several fell off the cliffs; the only thing ever heard from them was the echo of the breakage down below. Several met up with outlying sentries, and for them the end of the trail was a Jap bullet or a Jap knife in the neck. But most incredible of all is the fact that some of these refugees were carried all the way over the trail. Pound for pound, the Igorot is one of the strongest people in the world. An Igorot woman (average weight, ninety pounds) can carry her own weight up and over those hills. When it became necessary, those tiny people would rig up a litter and carry a sick person up and down the trail for seven days and nights.

Five-year-old children are known to have walked all the way over the trail. In the little village of liberation I met an American woman who had come over the trail with her two young children, a suitcase full of *camotes*, and a a Pekingese dog.

In April, when I met Lindquist, he had supervised the evacuation of seven thousand civilians from the city of Baguio. The end of the trail, the Promised Land, was this little village, and every day new refugees were coming in. Tired, dirty, emaciated, they always asked for the same things—cigarettes, white bread, milk.

You had to see that town in order to believe it. There were Asiatics and Europeans, every denomination, every breed. There were Irish nuns, dressed in white, still tending the children they had carried over the trail. There were American missionaries. And Jap prisoners. And Germans. Most of

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the so-called "whites" were being held under lock and key, for there was a lot of work to be done in the matter of determining just which of the civilians of Baguio had collaborated with the Japs when they were up there, and had left simply because the bombing got too hot.

Of all the people interned in that village, only the Igorots seemed to be taking it easy. The others, the Europeans and Americans and the city-bred Filipinos from Baguio, were restless and impatient. The trail was a nightmare they wanted to forget. They were obviously bored with the little village, and waiting only for the signal that would send them down to Manila, to something that looked like civilization. But the Igorots were quiet because they were actually a little dazzled. To them, this little village was a metropolis. They were simply waiting for the day when they could get out of the big city, back on their beloved Baguio Trail and home into the hills.

The Marital Maze

THE BRIDEGROOM came home one evening to find his bride in tears. "Your mother insulted me," she wept.

"But, darling," protested the young man. "How could she? She isn't even in town."

"I know," said his wife, "but she wrote you a letter. And the very last thing she said was: 'P. S. Mary, don't forget to show this letter to John.'"

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

THE WOMAN stood on a downtown street corner. At last she became impatient and exclaimed to a passing friend, "Isn't it terrible to wait for your husband! I've been standing here since five o'clock!"

"When were you supposed to meet him?" asked the friend.

"Four o'clock!" replied the other disgustedly. —PHILIP BEATON

"JACK, DARLING," said the Hollywood bride, entering her new home with her new hubby, "this house certainly looks familiar. Are you sure we haven't been married before?" —*Typo Graphic*

LIKE ALL two-fisted newspaper men, Horace Greeley was a target for mudslingers. When one detractor howled that Greeley was influenced by powerful interests—a low blow still popular—Greeley replied: "Yes, I'm influenced by powerful interests, but keep my wife's name out of this."

—*Spaulding Times*

WHILE HONEYMOONING with his former secretary, a wealthy manufacturer began making plans for his return to business.

"Well, dear," he told his bride, "I suppose I'll have to get someone to take your place in the office."

"I've been thinking of that," she replied. "My cousin is leaving school."

"What's her name?" the husband asked.

"John Joseph Jones," the bride replied sweetly.—RANDOLPH MACFARLAN

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Scientists are putting the secret of fluorescence to work in our modern world

Harnessing FIREFLY LIGHT

by ALFRED H. SINKS

FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS fireflies, glowworms and other insects have been using a mysterious chemical process to make their own artificial light. But not until recently have scientists in physics and chemistry laboratories learned the firefly's secret of fluorescence, the scientific name for firefly light.

And since scientists have learned this secret, they aren't stopping at creating a new and far better kind of artificial light. Using the principle of fluorescence as a tool, they are opening a whole new bag of scientific tricks. The alarm clock with the luminescent face, which you bought before the war, is just one simple example of the use of fluorescence.

H. W. Leverenz, chemist and physicist who heads the research department of the Radio Corporation of America, and his assistants have studied the fluorescent properties of more than ten thousand different substances, and can now produce fluorescence in any color of the rainbow.

What's so good about fluorescent light? Centuries before artificial light was thought of, the human eye had become conditioned to sunlight. Now, through the wizardry of science, fluorescent colors have been so skillfully blended that they are nearly equivalent to sunlight. So fluorescent light is much easier on the eyes than the ordinary electric light.

Furthermore, it's cheap. A fluorescent lamp gives two to three times as much light for the same amount of current as the best filament lamp. Because it has no filament to burn out, it outlasts the old fashioned kind many times. And its light is almost without heat —a great advantage in places where people have to work under batteries of powerful lights.

Today, among other things, fluorescence is helping the FBI catch forgers and counterfeiters. Secret marks made with invisible fluorescent ink have trapped scores of criminals who tried to dispose of stolen goods.

Not long ago in one of our large cities a suspected kidnaper was pretty cocky as he faced detectives in police headquarters. Before him on a table officials spread out a number of large bills taken from his pocket. They looked just like any other bills. Then detectives switched off the light. The table was flooded with invisible black light. Instantly two accusing words — "Ransom Money" — were revealed on several of the bills. They had been marked with invisible fluorescent ink.

Back in the days of the blitz, blacked-out London had phosphors (the family name for all substances

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that fluoresce) to thank for saving thousands of lives and preventing accidents. Phosphorescent paints marked curbstones, fireplugs, obstacles, and entrances to air-raid shelters. Pedestrians wore phosphorescent buttons and badges to keep from colliding, and air-raid wardens wore phosphorescent arm bands. The glow was too slight to be spotted by enemy aircraft. But the human eye conditioned to total darkness is a hundred thousand times as light-sensitive as it is in daylight, so pedestrians easily spotted the warning glow.

Many a war flier shot down at sea owes his life to the same thing. A fluorescent dye poured on the water gave off a yellow glow in the dark to guide rescuers. Fabrics dyed with brilliant fluorescent colors were used for night signaling. A spotter, looking through binoculars from which all but a certain wave length of black light was filtered, could spot these colors though they were invisible to the enemy.

Nor did flashlights or matches betray our spies and paratroopers working behind the enemy lines at night. Trails blazed with fluorescent pigments were invisible under ordinary light, but they sprang suddenly to life in the rays of ultra-violet lamps carried by our men. Maps coated with a thin, transparent film of fluorescent plastic could be read in pitch blackness, though they were invisible to anyone even a few feet away.

One of the most useful inventions of the war is the tiny RP-12 four-watt ultra-violet bulb, small enough to use in a flashlight. It lighted the fluorescent dials of instruments aboard our night-flying bombers and fighter planes. Soon it may be an equally familiar object around the house, or on the dashboards of our automobiles.

Fluorescence helped the modern prospector in his search for metals vital to war industry. Sheelite, the ore from which precious tungsten is refined, fluoresces bright blue under a black-light lamp. Other ores show up in other colors, and the amount of fluorescence is an excellent gauge of the richness of the ores.

Chemists are learning to detect the presence of microscopic quantities of matter instantly through their fluorescence. Doctors using black light can now detect skin infections otherwise invisible to the naked eye. The tiniest trace of medication, of perfumes, dyes, bleaches, cosmetics, tobacco stain, or old plastic surgery appears vividly in distinctive colors under black light. Furthermore, oncoming attacks of measles or of scarlet fever can be seen days earlier than they would appear under ordinary visible light.

Sylvania Electric Products, a leader in the field, is working on a new black-light apparatus for fluorescing both skin and bones which will be invaluable for medical diagnosis. And now the microbe hunters find that there is a whole family of sub-microscopic "light-bulb" bacteria that, like the firefly and the glowworm, give themselves away by their own cold light.

Today fluorescence is a rapidly growing field of research spreading out in a hundred different directions. How far it will go no one ventures to guess.

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Picture Story

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

A compendium of songs both sentimental and cherished, here presented together with a nosegay of Edward A. Wilson's tender interpretations.

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THE YEARS which graced the turn of the century, whatever they may have been, are recalled as light and untroubled times. Living was paced to ease, and ease was cheaply bought. The corsets which molded the ladies into what is now the symbol of the age could be bought for as little as fifty cents. Men smoked "two fors"—two cigars for a nickel, and wore huge gold watch chains over their comfortable fronts. A five pound shad, the roe included, made an elegant meal for 35 cents. Life was gentle as well as genteel. Laughter was soft in the moonlit parks and during the inevitable waltzes, and it was loud and joyful among the traveling salesmen—the "drummers" in the smoking cars.

The people took neither themselves nor their world too seriously. The air was full of bubbles and it was cleaner and quieter, then. The automobile was still at the far end of Main Street, and the bicycle was the delight of dignified businessmen as well as moonstruck lovers. Radio was not even a word. The moving picture was making its way from a series of flicked cards to a believable image in the nickelodeon. The stereoscope was in the parlor near the family album on the marble-topped table. These things are fast fading now in the hurly-burly of our times, only one thing lingers on—the melody, the song.

To recall those easy days for those who saw them, and to reconstruct them in part for the new generations, Coronet presents in pictures and in words these songs which are known wherever Americans sing, and which are the tangible and living remains of a great and immortal era—the Turn of the Century.

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In the Good Old Summer Time

Yes, those were the good old days, when nary a "Mamma" packed a pistol and jazz was just being born. June and moon had not yet become a formula in Tin Pan Alley, but Ren Shields and George (Honeyboy) Evans knew there'd always be love. . .

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
Strolling thro' the shady lanes,
With your baby mine;
You hold her hand and she holds yours,
And that's a very good sign
That she's your tootsey-wootsey,
In the good old summer time.

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The Sidewalks of New York

Life was beginning to center in the cities. Charles B. Lawlor and James W. Blake voiced the longing for city scenes and sights and sounds, which were taking the place of old Kentucky homes. Today the heart of the great city still throbs where . . .

East side,
West side,
All around the town,
The tots sang "ring-a-rosie,"
"London Bridge is falling down."
Boys and girls together,
Me and Mamie O'Rorke,
Tripped the light fantastic
On the Sidewalks of New York.

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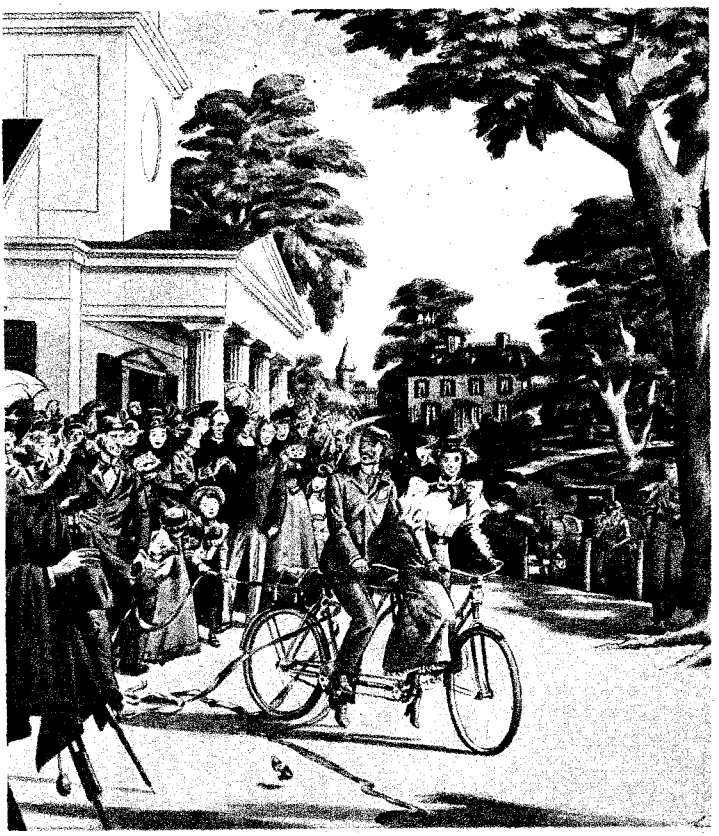

Daisy Bell

In the Nineties the bicycle was so popular that it was quite possible to think of it as the honeymoon carriage which carried happy couples into marital bliss. Harry Dacre, an Englishman, made the blood tingle in young hearts when he wrote . . .

Daisy, Daisy,
Give me your answer, do!
I'm half crazy,
All for the love of you!
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage,
But you'll look sweet
On the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!

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Casey Jones

Casey Jones was a real engineer who died in a train wreck in April, 1900, the year the century turned. Casey had a feeling that this was his last trip when he kissed his wife goodbye, and these words may well have been in his throat as he died . . .

Casey Jones! Going to reach Frisco,
Casey Jones! But we'll all be dead.
Casey Jones! Going to reach Frisco,
We're going to reach Frisco, but
we'll all be dead.

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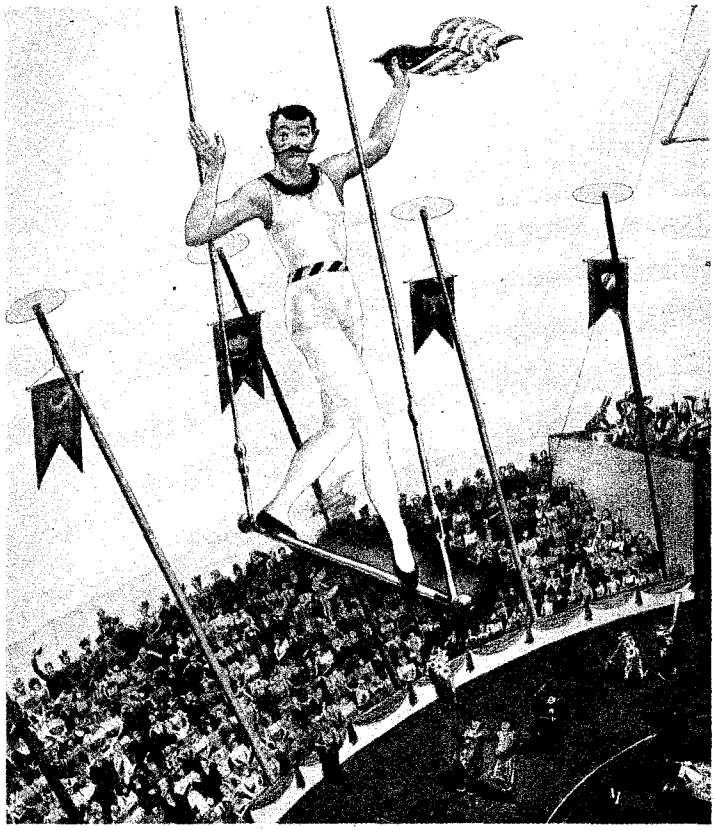

The Man on the Flying Trapeze

In the early days of the Nineteenth Century circuses employed "singing clowns." The dastardly young man on the flying trapeze could expect no pity from the audience after the clowns had finished singing this tale of perfidy and woe . . .

He floats through the air with the greatest of ease,
The daring young man on the flying trapeze,
His actions are graceful, all girls he does please,
And my love he has stolen away.

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Little Annie Rooney

Those were the days when virtue was exalted and spurned love was unknown. Life was full of kept promises, and idyllic love blossomed into idyllic marriage. Michael Nolan climaxed an era of tenderness and simplicity with this ballad . . .

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau,
She's my Annie, I'm her Joe,
Soon we'll marry, never to part,
Little Annie Rooney is my sweet-
heart.

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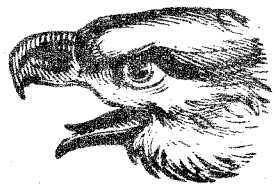
The golden eagle is both wise and strong—a beautiful bird with a deadly appetite



Feathered Death

by VIRGINIA DUNCAN

OF ALL THE birds of prey, the golden eagle is one of the greatest hunters. Like most of nature's creatures, he is both bad and good. If he destroys countless harmful rodents, he also destroys game birds, deer and antelope fawns, lambs, kids and even calves.

The magnificent golden hunter sits on a mountain scanning the valleys below, or he glides thousands of feet in the air searching out his prey with telescopic vision. When he sees what he wants, he folds his wings against his sides and comes down in a power dive with bullet-like swiftness, making a sound like air being forced through a pipe. If his prey is a ground squirrel or a rabbit he usually swoops up with it in his talons, hardly breaking his speed.

Sometimes in flight the golden eagle plays a game of catch, dropping a ground squirrel from a great height and catching it in mid-air. Many observers have marveled at the eagle's catch-games while he builds his nest. He repeatedly drops sticks and dives for them, apparently testing his accuracy.

Eagles prefer mountain cliffs for their nests, but I have seen them build in trees on greasewood flats, in Spanish daggers and on old windmills. They use the same nest year after year, making repairs each spring until the nest is four or five feet across and almost as deep. They lay their eggs, ordinarily two to four, in March.

Young eagles take their preflight training seriously. They stand on the edge of the nest and flap their wings until they almost knock themselves out. They are a bit wobbly when they first take to the air, but soon develop the maneuverability and grace to which they are born.

The bizarre stories of eagles flying away with children or full grown sheep are untrue. An eagle can carry only about eight pounds for any great distance. But tales of eagles killing antelope, sheep, and even calves are entirely true. The eagle is not afraid to engage in battle with these larger creatures right on the ground.

When ranchers learned that the airplane could be used effectively in protecting their ranches from eagle raids, they organized eagle clubs, paying an annual membership fee of about sixty dollars for each ranch they owned or operated. Now, the state or county governments help to pay the expenses of a pilot and plane for predatory animal control. When a rancher reports new eagle raids, the pilot goes gunning for the raiders. In the Trans-Pecos region of Texas, where the golden eagles have for years inflicted heavy losses on live-

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stock and wild game herds, there are now about ninety members in the eagle clubs.

Recently John Casparis, an eagle hunting pilot, told me: "Eagles are smarter than the devil. They sit on the smooth side of a mountain and when you jump them, they take to the up-wind side where the air is rough and it is hard to shoot. They will fly as close in as they can, then you have to use the plane like a cutting horse in a herd, banking it and flying close to the mountain to cut the eagle out in the open. An eagle can outclimb and out-circle a plane. We've followed them up to twelve thousand feet and, just when we thought we were in gunning distance, the eagle would dive under the nose of the plane or fold its wings and drop to earth like a rock. I've followed them down at 120 miles an hour and they left me as if I were tied to a cloud."

Yes, the golden eagle is a beautiful bird and a wise one, and he does much good. He should be protected but, because of his hunter's instinct and voracious appetite, he will always have to be controlled lest his hunting habits conflict with the rights and needs of ranchmen.

Childhood Days

THE CHILD WAS out visiting with her mother. The stay was lengthy and the little girl became restless.

"Mother—" she interrupted.

"Mary," rebuked the mother, "it's rude to interrupt while I am speaking; you should wait until I finish."

"But," said the child, "you don't finish."

HE CAME HOME with some candy concealed in his coat pocket.

"Now, children," he said, "who has been the most obedient during the last month, and done everything Mother asked?"

"You, Daddy," the oldest youngster replied.

HER BROTHER set a trap to catch birds, and at first the little girl wept over the cruelty of it. Later she became cheerful again. Her mother, puzzled, asked the cause.

"Well, I prayed for brother to be a better boy," she said.

"I see," said the mother.

"And," went on the little girl, "I prayed that the trap would not catch any birds."

"That was right," said the mother.

"And then," continued the child, "I went out and kicked the old trap to pieces." —PHILIP BEATON

JOHNNY, young son of a janitor, had to make shoes last an uncommonly long time, so a new pair was an event in his life. One Saturday Johnny emerged from a big store with his mother, sporting a nifty new pair of brown oxfords. On the way home they stopped to visit an aunt, and his mother cautioned Johnny to say nothing about his new shoes.

At his aunt's home Johnny strutted about. In the big chair he swung his feet, hoping to catch his aunt's eye, but no luck. Just as they started to leave, Johnny picked up a parcel and said: "Auntie, betcha can't guess what I got in this package!"

"Why no," replied the lady, looking over her glasses. "What can it be?"

"My old shoes!"

—DORON K. ANTRIM

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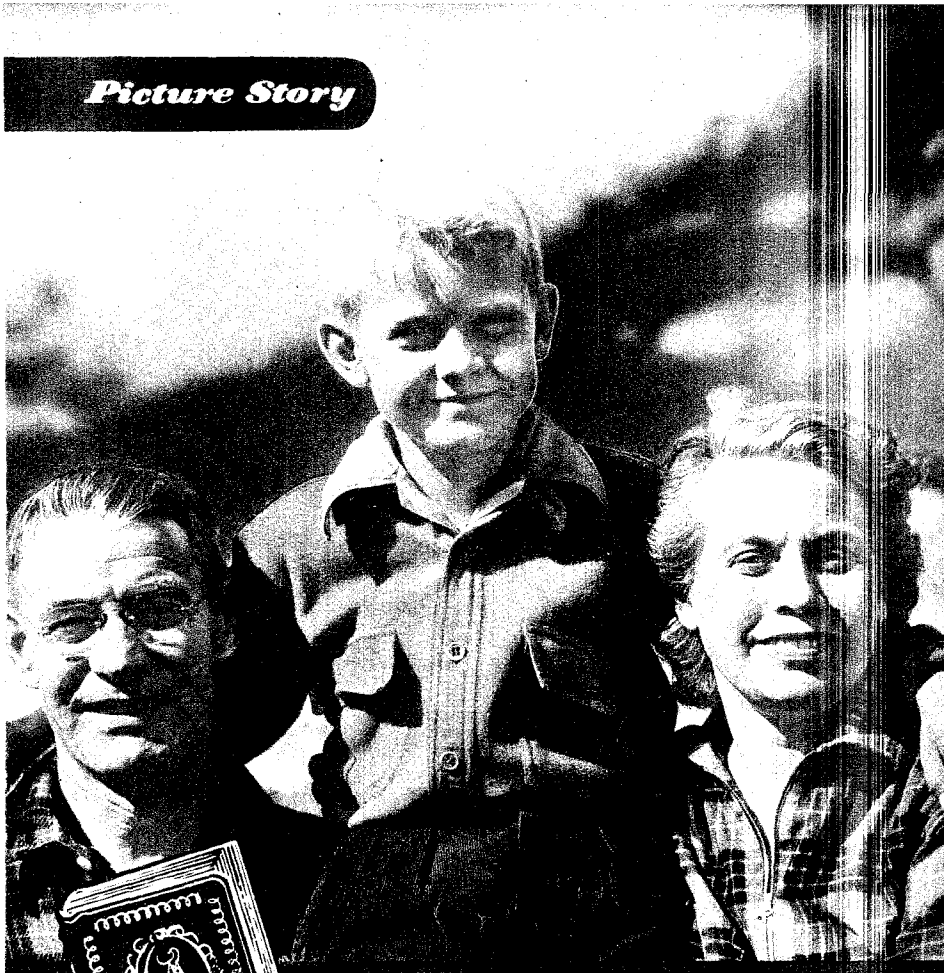
Picture Story



An American Album

MORE VARIED, PERHAPS, than those of other lands are the faces of people who lay claim to the name American. Our teeming millions, representing every race and nationality on earth, have lived, worked and fought together to make the face of Democracy.

Coronet presents in the following pages an album of typical Americans. The words spoken are not necessarily the words of those whose faces were selected, but rather the words of all Americans

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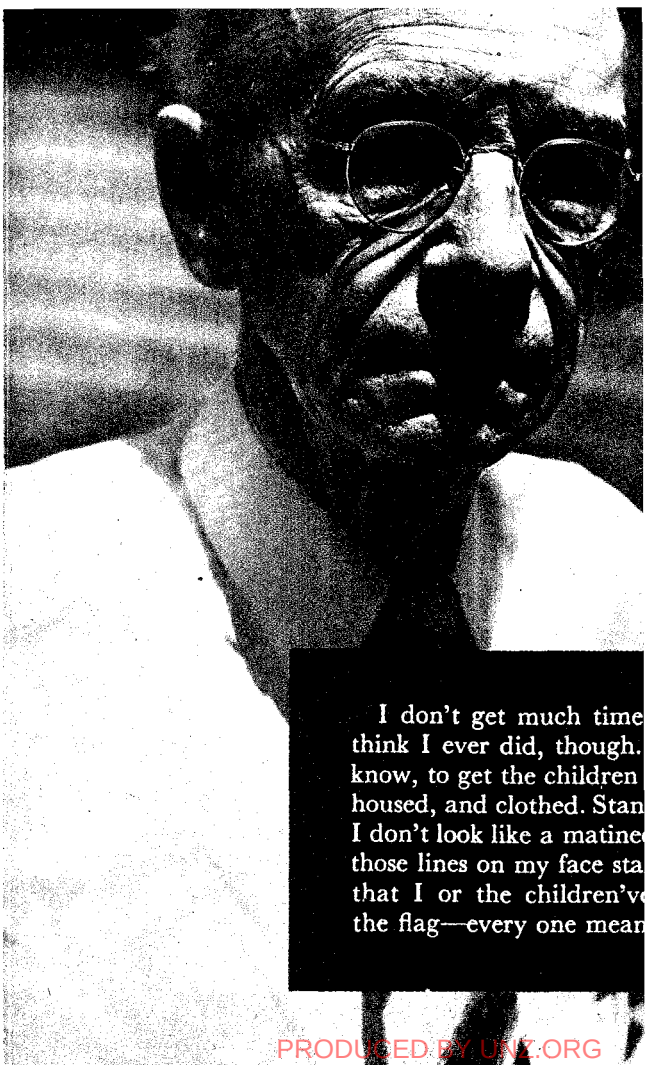
I don't get much time
think I ever did, though.
know, to get the children
housed, and clothed. Stan
I don't look like a matine
those lines on my face sta
that I or the children'v
the flag—every one mean

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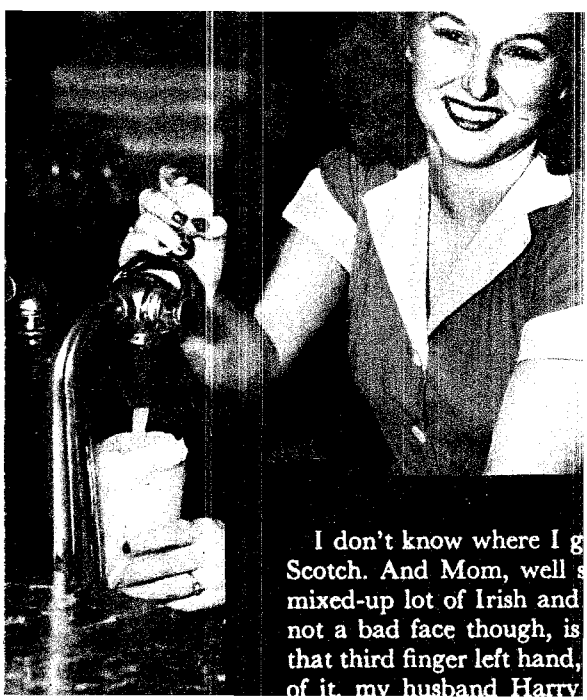

I don't know where I g
Scotch. And Mom, well s
mixed-up lot of Irish and
not a bad face though, is
that third finger left hand,
of it, my husband Harry

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Sitting here like a danged owl ain't making coal, but you see that lamp on my knee, it tells when gas is around, the gas that kills men down here. Well, somebody ought to hook one onto folks who make trouble so we'd know when somebody feels maybe his type is too good for the rest of us. Takes all

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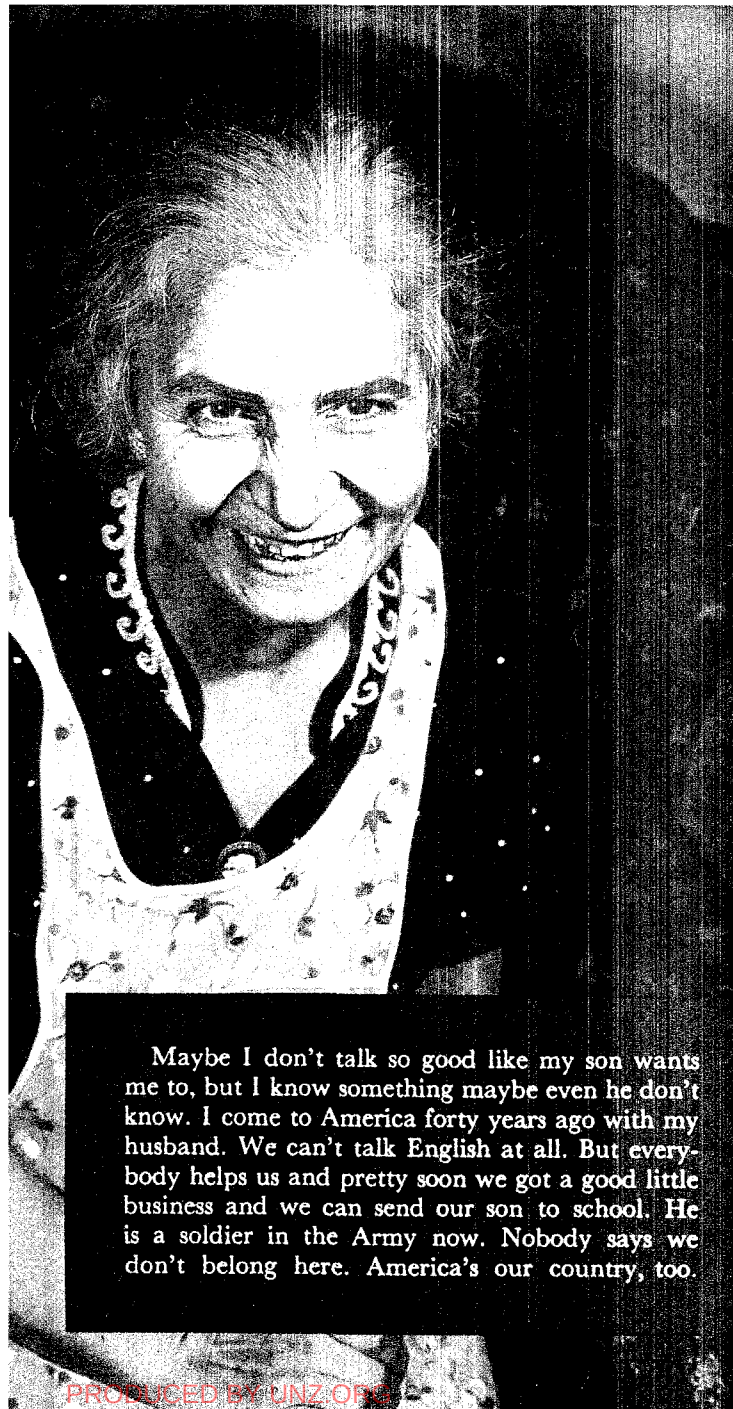

Maybe I don't talk so good like my son wants me to, but I know something maybe even he don't know. I come to America forty years ago with my husband. We can't talk English at all. But everybody helps us and pretty soon we got a good little business and we can send our son to school. He is a soldier in the Army now. Nobody says we don't belong here. America's our country, too.

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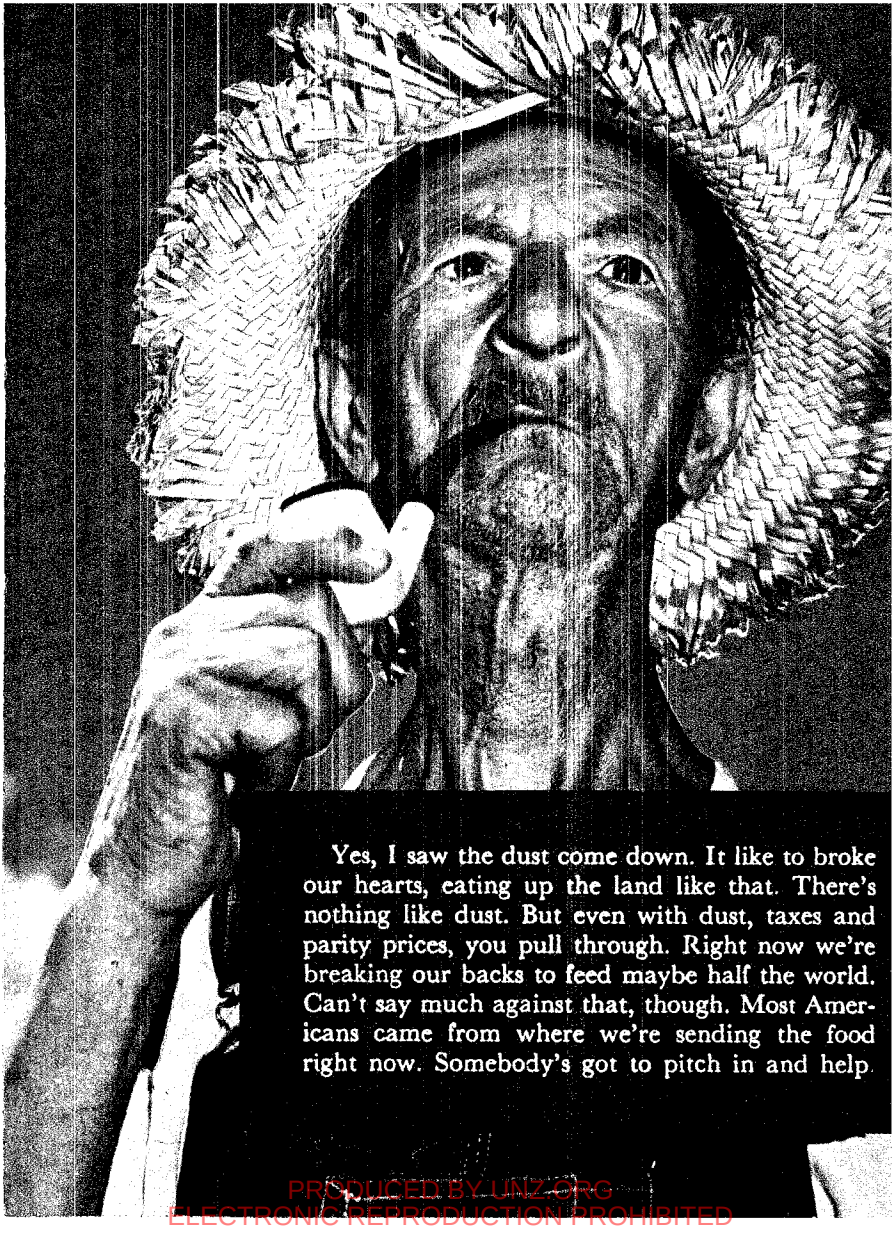

Yes, I saw the dust come down. It like to broke our hearts, eating up the land like that. There's nothing like dust. But even with dust, taxes and parity prices, you pull through. Right now we're breaking our backs to feed maybe half the world. Can't say much against that, though. Most Americans came from where we're sending the food right now. Somebody's got to pitch in and help.

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My Country 'tis of Thee

I WAS STANDING in front of a long row of freshly dug and freshly filled graves, on a tropical island. Over each grave was the white wooden marker, and on each grave, like an arrowhead pointing to the east—pointing back home—a green palm leaf. Over the gateway to the cemetery was a phrase I can't forget. It said, "We live by deeds, not years."

It was a hot and silent afternoon. Three Chaplains led us in prayer. Each Chaplain made a short and quiet speech. There was a slight wind. The palm leaves on the graves trembled a little bit. Then the first Chaplain said, "Gentlemen, the National Hymn." We started to sing:

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing . . .

I sang, and I remembered. Standing there, bareheaded in the hot sun, I remembered where I first learned the song.

I remembered the schoolhouse, the old wood stove, the mezzotint of Lincoln on the wall.

Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride . . .

It's a great song wherever you hear it. It sounds great on a harmonica, and it sounds great on an organ, and it makes your blood run hot when you hear a thousand people in a theatre sing it. I've heard multitudes sing it on the shore of a lake, and I've heard it in church, and I've heard the remnants of a division of Marines, hot and exhausted and lonesome, sing it over the graves of friends in that brand new cemetery on a tropical island. But hearing it that day on the island made me remember the time in my life when I used to hear it come, fervently, out of the mouths of babes. I seemed to remember the faces around me, the wonder that came from the sweet sound of the words. We were beginning to understand the poetry of America. In our eyes was the first awareness of the glory of "Sweet Land" and "Pilgrims' Pride." We were beginning then to get ready to go out and fight and die and get buried in white coral on tropical islands, because . . . from every mountainside . . . we wanted, with all our young hearts, to . . .

Let freedom ring . . .

—RICHARD RAKSIN

This painting by Amos Sewell, inspired by *My Country 'Tis of Thee,* is one of a series by favorite American artists interpreting musical masterpieces. The words to the beloved traditional song were written by Samuel F. Smith.

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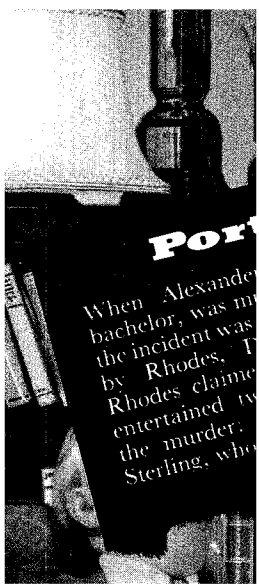

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The Game of Superlatives

Your knowledge of general science is tested in this superlative quiz which covers a variety of subjects ranging all the way from planets to particles. In the list below, each group is explained by the superlative adjective which heads it, and you are to select the one right answer from the three possibilities given for each case. For example, the correct answer to the first is (*b*) Jupiter. Eight to ten right is good, and eleven or over is excellent. Answers are on page 85.

1. BIGGEST
   (*a*) Mars
   (*b*) Jupiter
   (*c*) Earth
2. SMALLEST
   (*a*) Atom
   (*b*) Molecule
   (*c*) Ion
3. HOTTEST
   (*a*) Sahara Desert
   (*b*) Russian Steppes
   (*c*) South Pole
4. COLDEST
   (*a*) Algeria
   (*b*) Siberia
   (*c*) Liberia
5. FASTEST
   (*a*) Light
   (*b*) Sound
   (*c*) Bullet
6. SLOWEST
   (*a*) Porcupine
   (*b*) Tortoise
   (*c*) Weasel
7. HIGHEST
   (*a*) Mt. Everest
   (*b*) Mt. Shasta
   (*c*) Mt. Parnassus
8. LOWEST
   (*a*) Solomon's mines
   (*b*) Black Hole of Calcutta
   (*c*) Death Valley, Cal.
9. HARDEST
   (*a*) Steel
   (*b*) Marble
   (*c*) Diamond
10. SOFTEST
    (*a*) Gold
    (*b*) Iron
    (*c*) Silver
11. LONGEST
    (*a*) Ohio River
    (*b*) Mississippi River
    (*c*) Rio Grande
12. SHORTEST
    (*a*) Mile
    (*b*) Rod
    (*c*) Furlong
13. HEAVIEST
    (*a*) Water
    (*b*) Petroleum
    (*c*) Mercury
14. LIGHTEST
    (*a*) Dram
    (*b*) Ounce
    (*c*) Pint
15. FARTHEST
    (*a*) Earth to Saturn
    (*b*) Earth to Uranus
    (*c*) Earth to Sun
16. NEAREST
    (*a*) India to China
    (*b*) Greenland to Iceland
    (*c*) New York to California

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Test Your Double Talk

A first glance at the list below may make you think you're seeing double, but a second squint will show you that it's merely a collection of American idioms, slang and famous names, all of which consist of twin words or double-plays on identical syllables. You have come across most of these "two-timers" before, but how many of them can you identify and match up with the definitions in the right-hand column? Fifteen to twenty right is good, twenty-one to twenty-five is very good, and twenty-six or over is excellent. Answers on page 85.

1. ACK ACK	(*a*) Dance of French origin
2. GEE GEE	(*b*) Emile Zola heroine
3. WALLA WALLA	(*c*) African fly
4. DUMDUM	(*d*) Extinct but popular bird
5. HAW HAW	(*e*) Part of a cheer
6. SING SING	(*f*) Jungle drum
7. JEROME JEROME	(*g*) Expression of contempt
8. BONBON	(*h*) Not good and not bad
9. DODO	(*i*) Character in *Arabian Nights*
10. LULU	(*j*) Sugar plum or candy
11. CHIN CHIN	(*k*) Anti-aircraft gunfire
12. TSETSE	(*l*) Well-known prison
13. BADEN BADEN	(*m*) Traitorous English broadcaster
14. CANCAN	(*n*) Pidgin English for formal talk
15. TOM-TOM	(*o*) Child in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*
16. YOYO	(*p*) German health resort
17. COO COO	(*q*) Important Samoan seaport
18. HULA HULA	(*r*) Crazy
19. BABA	(*s*) Expanding bullet
20. MURMUR	(*t*) Race horse
21. TYLTYL	(*u*) Hawaiian dance
22. NANA	(*v*) City in the state of Washington
23. SEN SEN	(*w*) Author of *Three Men in a Boat*
24. PAGO PAGO	(*x*) Child's Toy
25. SO-SO	(*y*) Gilbert and Sullivan character
26. POOH-POOH	(*z*) Common French girl's name
27. MIMI	(*aa*) Originator of roast pig
28. HIP HIP	(*bb*) Breath-sweetener
29. BO-BO	(*cc*) Low, indistinct sound
30. YUM YUM	(*dd*) "Corker," "honey," "humdinger"

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Rhyming Games

Rhyming Words

Here's a thought-provoking game for that afternoon with the boys when the course is too muddy. Each player makes a score card with the words and pars listed as we have done here. Then, to play the first hole, each must see how many words he can think of which rhyme with the word "Bathe," and list the number in the score column. To equal par he'll have to think of three of them. If he's good at rhyming he may beat par on some of the holes, and this will boost his total score. A total score of fourteen is fair. Nineteen is good. Anyone who betters 24 walks off with top honors. Answers on page 85.

	PAR	YOUR SCORE
1. Bathe	3	
2. Crisp	2	
3. Sprinkle	4	
4. Milk	3	
5. Mouth	2	
6. Solid	2	
7. Cork	5	
8. Bath	3	
9. Spinet	2	
	Total 26	

Rhyming Times

When the cock crows in Honolulu, it's the witching hour of midnight in Shanghai; when it's lunch time in Manhattan, New Zealanders are sitting down to tomorrow morning's breakfast. In taking stock of the clock all over the world, try your hand at filling in the missing words — each of which rhymes with the preceding line. If you get four right, you've done quite well; six is good, and over six is excellent. The answers are on page 85.

1. When it's luncheon time in our New York,
   It's time for tea in Ireland's.....
2. When they're drinking dinner wine in
   Rome, it's time for ham and eggs in.....
3. In Spain when dinner dishes rattle,
   It's still mid-morning in.....
4. The noon-day sun warms Baltimore
   While midnight strikes in.....
5. It's dinner time in the land of the Zulu
   When the sun comes up in.....
6. The Brazilian pays his luncheon check
   Before it's noon in Old.....
7. Seven thousand miles from our Chicago,
   It's but two hours later in.....

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Lost and Found

Finders, keepers—losers, weepers! You need not weep, however, if you are able to answer correctly at least nine of the following questions. Ten to twelve right is good and more than twelve is very good. Only one of the three choices listed under each LOST and FOUND question is correct. For example: FOUND: A twelve-year-old boy in a temple—(*a*) Daniel (*b*) Jesus (*c*) Paul. The answer would be (*b*). See how well you can do. Answers are listed on the following page.

1. LOST: In a song, a basket of
   (*a*) Red and white
   (*b*) Green and yellow
   (*c*) Blue and pink
2. FOUND: The Holy Grail, by
   (*a*) Sir Lancelot
   (*b*) King Arthur
   (*c*) Sir Galahad
3. LOST: Three pairs of mittens, by
   (*a*) Three cubs
   (*b*) Three kittens
   (*c*) Three puppies
4. LOST: Two children in a forest,
   (*a*) Jack and Jill
   (*b*) Penrod and Pollyanna
   (*c*) Hänsel and Gretel
5. LOST: The mighty strength of
   (*a*) Samson
   (*b*) Joseph
   (*c*) Adam
6. FOUND: A sleeping child, by
   (*a*) Mr. Pendleton
   (*b*) Silas Marner
   (*c*) Macbeth
7. LOST: A lover, searched for by
   (*a*) Pocahontas
   (*b*) Priscilla
   (*c*) Evangeline
8. FOUND: On an island, a man,
   (*a*) Robin Hood
   (*b*) Friday
   (*c*) Robert O'Lincoln
9. LOST: American citizenship, by
   (*a*) Philip Nolan
   (*b*) Nathan Hale
   (*c*) The Pied Piper
10. FOUND: A changed world, by
    (*a*) Ichabod Crane
    (*b*) Rip Van Winkle
    (*c*) Oliver Twist
11. LOST: The unsinkable ship,
    (*a*) Caronia
    (*b*) Baltic
    (*c*) Titanic
12. FOUND: Her home in England
    (*a*) Lady
    (*b*) Lassie
    (*c*) Lulu
13. LOST: At sea, a woman flyer,
    (*a*) Anne Lindbergh
    (*b*) Amelia Earhart
    (*c*) Jacqueline Cochran
14. FOUND: Shangri-la, in movie
    (*a*) Rebecca
    (*b*) Lost Horizon
    (*c*) Dragon Seed
15. LOST: By volcanic eruption:
    (*a*) Naples
    (*b*) Madrid
    (*c*) Pompeii
16. FOUND: Radium, by
    (*a*) An American scientist
    (*b*) A French scientist and wife
    (*c*) Two Italian scientists

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Game of Superlatives

1. (*b*) Jupiter
2. (*c*) Ion
3. (*a*) Sahara Desert
4. (*b*) Siberia
5. (*a*) Light
6. (*b*) Tortoise
7. (*a*) Mt. Everest
8. (*c*) Death Valley, Cal.
9. (*c*) Diamond
10. (*a*) Gold
11. (*b*) Mississippi
12. (*b*) Rod
13. (*c*) Mercury
14. (*a*) Dram
15. (*b*) Earth to Uranus
16. (*a*) India to China

ANSWERS

Portrait of a Murder

When the police saw the gun propped up against the bookcase, barrel end down (something a man with knowledge of guns would never do), and the violin face down upon the table (something a musician would never do), it was obvious to them that Rhodes had fixed up the room himself to throw suspicion on Dudley's friends.

Rhyming Games

Rhyming Words

1. lathe, scathe, swathe
2. lisp, wisp
3. twinkle, wrinkle, tinkle, crinkle
4. silk, bilk, ilk
5. south, drouth
6. stolid, squalid
7. fork, pork, stork, torque, orc
8. path, lath, wrath
9. minute, linnet

Rhyming Times

1. Cork
2. Nome
3. Seattle
4. Singapore
5. Honolulu
6. Quebec
7. Santiago

Lost and Found

1. (*b*)
2. (*c*)
3. (*b*)
4. (*c*)
5. (*a*)
6. (*b*)
7. (*c*)
8. (*b*)
9. (*a*)
10. (*b*)
11. (*c*)
12. (*b*)
13. (*b*)
14. (*b*)
15. (*c*)
16. (*b*)

Double Talk

1. (*k*) Anti-aircraft gunfire
2. (*t*) Race horse
3. (*v*) City in the State of Washington
4. (*s*) Expanding bullet
5. (*m*) Traitorous English broadcaster
6. (*l*) Well-known prison
7. (*w*) Author of *Three Men in a Boat*
8. (*i*) Sugar plum or candy
9. (*d*) Extinct but popular bird
10. (*dd*) "Corker," "honey" or "humdinger"
11. (*n*) Pidgin English for formal talk
12. (*c*) African fly
13. (*p*) German health resort
14. (*a*) Dance of French origin
15. (*f*) Jungle drum
16. (*x*) Child's toy
17. (*r*) Crazy
18. (*u*) Hawaiian dance
19. (*i*) Character in *Arabian Nights*
20. (*cc*) Low, indistinct sound
21. (*o*) Child in Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*
22. (*b*) Emile Zola heroine
23. (*bb*) Breath-sweetener
24. (*q*) Important Samoan seaport
25. (*h*) Not good and not bad
26. (*g*) Expression of contempt
27. (*z*) Common name for a French girl
28. (*e*) Part of a cheer
29. (*aa*) Originator of roast pig
30. (*y*) Gilbert and Sullivan character

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As a youngster Jack Browne couldn't keep his head above water. Today he's doing business with the U. S. Navy

Top Man in the DEEP SEA

by PHIL DROTNING

AS A PROFESSIONAL diver, Jack Browne of Milwaukee probably is the world's most successful failure. He never has recovered the treasure he sought on the ocean floor, yet he holds the world record for a deep-sea dive, made in a pressure tank, and at 28 is president of a company that makes a large part of the diving paraphernalia used by the United States Navy.

From a kid who wasn't happy unless he could dunk, the tall, lean, pink-complexioned, slightly bald young man of Milwaukee has developed, in a manner of speaking, into a businessman. He frankly doesn't like it. While he is making some very plump money, he finds himself bound hand and foot by office hours, conferences, long distance telephone calls, and other dark responsibilities. He is beginning to look dazed and hurt, in the reproachful manner of a trapped gazelle.

Browne is generally considered to be on top of the heap as an experimental diver. Equipment which he has invented and built is in use all over the world, and in the last three years his company's business jumped from nothing flat to a gross of 1,250,000 dollars.

Last May, in the presence of five U. S. naval officers, Browne made a dive which tacked fifty feet onto the world's depth record of five hundred feet—a dive in a pressure tank which theoretically took him almost as far down as the Washington monument goes up. If anything had gone wrong at the lower depths, where the pressure on his body totaled some 839,700 pounds, the young man would have died as surely as if he had jumped from the top of the great shaft in the nation's capital.

If at any time after the first few minutes of the test (it took ten and a half minutes to reach the bottom, but more than four hours to come up) the glass portholes of the tank had given way, or if the hatch had blown, that would have been the end—instantly, through a sort of internal explosion—of the smiling Jack Browne. It would have been fatal, also, to bring him up suddenly for any reason, for without gradual decompression the "bends" are in-

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evitable and at great depths mean death, certain and painful.

Browne has offered to repeat his record dive in open water on the Atlantic coast, but the Navy has not accepted his offer.

For a man with all his senses, a healthy, successful, happily married young fellow, the father of two children, to take a Steve Brodie chance eagerly and for fun, is—well, it's precisely what anyone who knows Jack Browne would expect him to do.

JACK BROWNE is the son of George W. Browne who, in Jack's high school days, was a wealthy dealer in automobiles. The family had a big house on Lake Michigan in an exclusive suburb north of Milwaukee. For the peace of mind of the family, that was an extremely unhappy situation—all that water at hand, boats ready and waiting, a nice allowance for tools and gadgets, a basement shop to work in, and look what happened to the Browne boy. He actually was a diver in his early teens and the builder of his own suits.

Browne's first complete suit was made of old inner tubes, painfully vulcanized together, and heavy tin cans, cut and then soldered according to the youngster's own design.

His mother was a more or less willing accomplice in supplying cans of the proper thickness of tin, the right kind of canvas and rubber, adequate needles and thread. She seems to have worried far less about the whole business than the circumstances warranted, but her husband more than made up for it. Possibly Mrs. Browne was comforted by the conviction that it might have been worse. The annals of the Browne family show that young Jack, at the age of twelve or so, acquired an old hot water heater and worked on it for weeks in the expectation of owning and operating a one-boy submarine.

By the time he had finished high school, where he distinguished himself only at manual training, Browne was irretrievably committed to diving as a career. His fame was more than local. When he was nineteen he was engaged to search for a cargo lost in a sinking off Frankfort, Michigan, in 1884. A little later he again went after a fortune that had gone down in Michigan's St. Joseph River in 1860. Both times he failed. And then, in 1938, he explored the wreck of the New Brunswick, which had sunk off Point Pelee on Lake Erie, supposedly with a priceless cargo of walnut logs. He found the logs all right, but they were oak and too far gone to be of any use.

All this and more of the same, including a fantastic expedition in search of a sunken city off Florida, should have been enough to discourage any reasonable young man, but Browne bounced right back into his diving suit. He experimented constantly with suits and helmets, always with a determination to make them lighter, less cumbersome and more economical in their demands for the "breathing mixtures" that run into money. He worked hours on end, lost weight and spent all the money he could lay his hands on, but never for a moment doubted he would some day do something big.

The senior Browne, however, had a different idea about his son's future. At that time the automobile

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trailer was attracting wide attention and he set Jack up in the trailer business.

Not long after, however, Browne, senior, found the luxurious trailers gone from the salesroom and in their place some extremely unattractive looking diving suits, exclusively manufactured by young Jack Browne. What Browne, senior, said to Browne, junior, need not be printed here, but the proper exhibits went back into the windows and everything was businesslike for a matter of weeks. Then the trailer man shut up shop for a few days while he went over to Madison, partly to see his girl, a student in the state university, and partly to see an exhibit of diving equipment.

That was too much. The youthful Browne retired from his trailer business—rather hastily, from all accounts—and returned to the joyful, carefree life of a diver and diving suit designer.

CHANCES ARE that if it had not been for Dr. Edgar M. End, assistant professor of physiology at the Marquette University Medical School in Milwaukee, and a recognized authority on air pressure, young Browne would have blown out his own inner tubes in one of his bold experiments. Dr. End was an amateur diver and sympathized with a youngster who couldn't keep his head above water.

"It was really amazing," Dr. End now recalls, "what that boy could do. With no scientific knowledge except what he had picked up in passing, he would devise improvements that any authority would have called impossible. According to all the rules and formulae, they couldn't work—but they did.

"Jack would set his mind on something and pound away at it until he got it. He was absolutely tireless. Often he would work all day and all night, take a nap in a chair, and be at it again. Scientific training would have helped him, no doubt, but at the same time it might have warned him away from some of his most successful innovations. I suppose it's better to have what he has—genius."

Dr. End also believes that Jack Browne has some physical peculiarities that have kept him from knocking himself out below water. The physician says that he seems to be less susceptible to the bends than is the average mortal. His lungs appear to be marvels in performance. In some respects he has the nerves of a turtle. Even his head seems to be made of remarkably resilient material. Only his stomach is weak, and he has yet to go out in anything rougher than a dead calm without getting horribly seasick.

In addition to Dr. End, the exuberant Browne was lucky in finding another man who understood him. He was N. L. Kuehn, a manufacturer of industrial rubber goods, who took a liking to Jack when the youngster appeared one day with his own design for a diving suit.

"Take it to a tailor," Kuehn said, "and have it made to order. Then I'll see that it's given a waterproof coating inside."

The suit was made of canvas and sent to Detroit for the finishing touches. A rubber collar was designed and—presto!—there was a diving suit that served to per-

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fection, far better than any of the homemade outfits that preceded it.

Kuehn provided Browne with room in which to work, and cast a fatherly, if bewildered, eye on the experiments. When the diver became 21, away back there in 1938, the Diving Equipment and Supply Company, Inc., was founded. Jack was the president and Kuehn, as befitted the man with the money, was vice-president and treasurer. He still is.

Immediately after Pearl Harbor Browne set off for Washington in a flivver loaded with diving equipment. There he was received like a long lost brother who has struck it rich. He got an initial five thousand dollar order for three self-contained suits, and went on to make some twenty thousand pairs of diving shoes and hundreds of diving suits of various types.

The small Milwaukee firm, in cooperation with the Navy, developed the Navy's lightweight suit, the face mask, the "lung," and countless air compressors. During the war, the firm also made all the helium helmets—a new type invented by the Navy—that now are in use. The helmets are employed chiefly in submarine rescue work. When the *Normandie* burned in New York harbor, Browne designed 25 diving suits especially for the salvage job, and also built 50 new type power air compressors which were used to put the ship back in shape.

All things considered, it is not surprising that the Milwaukee company has mushroomed since the end of 1941. In 1942, the first year of brisk action, the firm shipped eighty thousand dollars' worth of diving equipment. In 1943 the figures were about 450 thousand dollars. The total in 1944 was approximately 1,250,000 dollars and in 1945—well, think of a number.

At the moment, Jack Browne is resting on his laurels, but his firm has bought a ship for his use and he soon will be doing practice dives in Lake Michigan from that.

"It will be a pushover," says Jack, "but in one way I dread it. I know darn well I'll be seasick. I always am."

Short Snort

ARMY HISTORIANS are uncovering graphic examples of American simplicity and temperament, such as the following report found in the volume of records made by victorious Yank units as they advanced into the German heartland.

Concealed in the attic of a shell-torn brick house during the final grim days of the war in Europe, two doughboys cautiously observed Nazi soldiers less than a mile away. When the intelligence officer read their report the next day, he saw these terse observations.

"Time, 1400—88 shell nearly took roof off."

"Time, 1405—Roof off."

"Time, 1406—Observation post closed." —PFC. CONRAD H. GOERL

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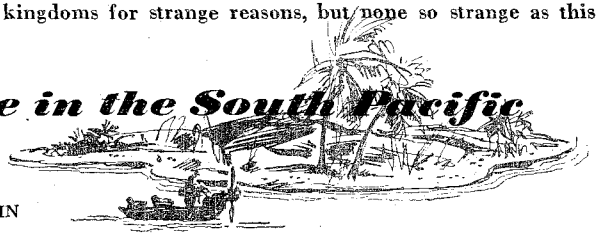
Men have been offered kingdoms for strange reasons, but none so strange as this

Miracle in the South Pacific



by LT. HAL GOODWIN

Lt. Goodwin was on duty with Marine carrier forces in the Pacific when this strange adventure was related to him by the man who experienced it, and who gave him permission to write it for publication. —THE EDITORS

THE BIG, magnificently muscled, bushy-headed tribesmen would have adopted Dickinson. They would have given him a number one good house and a number one good wife and made him a number one chief—just to keep the marvel he possessed in the tribe, for never before had the dark people of Manus seen such a wondrous thing.

Wesson F. Dickinson of Detroit, Michigan, is one of that small, highly trained band of civilians who have served our armed forces in the Pacific Theatre with the title of United States Technician. His job was to iron out problems that turned up under combat conditions in the planes which the Marines and the Navy call PBJ's.

At the time, Dickinson had been overseas for nine months and had come, finally, to the tiny island of Ponam, in the Admiralties.

There was little in the way of recreation on the island, except what the ingenuity of the Navy men there provided. Most of this ingenuity had produced boats, and best of all was the sea sled turned out by an enterprising chief machinist called Smitty.

One night Dickinson wandered down to the shore and heard Smitty's craft beating up the air. He borrowed an electric lantern and shot the beam in the direction of the noise, calling "Hey Smitty!"

And the answer came back, "Dickinson! Come on for a ride!"

Now the technician had to be cautious. Ten years before, a motorcycle accident had robbed him of his right leg. He could do his part in the Pacific as long as his artificial limb was in good condition.

"Okay," he said, "as long as you take it easy and stay in shallow waters."

Smitty was agreeable. So were his other passengers, the outfit's dentist and the operations officer.

Fifteen miles across the water was the island of Manus, part of it Japheld, the rest occupied by our forces. Near the dividing line was a light that flickered, as though conveying a message.

"Signals," Smitty said.

"What do you say we go take a look?" the operations officer ventured.

They put it to a vote and Dickinson was outnumbered. He was worried. If anything happened and sea water got at that artificial leg, he was in for trouble.

Presently the dark bulk of Manus loomed. On the shore, the light still flickered.

The sea sled grated on something

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hard, just at the moment a big wave hit it from behind. Dickinson was suddenly standing up to his waist in water on uncertain footing.

Immediately he broke out a one-man life raft, climbed in and was towed to shore. Ahead of them was the light—still flickering.

Moving figures on the beach brought a moment of panic, then a friendly "Who this?" hail cleared the air.

Jabbering natives, presumably friends, surrounded the Americans while someone ran for the number one chief. After a long conference, the others led the unhappy quartet inland, where they found the source of the light.

In a nipa hut far up on the beach were four natives, dark men with flat noses and hair like mad tumbleweeds. They wore loin cloths and Navy T-shirts. They were playing poker with American cards and Australian money.

One laid down his hand, muttered "*fallhus*" and raked in the pot. As he did so, his body passed in front of the oil lantern.

The Americans stared at each other and Smitty chuckled. There were their signals . . . poker players blocking out the light now and then as they played their cards.

The chief came and ordered a fire built to dry the clothes of his unexpected guests. In a short time there was a roaring blaze, and Dickinson pulled up his trouser leg to dry the artificial limb.

For a moment the bushmen stared, eyes wide, then there was bedlam. One, more daring than the others, reached out and touched it.

Dickinson grinned. The number one chief shook his head and inquired, "How you get this thing?"

The technician tried to explain, but he had no pidgin English for motorcycle or traffic accident. Finally, the chief nodded slowly and grinned broadly. "Jap big knife," he said.

Dickinson shook his head and gave up. He stretched the leg closer to the flames, letting it dry.

Presently, one of the natives let out a screech that could have been heard across the water on Ponam. He began to dance, shouting, "*Legheburn! Legheburn!*"

Dickinson snapped out of his reverie and there was confusion until the burning leather at the bottom of the foot stopped smoking.

Then the number one chief let the Americans know, with vast dignity, that their house was waiting.

"Number one house. You go. You sleep." He added proudly, "My house."

IN THE MORNING, the tribal medicine man was waiting. With him were boys carrying his paraphernalia.

"You got doctor?" His eyes went from one to the other.

The dentist admitted the title. He didn't add that he was not a doctor of medicine. The witch doctor bowed and motioned for the dentist to follow him to the line of waiting boys. One by one he uncovered his wares. There were sulfa drugs, sulfa ointment, burn salve and battle dressings.

Doc looked up in amazement. "Where you get?"

" 'Mericans come. They give. We give beads. We give mats."

Smitty whispered to Dickinson, "Uncivilized, huh? There's a guy

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who's been swapping junk for something really worth while."

They left the dentist and the witch doctor to their shop talk and went down to the beach. Dickinson sat down on a log while Smitty and the operations officer went to float the sea sled.

Almost instantly a line of native men and women began to parade past Dickinson.

The first tribesman in line gazed at Dickinson pleadingly, as though for permission to look at his artificial leg. The technician smiled and nodded. Then as the line moved, each tribesman squatted down to lift up the trouser leg, exposing this fabulous mechanism.

The line gradually became a circle of admiring natives and the close inspection had just concluded when the dentist returned from conferring with the witch doctor.

At that moment, Smitty came up to report the boat ready to go. Instantly the natives surrounded the Americans, but their eyes were on Dickinson.

"You no go," the chief stated. "They go. You stay."

Dickinson shook his head. "Sorry, Chief. I can't stay."

The flat face of the chief puckered, almost as though he were about to break into tears. Then he cheered up, saying, "Me look?"

"You look," Dickinson said.

The chief squatted down, lifted the trouser leg and feasted his eyes on it. Then, as a hail came from the boat, he went slowly back to his hut, his shoulders bowed in resignation.

Dickinson, Smitty and the Doc walked down to the beach, the natives following silently. The technician looked back as the boat swung out to sea, and there they were, lining the beach.

They weren't smiling any more, but they weren't sullen. Just sad, like a child whose ice cream has fallen from the cone to the ground.

Frankly Speaking

DURING A DIETING ORDEAL, Fanny Hurst, the novelist, was out for her daily constitutional when she passed Irvin Cobb. The late humorist failed to recognize her. "Why Irvin," she called out, "don't you know me? It's the same Fanny Hurst."

Cobb turned slowly and surveyed her. "It may be the same Hurst," he said, "but it certainly isn't the same Fanny." —DORA AYDELOTTE

A PROMINENT LECTURER addressed a women's literary society, and at the close of his address the secretary of the society approached him with a check in payment of his fee. He politely declined to accept the check, saying that it might be devoted to some charitable purpose.

"Would you mind," asked the secretary, "if we add it to our special fund?"

"Not at all," said the speaker. "May I ask what the special fund is for?"

"To enable us to procure better lecturers next year," was the secretary's bland reply. —CANNIE R. QUINN

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to this country, he was asked to demonstrate the wonders of supersound at the New York World's Fair. He built a gadget around a goldfish bowl. By bombarding the bowl with supersonic waves of high frequency, he succeeded in "erasing" the bowl so that the fish appeared to be swimming in mid-air.

"It was a good experiment," he recalls, "but very soon we ran out of fish."

The fish died under bombardment by the supersound waves. They simply vibrated to death.

If you can kill fish, why can't you kill germs? You can. In experiments at the University of California, scientists have killed the staphylococcus (the germ which causes food poisoning and boils) by exposing it to supersounds. Milk companies have found that they can pasteurize milk in a few seconds by passing supersonic vibrations through it. The bacteria are slain (beaten to death by vibration) in a few seconds as effectively as they are slain in the conventional method of heat pasteurization, which takes thirty to forty minutes.

Milk can also be homogenized by supersounds. Ordinarily cream and milk do not mix (or at least they don't stay mixed) but if you treat them with supersonic vibration the fat globules are broken up and the resultant fluid is of a single, uniform consistency.

Follow that notion through, and you can see how supersounds make it possible to mix hitherto unmixable substances: oil and water, silver and gold, lead and aluminum. Supersounds break up the molecules of these substances and pound them into one substance, much as you can take chuck steak, onion, suet and bread, and pound them into hamburger on your chopping board.

At the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University, two young scientists, Dr. P. K. Stumpf and Dr. D. E. Green, are exploring the medical values of this atomic meat chopper. They have built one of the few supersonic apparatuses in the country, a quartz crystal vibrator which puts out a sound sixty times as high as you can hear.

When they turned it on for me, the sensation was a strange one. I could hear nothing, but I could see a growing turbulence in the oil bath in which the crystal was immersed. As the power of the vibration was increased, the oil spouted up in the center like a miniature Old Faithful.

Dr. Stumpf brought in a flask of sheep's blood. It was red and

Fun with Sound

You can try this experiment with sound in your own parlor: Wash and dry your index finger to remove surface skin oil. Then wet it again. Take a highball glass and, holding it at the base, rub your finger in slow circles around the moistened lip of the glass. If the glass is thin and well shaped it will give out a musical note. Why? Because your finger, in skidding along the lip, is actually hitting the glass thousands of tiny blows per second. These blows set the glass vibrating in its natural resonance frequency. You can vary the tone by varying the amount of water in the glass. With several glasses you can play tunes.

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ordinary-looking, just plain blood. He immersed the flask in the vibrating oil for 45 seconds. When he brought it out, the fluid was a transparent pink, like soda pop. The red blood corpuscles had been broken up and had released their hemoglobin.

SUPERSOUND EXPERIMENTS have already yielded a method of freeing enzymes from bacteria. Enzymes are those mysterious agents which speed up chemical reaction in the body. Without enzymes it might take years to digest a steak. With enzymes you digest one in fifteen minutes. So you see, they're important. Previously bacteria had to be killed to get their enzymes. Today at Columbia they are simply rattled free with supersonic vibration.

Dr. Stumpf and Dr. Green have also experimented with bacterial bandits, the germs that cause undulant fever and typhoid, pus-forming germs, the influenza germ and the infantile paralysis virus. What are their hopes? That by breaking up these germs they may obtain less virulent ones which can be injected into the body to build up immunity.

Sex hormones, with all their vital implications, have been difficult to work with, up to now. Pellets have been imbedded into the skin for gradual absorption. But with supersound, an emulsion of sex hormones is possible. They can be evenly distributed, or suspended in a fluid and injected directly into muscle tissue.

Another of Columbia's scientists has been exploring the use of supersound to eliminate brain tumors. The idea is to locate the exact spot of the tumor and then beam supersound into the brain from two directions, so that the two beams of vibration converge upon the tumor and destroy its cells. So far the technique is far from achieved. But it holds promise. It holds the promise of knifeless surgery.

Professor Chambers at the University of Pennsylvania was one of the early discoverers of the fact that while supersounds kill some bacteria, they have a favorable and stimulating effect on others. He found that you could age wine in a short time by passing supersound waves through it. Certain bacteria and molds, such as those responsible for the aging of wine and cheese, seem—oddly enough—to thrive under high speed vibration.

Industrially, supersound's brightest future probably lies in the battle against fog and smoke. Experiments have shown that when air is subjected to supersound, the foreign particles suspended in it tend to coagulate and drop. In small-scale tests, fog has been eliminated by coagulation of vapor particles and smoke has been eliminated by coagulation of soot particles.

This suggests the elimination of fog at airports by lifting the ceiling with supersonics, and the elimination of industrial smoke such as that which gives Pittsburgh its murky coiffure.

Supersound has already been used industrially for the testing of metals. Send a supersonic vibration through a metal beam and you can tell how solid it is, much as the doctor can tell how solid your chest is by thumping it with

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his finger. The same technique is used in the testing of tires to determine whether there are any air bubbles in the rubber.

Sound, of course, can affect our feelings markedly. The music of Kreisler's violin and the grating of a fingernail across a blackboard are both vibrations in the air. Yet how differently they affect us.

It was no mere literary extravagance that the bell of Adano had such deep and moving effects on the people of that town in John Hersey's novel, *A Bell for Adano*. Zito says, "I think it was the tone which mattered. It soothed all the people of this town. It chided those who were angry, it cheered the unhappy ones, it even laughed with those who were drunk. It was a tone for everybody."

The effects of supersounds upon the spirit are less easily defined. A scientist at the General Electric experimental station in Schenectady told me of a demonstration he performed before an audience of twelve professors. He set up a supersonic vibrator, and in the midst of the experiment one of the professors got up and ran out of the room. All he could say later was that he had suffered "a strange mental effect."

Blind persons, as we know, often develop an extremely efficient sense of sound. Dr. Mautner, in demonstrations at the Pavlov Institute in Leningrad, proved that they also develop a *supersound sense*. He took 26 persons who had gone blind (not been born blind) and subjected them, by means of headphones, to supersound vibrations corresponding in frequency to the light vibrations of various colors. All but two of them were able to name the colors.

Today, in his Port Jervis laboratory, Dr. Mautner believes supersounds can do a great deal more than that for the blind. Give science a little time and blind humans may be able to see as well as blind bats. They may carry small supersonic pulsators around with them and know, from the rebound of the sound waves, just how far away they are from a building, a lamppost, or pedestrians on the street.

Obstinate Island

BEFORE THE JAP DEFEAT two little PT boats were prowling the waters off New Ireland when the radar got excited. The boats sniffed along the radar trail until the darkness gave up the silhouette of a Jap transport. "Fire one" came the command, and the torpedo went hissing toward the target. A terrific sheet of flame ripped the sky, but the ship wouldn't go down. "Fire two." A dead center hit but nothing happened.

Daylight revealed probably the only Pacific island to undergo a torpedo attack. It was three hundred feet long, and the Japanese had camouflaged it with tree trunks and boughs to resemble a Jap transport.

—JOHN R. VAN EVERY, S/1c

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Romy Gosz toots old rhythms loud and hot as Wisconsin dancers reel with delight

Pride of the Polka Belt

by ELEANOR STEINERT

WITH THE RISE of folk music to new popularity, the nation's polka players have attained unaccustomed prominence.

One of the most sought-after polka players in the country these days is a dapper young man, a stocky version of Tommy Dorsey. He hails from a widening in the road called Rockwood, on Wisconsin's route 141. His name is Roman Louis Gosz (say "gauze"). Six nights a week trumpeter Romy and his band swing out with old-time rhythms for the many foreign groups which surround Manitowoc and Two Rivers in the heart of Wisconsin's rich dairy district.

Belgians, Hollanders, Poles, Germans and Bohemians reel with delight as the personable Romy gives them *Barnswallow Polka*, *Rise My Darling*, *Homeless Polka*, *Red Handkerchief Waltz*, *Beer Bucket Polka*, *Blacksmith Waltz*, *Broke But Happy Polka*, *Grandmother's Joy*, and the *Herrschmidt Hop*. It may be a lumberjack dance, a baseball dance, a birthday or wedding anniversary. But no matter which it is, Romy doesn't give the dancers much chance to rest. He plays seven dances an hour, not three like the "big-time" orchestras.

The music is loud and fast and hot and sweet—all at once. The Bohemians and Poles like their polkas fast. The Germans want their polkas played slow and their waltzes fast. The Belgians have a little extra hop all their own which they get into their polkas. But Romy tries to please them all. And does. The Gosz team, which Romy lovingly refers to as "five men and one musician," plays a circuit that takes in the towns of Luxemburg, Poland, Denmark, Slovan, Krok, Kimberly, Jericho, Batavia, Freedom, Sugar Bush, Waterloo, Sobieski, Bonduel, Zachow, Royalton, Symco, Embarrass, Pulaski, and Scandinavia.

At Bluestone Park, five miles south of Green Bay, where Romy plays every Saturday night, you'll always find the 125x75 foot floor crowded. Everybody is out on the floor in one great human wheel going around and around, as Romy and his band toot out their well-known rhythms. You get almost seasick watching the crowd, because as shoulders lift and knees dip, the wheel rises and plunges like the waves in a swollen sea.

Romy shouts to his men: "Remember, you didn't bring those horns along to suck on." The boys blow hard. Wencil Jinikovec and Emil Yindra, Bohemian farmers both, double on reeds and in brass, play sax, clarinet and trumpet. Piano player Dan Zahorik, a Manitowoc city truck driver, picks up his accordion and stretches it

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until you're sure it's going to burst. German Joe Stuiber, called by bandsmen "the pole climber" because he's an electrician by day, snares the drums, while shipyard mechanic Max Terens brings up the rear with his big bass horn.

Romy's cheeks puff and his eyes bulge. He has wonderful "lip." He chews an occasional cigar to toughen it, and wears a stubby moustache to protect it. He can "double tongue." He has good wind and a sense of timing that leaves the crowd hanging on that next-to-last note before he gives them the last one.

When the music stops, the crowd goes wild with cheers and whistles. Romy perspires so that his black hair becomes matted to his forehead and his glasses get steamed. His fans crowd to the rail on the orchestra platform to shout requests.

Romy listens to them and jokes with them. But he's as nervous as a cat. His fingers twitch. He stomps his foot twice and the five men and one musician are off again, in polka time. The accordion and clarinet swing out, and three of the boys sing the original Bohemian lyrics to *The Prune Song*. The rosy-cheeked Hollanders get rosier-cheeked still.

On the occasions when Romy plays a "wedding dance," cars are parked a half-mile down the road and 1,500 people are likely to attend. The wedding cars, festooned with crepe paper streamers inside and out, drive up to the place of honor in the grove of trees outside the Bluestone pavilion. Romy and his boys leave the band platform to go to the entrance and escort the bride and groom to the pavilion.

Romy leads the grand march, blowing his trumpet smack into the ears of anyone who gets in his way. When he has marched the wedding party clear around the floor and up center, he returns to the platform. Aiming his trumpet at the ceiling, he closes his eyes. The lights go down. The band plays *I Love You Truly*, and everyone watches as the bride and groom have their first dance. After this come the polkas.

"I like these wedding dances," says a white-thatched, white moustached dairy farmer of 75. "They bring out the young folks' families, and then I have someone to dance with. The old ladies stay home if it's a baseball or school dance." He keeps up with the young folk. Or maybe you'd say the young folk keep up with him. In this part of the country, everyone from seven on up dances the polka. Even the bobby-soxers love the old rhythms.

"These wedding dances are pretty festive," Gosz remarks. "But they're not like the old days when we used to escort the newlyweds in a buggy parade from the bride's barnyard up to the hall. Even the cows came up to the fences and mooed."

The collars on the Belgian blue shirts which Romy and his men wear are high for such wilting work. Romy explains that the men need them for support. "If I open my collar my glands swell and my ears pop from blowing that darn horn," he tells you. The horn shows evidences of hard blowing. It's all taped up because it leaks air.

Romy got his start playing polkas

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with his father's band when he was eleven. Now Romy is 36 and says that 25 years of polka playing haven't cooled his enthusiasm a bit. "Some of 'em are so beautiful," he says, "I cry when I play 'em."

By 1930, Romy's father had become too busy at his job in a lime kiln to do any regular polka playing. So Romy inherited the polka band and now gives it all his time. He switched from piano to trumpet in 1931, when he couldn't find a trumpet player. Six months later he was recording for Columbia, and he has also recorded for Decca.

His latest records were made in 1938, but he hopes to make others soon. Altogether he's made 74 sides, and you'll find them in every jukebox in Romy's territory. You'll also find ads in the papers offering to pay $2.50 for Gosz platters, which are now considered collectors' items.

Romy moves around too much to keep any regular dates with radio. He used to have an hour's program out of Manitowoc, and the station at Sheboygan still broadcasts his records. In a recent one-week poll he beat Gene Autry by seven hundred votes as the station's most popular attraction. He has composed a dozen or so polkas and waltzes, among them *After the Morning* which, when not translated literally, becomes *The Morning After*. Occasionally musicians from name bands play with Romy's band and study his technique of playing polkas and laendlers.

The piece Romy likes most to play is *Grunewald* which means "Green Forest." At German picnics Romy wanders under the trees playing it on his trumpet. One of his neighbors likes it so well he has a request in his will that Romy play it at his funeral.

Romy is strictly a small-town character. But he likes his life as it is and says he would rather be a big frog in a little puddle than a minnow in a swimming pool. The money he makes he's saving to send his five kids to college. Considering how important the polka is to the polka king, folks in his territory don't think it's at all strange that when Romy and his band set out for a dance in their Belgian blue truck, Romy has his sheet music tucked away in a metal box marked "bread."

Alphabet Degree

EARLY IN THE WAR, border officials were bewildered as to how to tell the look-alike Yanks and Canadians apart. Some Americans were disappearing into Canada to avoid the draft; Canadians were coming into the United States.

Despite convincing documents the bogus citizens had obtained, customs officials found a way to tell the difference. They merely asked the applicant to pronounce the last letter of the alphabet.

Americans pronounce it "zee"; Canadians call it "zed."

—CHARLES B. CLEVELAND

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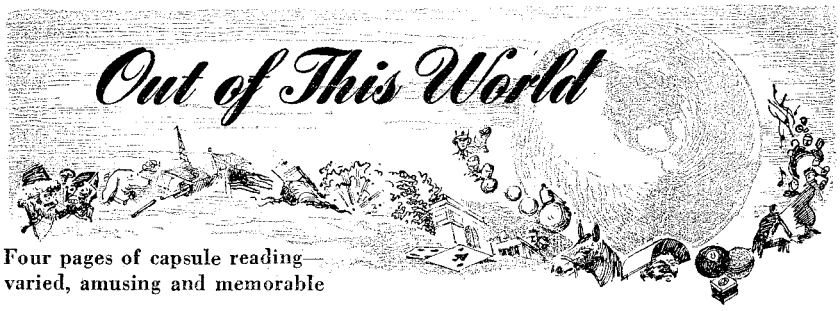

Four pages of capsule reading—varied, amusing and memorable

Paducah

IT HAPPENED to an American Infantry sergeant on one of the Marianas islands. When the fight was at its toughest, the sergeant and two others had volunteered to destroy a Jap radio station. They separated, each going a different way; one had to reach the radio.

The sergeant advanced, crouching low in the bushes. He froze in his tracks as a shot broke the dark silence about fifty feet to his left.

"I got one of the dirty sons . . .!" a muffled voice exclaimed.

Unthinkingly the sergeant blurted out, "That you, Ed?"

"Yeh," came the prompt reply.

The sergeant began to sweat profusely. Ed's voice sounded strange. "God, I might be talking to a Jap!" he thought.

"Hey you, where's Kalamazoo?" he barked into the night. Silently he released the safety on his rifle.

"What's the matter with you?" the voice returned. "Michigan, you dope."

"Oh . . ." answered the sergeant feeling much better. "Come on; let's get going then."

"I lost my compass—where are you?"

Once again the sergeant stopped short, paralyzed with fear. His jaw clamped shut savagely. He gripped the rifle tightly, straining his ears and nerves. "Where's Paducah?" he snapped waiting, listening.

The voice came, this time from a position more to the right. "Are you going batty? What the hell's wrong with you? Paducah's in Pennsylvania!"

The sergeant set his jaw. "Okay, come on . . ."

The black bushes waved and parted. The sergeant took steady aim and fired at the blur in front of him. In the flash he saw a face horribly twisted in death. Kneeling over the body he hurriedly searched the Jap's pockets. Then he read the inscription on the watch: "Awarded to Edward Thomas for merit in chemistry. Paducah High School, Paducah, Kentucky."

—GEORGE N. CONSTABLE

Political Baseball

TWO YEARS AGO the commanding officer of the United States Army base at Trinidad decided that the Good Neighbor policy and the recreational program for his men would both be served by send-

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ing an Army all star baseball team to neighboring Venezuela to play three flood relief benefit games with the Venezuelan champions.

Baseball is Venezuela's national sport, too, so the Army wished to stage a dazzling exhibition to prove American supremacy. The commanding officer managed to have some of America's baseball stars, now in uniform, transferred from the Army base at Panama to complete the all star team.

The Army players felt they were taking unfair advantage of the Venezuelans until the contest began. The Venezuelans won all three games! Chagrined, the Army team asked for a return engagement at the Trinidad base, practiced arduously and again lost all three games to the Venezuelans.

Then the Army learned that Venezuelans are not only superior players, but also take their baseball so seriously that Venezuela is the only country in the world which broke diplomatic relations with another country over a baseball game.

In 1940 Venezuela played Santo Domingo for the "world" championship in Cuba. Venezuela won by an umpire's decision. When Santo Dominicans yelled that they had been robbed, Venezuela indignantly offered to replay the game. Santo Domingo refused, but continued to make disparaging remarks about the team, Venezuelan sportsmanship and Venezuelans in general, even radio-casting such opinions. Long annoyed by Santo Domingo's Dictator Trujillo and his policies, Venezuela decided that this was too much and severed diplomatic relations.

Western Hemisphere unity was later restored on the baseball and diplomatic fronts when the two countries renewed relations to show the Axis that the 21 American republics are as one against the common enemy regardless of what might happen on the baseball diamond. —RUTH SHELDON

Hitch-Hikers in Brass

THE CONVOY commodores who ferried men and matériel to Europe before V-E Day probably suffered more insult per square inch of gold braid than anybody else in the Navy.

Their job called for seamanship and diplomacy of the highest order, a knowledge of signals and communications, navigation, and enemy subs; and a smattering of all the languages of the United Nations. They were at one moment Admirals of the Fleet and the next seagoing hitch-hikers. If you think that's fun, any commodore will assure you that his drooping shoulders didn't get that way from being patted on the back.

Although their jobs bore the title of Commodore, their actual rank fluctuated between Lieutenant Commander and Rear Admiral. Each Commodore was in charge of an entire convoy and was responsible for its internal organization and conduct at sea. He was second in command only to the senior officer of the naval escort, who was concerned with the safe passage of the convoy. Commodores often were

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in command of a hundred ships, yet they were sometimes obliged to make a ship-to-ship canvass in a water taxi begging for a place to eat and sleep. They had no ships of their own.

Another trying experience that befell the Commodore was the business of changing ships under way. The vessels that graciously (or sometimes grudgingly) allowed such officers to make them their headquarters may not have been routed all the way through; so it was sometimes necessary for the Commodores to change ships mid-route. As the new ship came alongside, a gold braid hitch-hiker would leap when it was a yard away. By the time he jumped it might have been four yards away. This dropped him into the drink with a good chance of being squashed between the ships. Actually, however, only one Commodore lost his life in this war—in a collision, and not in an attack.

It was a tough job, toughest in the days when U-boats swarmed the Atlantic. But to the fine work of the Commodores we owe much of the victory in Europe, won by the men and guns that crossed the sea and routed the Nazis.

—Lt. Sam Justice, USNR.

Goats Are Indestructible

A horse's idea of what to do when a battle starts is to run down the road ahead of the tanks. Cattle bumble around until they step on a mine or get mistaken for the enemy in the dark. But a goat is nobody's fool.

When things begin to go bang around him he takes the family to the deepest gully or thicket in the neighborhood and stays there. He keeps off the road and out of burning buildings or those likely to burn. Just where he gets his intelligence is not clear, but anyone who has watched goats on Okinawa or any other battlefield will admit that they know how to take care of themselves. They avoided the soldiery, avoided going out at night, avoided—as is always the best rule in battle—practically everything.

When farmers came back to their blasted homes they found their cows and horses dead, their pigs strayed, their chickens devoured. But their goats were always waiting for them. —William Worden

Resort to Reason

A very frightened man charged with murdering his landlord was hauled before the sheriff of a North Carolina county. Although he had never dealt with a mob, the sheriff well knew the high feeling which would arise among his neighbors. He was not surprised, therefore, when reports came over the telephone that a mob was forming to lynch his prisoner.

Around dusk the muttering throng began to gather about the little brick jail, demanding that the prisoner be given over to them.

The jail was surrounded by a high, steel wire fence. Inside the gate stood the sheriff, alone. Lifting his voice above the noise of the mob, he said firmly:

"Gentlemen, we know what you've come for. Now it's not for

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me to say whether or not John Nance is guilty of murder, and it's not for you to say, either. It's the court's business to decide that in a fair trial. So if you folks will go home peaceably, I can assure you that John's trial will be fair.

"But if you insist on taking the law into your own hands, I'll tell you this. John Nance is in jail here. He's upstairs and the door of his cell is unlocked. Just to keep the other prisoners from getting hurt, we've sent them out of the county. Now I'm not going to lift a finger to stop you, and in just a minute I'm going to unlock this here gate. But, gentlemen, there's one thing I think I ought to tell you. The prisoner has two Colt .45s. I lent mine to him."

The jail gate remained open all night, but the only living creature to pass in was Tom, the jailer's cat.

—JAMES E. BROWN

Sky Dwellers

THE CHIMNEY SWIFT'S torpedo-shaped body and long, slender wings are designed to make it the fastest small bird in North America. And Asiatic swifts have been clocked at the speed of two hundred miles an hour.

Ancestors of the swift lived in great hollow trees; but when American pioneers cut down the forests to build cabins and houses, the adaptable swifts took to the chimneys for nesting.

All day long, this interesting bird never stops its perpetual motion. Even more efficiently than a jet-propelled plane, it refuels in flight. Flying with its wide mouth open, it strains insects from the air; dipping briefly to the surface of a pond, it drinks and bathes on the wing; its courtship and even sometimes its death are aerial.

For its mastery of the air, the swift has paid a strange penalty. Its feet have degenerated into little more than hooks, useless for perching or hopping, but perfect for clinging to chimney walls. The swift's idea of going to bed is merely to hang itself up for the night against a vertical surface, its toes firmly clasped in a crack or over a convenient projection while its stubby tail makes a useful prop.

The swift family's hammock-like nests are built of twigs, gathered on the wing and cemented by a thick, gluey saliva. The Chinese-born swift dispenses with twigs, and fashions its nest entirely of saliva, thus creating the basis of that delicacy called birds'-nest soup.

This bird's one devastating enemy is rain, for continual, cold rains wash the sky clear of insects, and, thus deprived of food, it dies. During one unseasonably wet June, wheelbarrow loads of starved swifts were removed from the chimneys of large mills in New England.

Swifts are devoted parents; male and female take turns incubating the eggs for nearly three weeks. Then for four weeks after the offspring are hatched, both birds assume the chore of keeping their gaping mouths filled. Sometimes three adult birds tend one nest. The reason for this sophisticated design for living has not yet been discovered.

—RACHEL CARSON

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Picture Story

The Storm

EVER SINCE the great globe of earth cooled, countless millions of years ago, the weather has been the cause of disaster and comfort, famine and plenty. The sky, in most religions, is the home of deity. Out of the sky comes weather. The greatest single manifestation of weather is the storm. A storm may embrace an area as much as fifteen hundred miles around. It moves many thousands of miles over land and sea, and it includes great winds, soft rains, lightning and thunderbolts, hail and cloudbursts, feathery clouds and huge, towering thunderheads. It feeds the land, destroys what it pleases, upsets plans, and brings all things to all men. To present one particular storm graphically would be impossible, but from thousands of photographs of storms Coronet has made this careful selection which expresses symbolically the might and scope, the very life of a storm . . .

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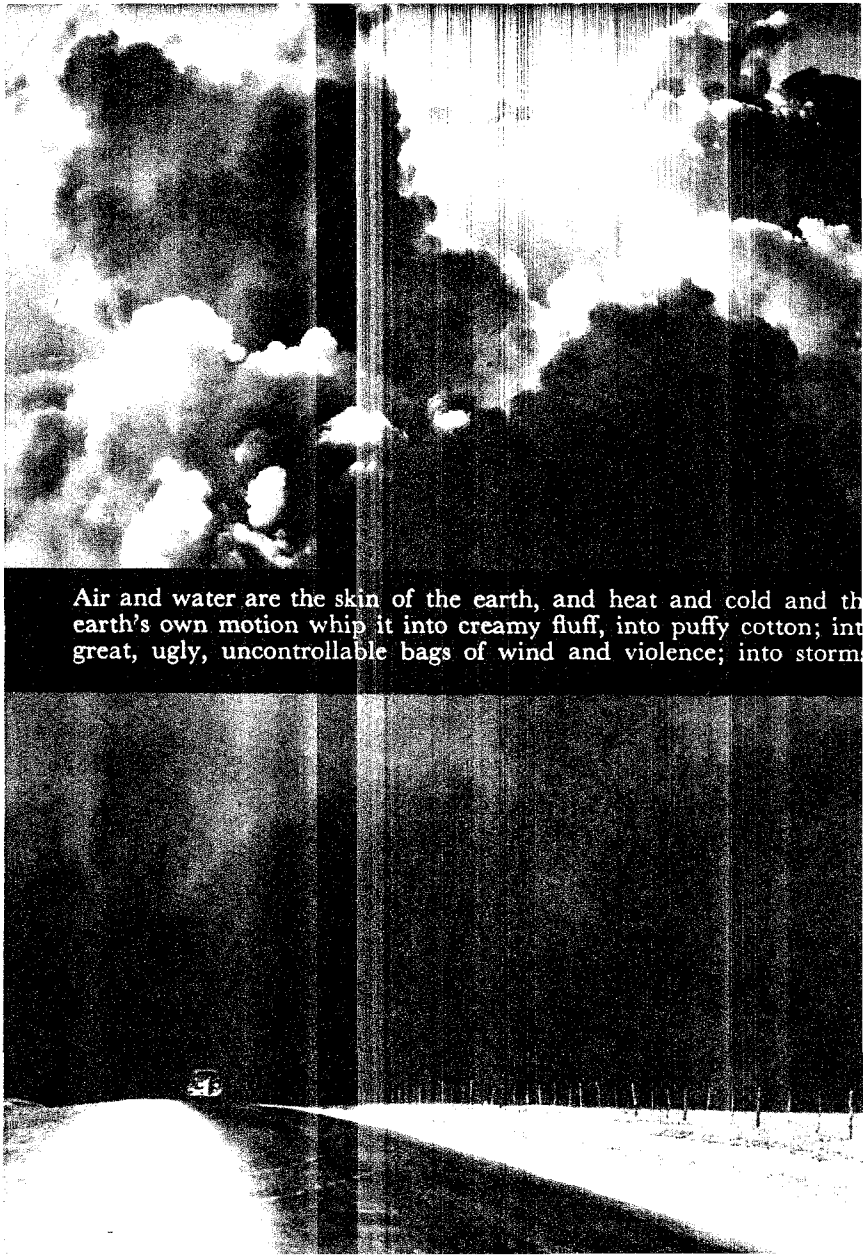

Air and water are the skin of the earth, and heat and cold and th
earth's own motion whip it into creamy fluff, into puffy cotton; int
great, ugly, uncontrollable bags of wind and violence; into storm

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Then it settles busily to the job of dropping rain upon the earth and its creatures. Sometimes the rain is soft, its touch tender

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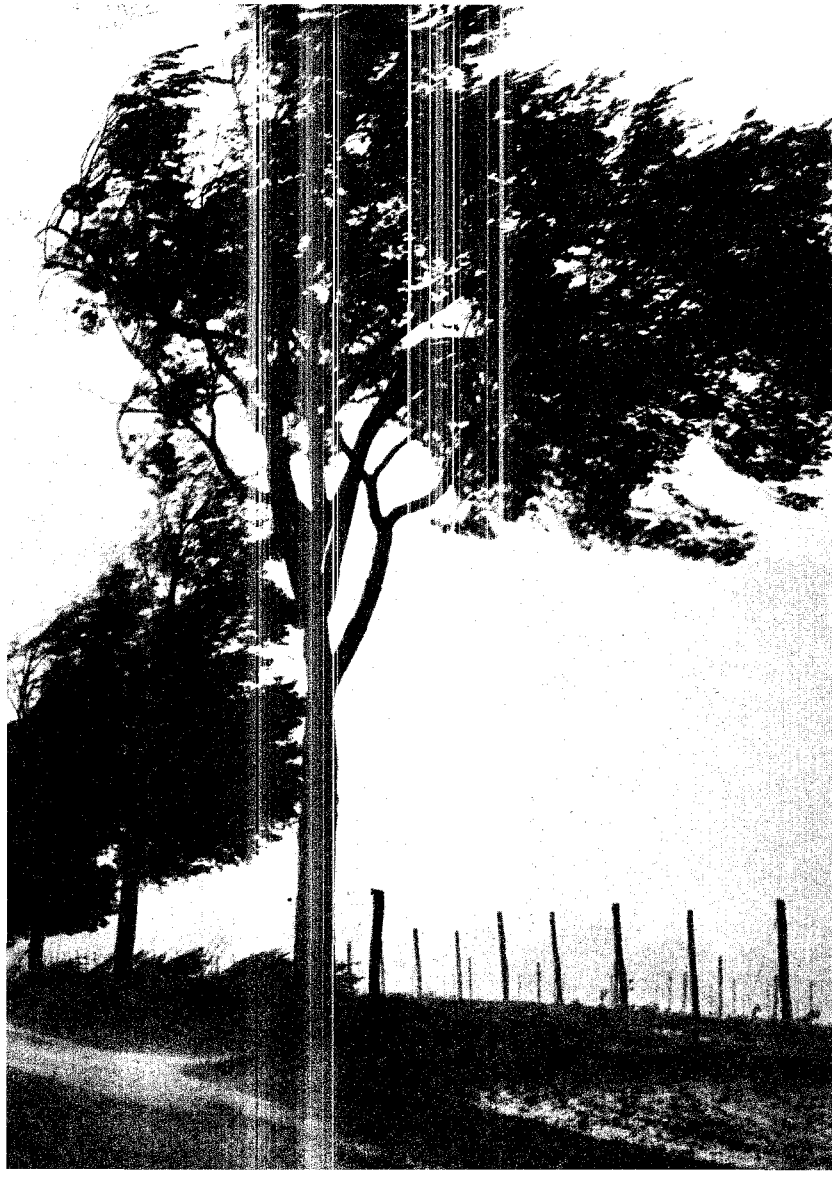

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While in the city men sit and look out glumly through water-speckled windows . . .

as the storm stalks through the streets, swinging its weight for

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protected by his ingenious shells and sheathings from the ure

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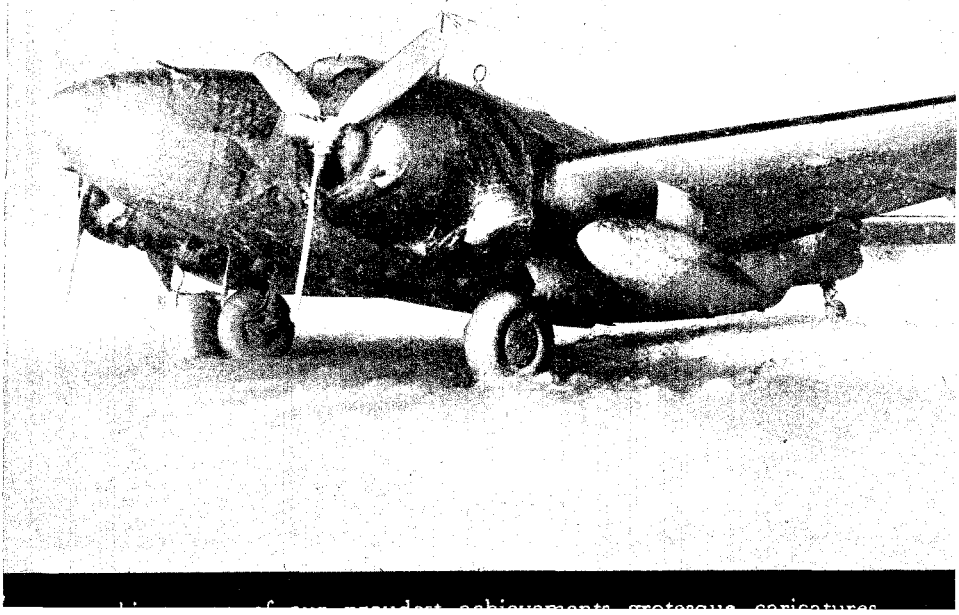
whose lightest touch redesigns and re-shapes all things at will . . .



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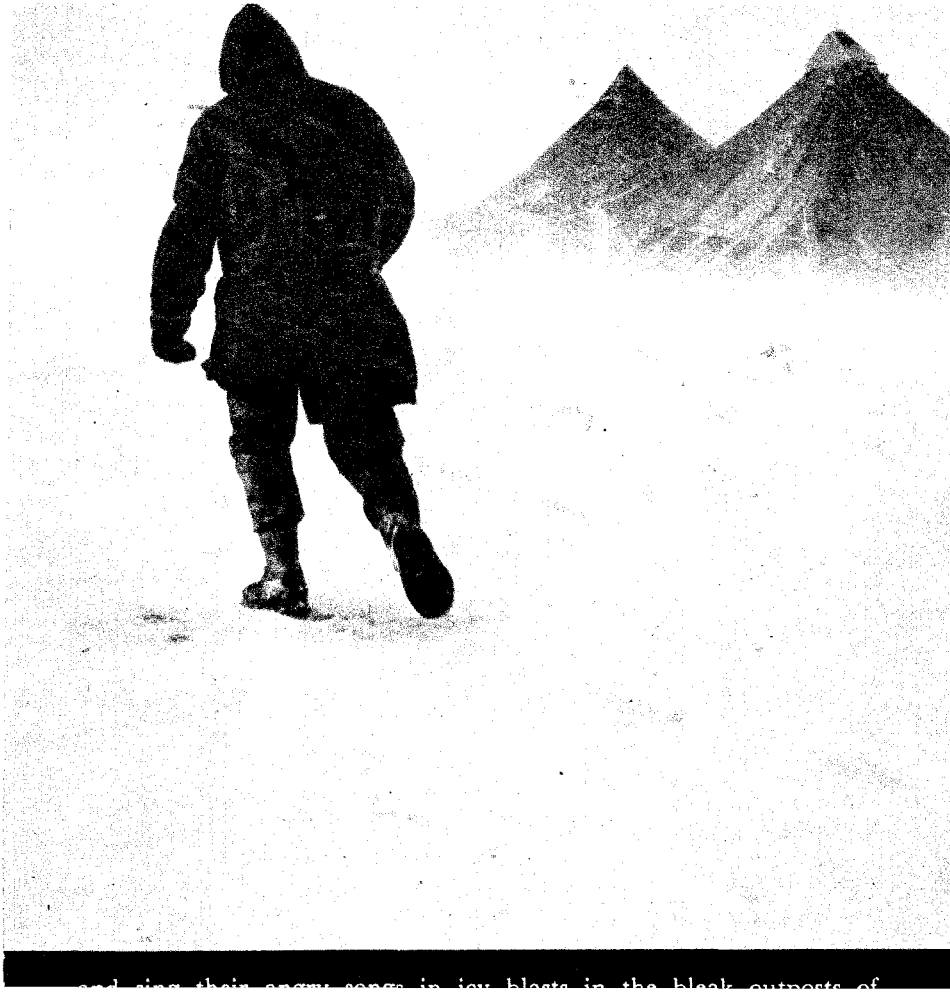

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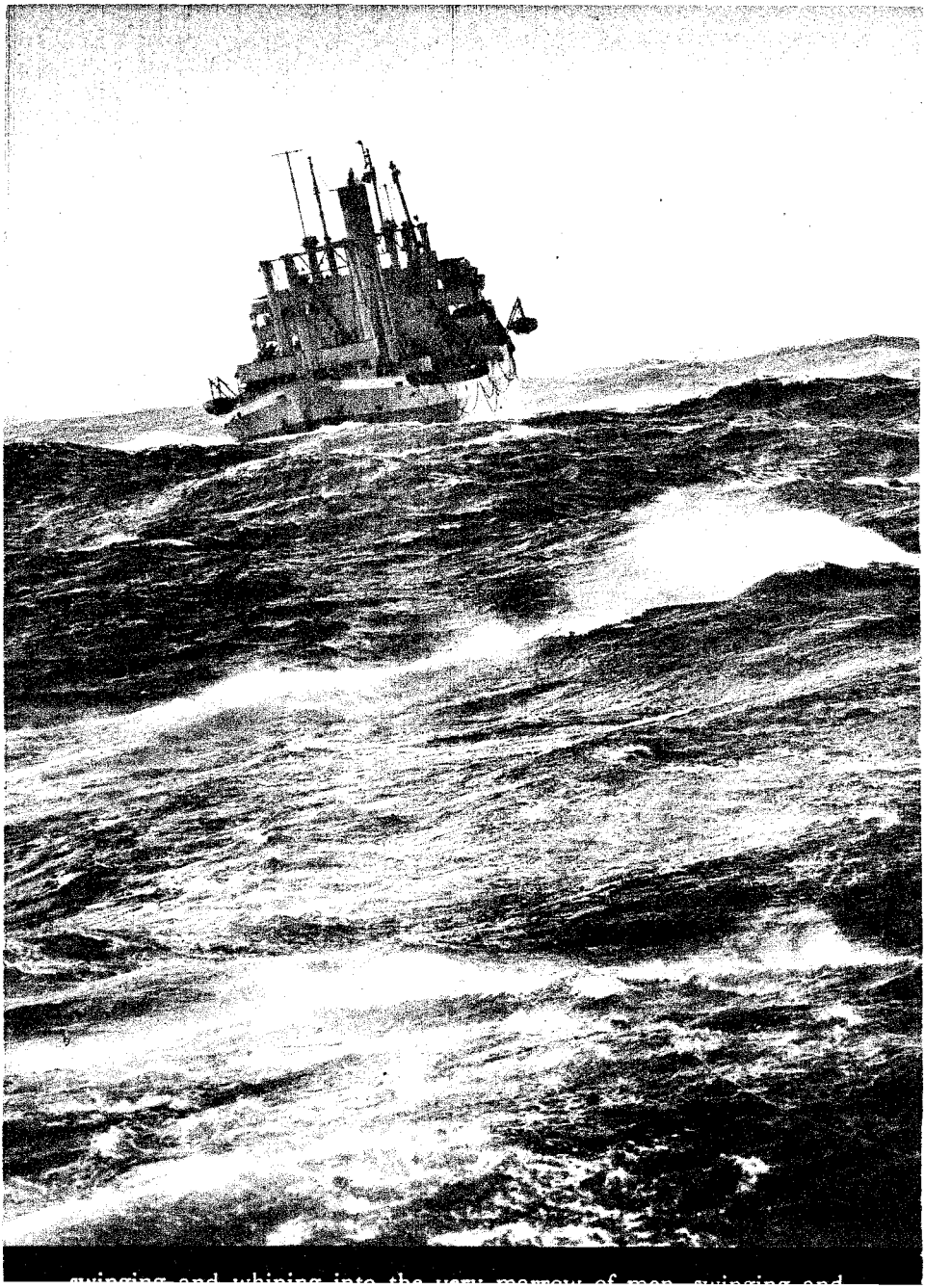

swinging and whining into the very marrow of men, swinging and

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where wind and water writhe in mortal conflict, twisting the inexorable monster, tornado . . . sucking into its fathomless depths even the mighty waters . . .

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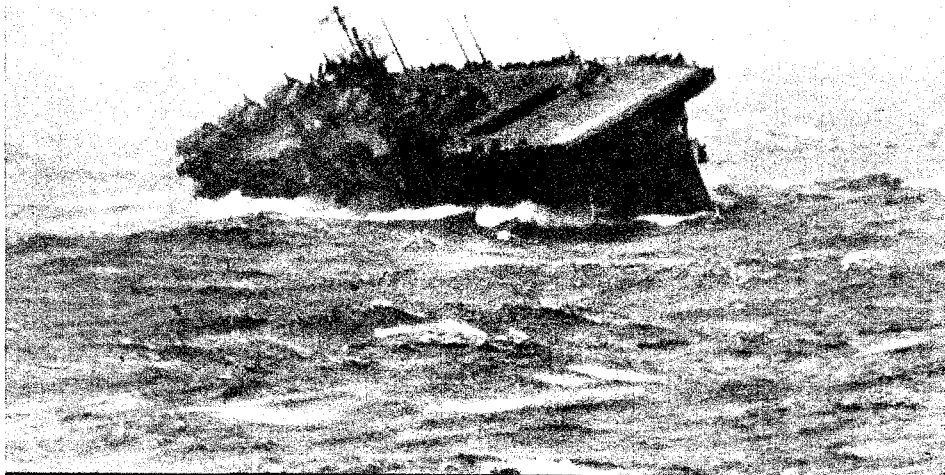
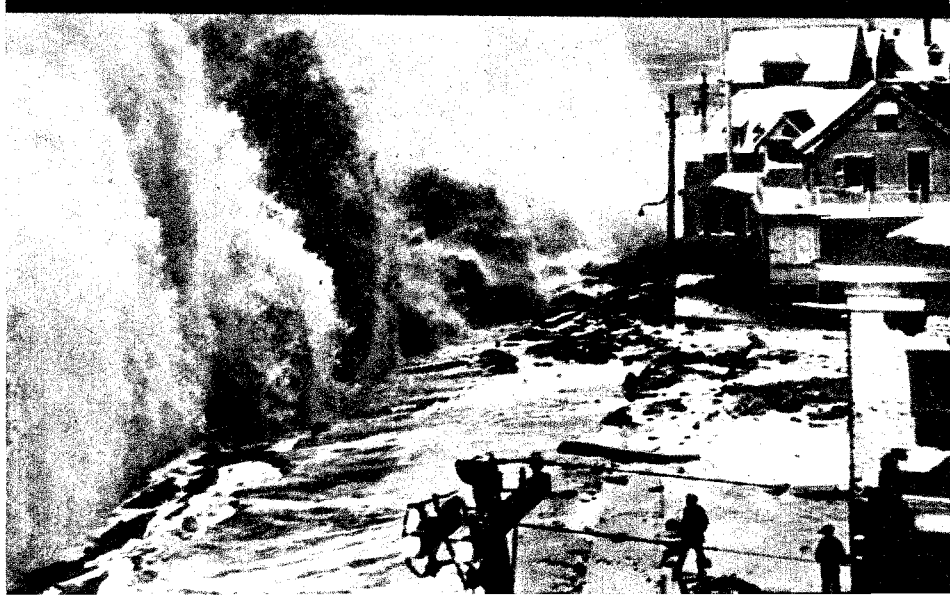


making mere tossing playthings of man's brave fortresses . . .



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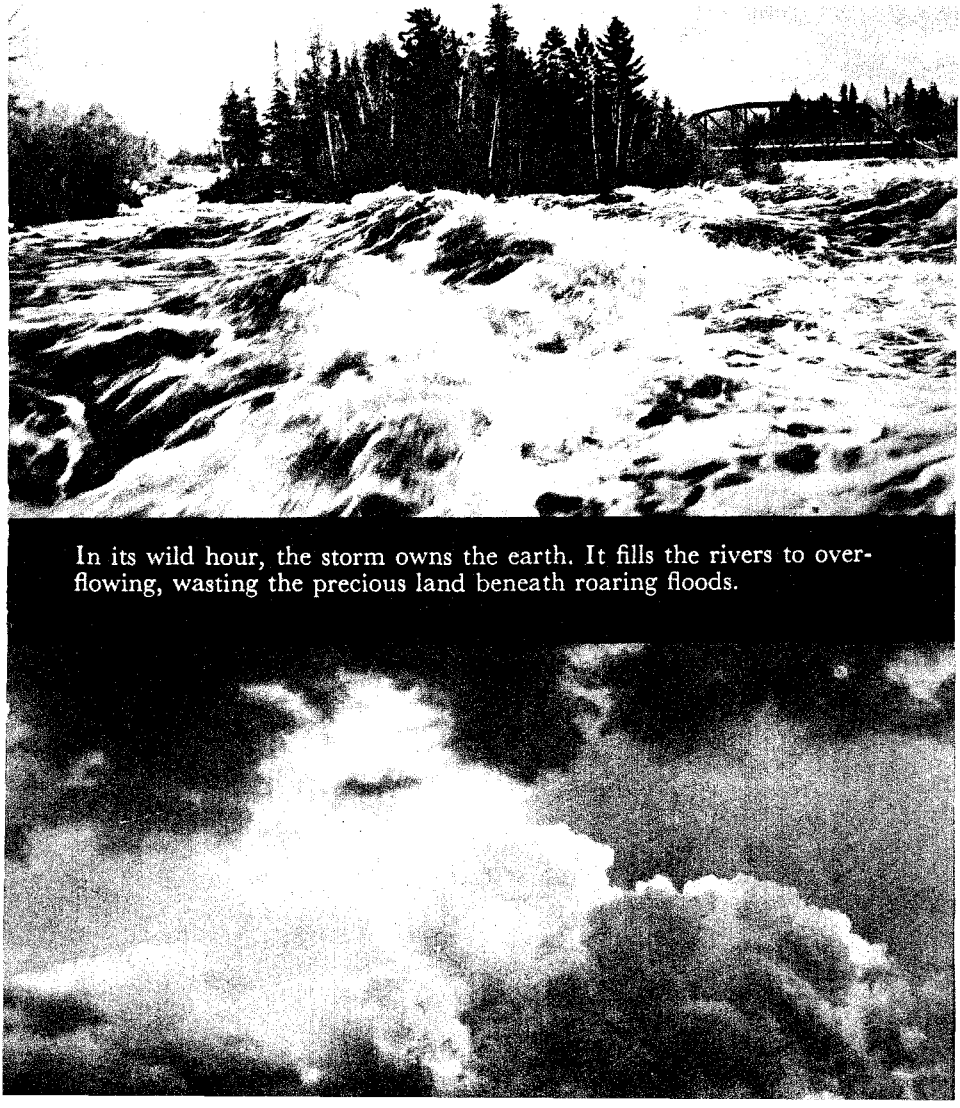

In its wild hour, the storm owns the earth. It fills the rivers to overflowing, wasting the precious land beneath roaring floods.

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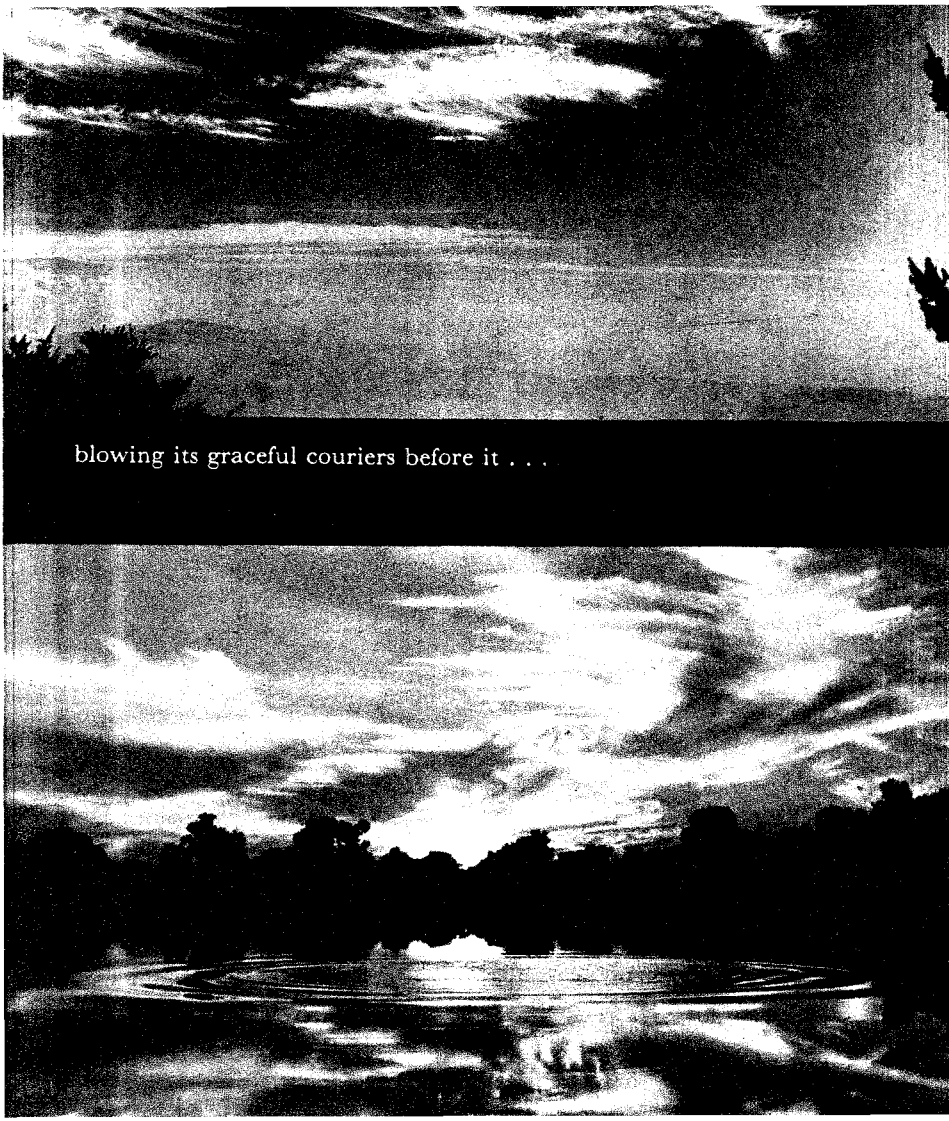

blowing its graceful couriers before it . . .

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With an idle hour, a few pennies and hot water, you can create gem-like beauty

A Hobby for You in PLASTICS

by MARY JANE DIEHL

ALL OVER the country plastics are creating new hobbies and reviving old ones. And with good reason. A second-rate ruby would purchase a ton of plastic, yet it would be surpassed in color and brilliance by the new substance. Plastics, the delight of the amateur and serious hobbyist alike, have a lustre and professional finish unequaled in precious gems. The beauty of the material lies in plastics themselves, and has only to be polished into reality.

Plastics are man-made substances which maintain their shapes after being molded by heat and pressure. Some modern plastics are non-inflammable and are excellent electrical insulators. Polythene and bakelite are examples of this property. Others, like polythene again, are resistant to chemical action and are strong and hard and easy to work with. Plastics are derived from such different sources as carbolic acid and formaldehyde; air, carbon and water; wood pulp and cotton.

Plastics are becoming increasingly available to individuals—and at unbelievably low prices. Hobby shops are now stocking sheets and rods, bars and blocks of plastics for your idle hours, and some companies are beginning to manufacture kits for beginners.

This new material is going over with a bang in schools and hobby workrooms. Many groups and organizations are forming with plastics as their mutual interest. Hobbyists are learning that few other materials can match the artistic possibilities of plastics. And they are getting a welcome and pleasant surprise when they dig into their pocketbooks to pay for them. Plastics are a really inexpensive hobby.

One group of chattering ninth grade girls in New Jersey began by making clever purse pulls which were comparable to those sold in local stores for two and three dollars. Some were clear strips of Lucite beveled and twisted into a spiral and bent to form a loop. Others were solid plastic prisms, highly polished and tinted on the ends to cast a beautiful, diffused light through the whole piece. They were made at a cost of five cents

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each, in one hour's time in class. With no other material could they have turned out such professional work. Just a few touches with a buffer and some polish, and their pieces had an elegant finish that was permanent and indestructible.

Plastics can be worked with a fingernail file and some sandpaper, or with an inexpensive set of power tools. The average hobbyist can do the kind of fine work an upstate New York Girl Scout group did with a set of files, a hand drill and some bits, a hacksaw, fine sandpaper, cement, and buffing and polishing compounds. They made polishing sticks by cementing felt to pieces of wood. With this simple equipment, all of which can be purchased for less than ten dollars anywhere, the Girl Scouts made exquisite bracelets which featured their Scout emblem. They also made plastic novelties which they were able to sell as a group to supplement the organization fund.

In the Middle West a group of six girls handled plastics as a hobby this way: They had the local school do the really tough work of cutting 36 eight-inch circles of clear Lucite. They polished the edges and surface and then, after immersing the pieces in water that almost reached the boiling point, they bent the softened material and molded it over the backs of small custard cups. They fluted the edges and let them cool. When they removed the cooled plastic from the custard cups and tinted the fluted edges, each girl had a half dozen beautiful dessert dishes.

If you are fortunate enough to own power equipment, the number of articles you can make is limitless, and the advanced hobbyist can turn out extraordinary work. One serious enthusiast made a scale model baby grand piano of varicolored Lucite for a music box. He spent $1.50 for material, and purchased a second-hand musical unit from a local music shop. He presented his wife with a gift that would have cost him at least 25 or 30 dollars.

But regardless of whether you use power tools or work by hand, your products will have the same warm, velvety texture, the same amazingly brilliant beauty.

PLASTICS can be purchased in a variety of forms. You can buy them in manufactured forms, such as butterflies or small scottie dogs. These can be sawed to the desired thickness, polished, and made into curtain pulls or novelty clasps and pins. Raw plastic may be bought in sheets, rods, solid blocks, or hollow cylinders.

And the range of colors is incredible. You can purchase your material in a wide variety of colors, ranging through countless shades of red to onyx, white, coral, lilac tints and clear Lucite. Plastic sheets vary in thickness from one-sixteenth of an inch to one-quarter of an inch. The cost is approximately two cents per square inch.

By knowing which size fits your needs, you can cut, economically, from sheets up to about 36x48 inches. The large sheets are best for cutting out such pieces as serving trays with rolled edges. A proud tenth grade boy copied such a tray from a magazine advertisement, for his mother's birthday. Plastics may also be purchased

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in sizes cut to your needs. For instance, one woman's club ordered 8x12-inch rectangles to make lovely embossed table place mats.

Working with plastics will give your imagination a chance to work wonders. But here are a few advance tips to get you started. If you do much work at all you'll find it necessary frequently to heat your plastic, either for bending, molding or for securing a fitting to the piece. If you've a large group working at home, try using the gas or electric stove oven set at a low temperature. It is even possible to use your electric iron, set at "rayon," for heating your plastic article.

A good trick to try is embossing your pendant or pin. With a sharp pointed instrument, scratch on the surface the design you wish to emboss. Then paint over the scratches with enamel. When the surface is rubbed and the excess paint removed, the design will be inlaid in color. On a delicate crystal plastic heart one hobbyist wrote, with a stylus, the name of his best girl and embossed it in gold.

Another man embossed designs and comic characters on a white cube of plastic, making a novelty handle for his auto's gear shift. He has been making pocket money from these knobs for over a year.

The possibilities of plastics as a hobby are limitless. As plastics go down in cost, what should be more natural than to redecorate your own home in the modern motif with plastic. Your old upright piano will take on personality if sheets of colored plastic, with its indestructible finish, are cemented to the old structure. Or imagine what you could do to your kitchen with plastics.

There are probably many "dead" spots in your home which plastics could beautify. Take that old cigarette lighter up on the bureau —mount it in a block of polished Lucite, and you have a table lighter of unmatched beauty. Or reset the mantel clock into a frame of plastic.

Whether you are interested in plastics as a pastime or as a means of supplementing the weekly paycheck, you are certain to be enthusiastic about them. As long as your imagination holds out, your interest in plastics will never wane.

Improving on the Dictionary

Diplomacy—The art of letting someone else have your own way.—*McCall Spirit*

Europe—A collection of countries with chips on their shoulders and none on the table. —*Skyscrapers*

Man—That irrational creature who is always looking for home atmosphere in a hotel and hotel service around a home. —*The Bug*

Diplomat— A person who can tell you to go to the devil so pleasantly that you're raring to get started.—*The Bull Horn*

Parrot— The only creature gifted with the power of speech that is content to repeat just what it hears without trying to make a good story. —Jesse Ward

Lorgnette— A dirty look on a stick. —*Camp Howze Howitzer*

Monopolist— A man who keeps an elbow on each arm of his theatre seat. —*The Ship's Log*

Second Lieutenant— A guy who sometimes wishes he were an enlisted man— or at least a captain.—*Camp Ellis News*

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I'll Always Remember

Life is punctuated by unexpected incidents which leave burning holes in the memory

by LT. GAIL M. RAPHAEL

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW arrived from California one morning, while I was on leave. I had never met her before and I was looking forward to a pleasant visit. My wife had counted on having us together with her for a week. It was to be a most important week. But she had not counted on having it disrupted as suddenly as it was. At six o'clock that evening we took my wife to the hospital.

Four hours later the doctor suggested we go home. Nothing would happen before morning. We obeyed orders. However, sleep proved impossible. I couldn't even lie still. Useless or not, I wanted to be at the hospital.

It was after midnight when I got back. The waiting room was empty. Earlier, when crowded, it had been cheerless. Now it was positively funereal. I hung up my coat and settled down to read. But the words didn't make sense. Finally I fell asleep, lying prone on a hard wooden bench.

I'm a sound sleeper. I don't know how long the stranger had been shaking me before I stirred. But all drowsiness disappeared the instant I realized what he was saying.

"Wake up, bud! You've got to sign this death certificate!"

I went cold all over. I struggled to a sitting position, gripping the bench with both hands. I tried to speak, but the words wouldn't come out. The harder I tried, the deeper down they seemed to stick. Nothing emerged but a faint gurgle.

He didn't seem to notice. There was no surprise in his voice, only impatience, as he insisted, "C'mon, my friend. Let's have some action! I can't take the body away until the death certificate is signed."

This time I made it. The words came forth in a kind of whistle. "Wh-wh-who are you?" I gasped.

"I'm from Chambers," he replied, mentioning a local undertaker. "I picked up a body a few blocks away, and someone has to sign for it. Don't you work here?"

Relief swept over me in a warm flood. It melted the cold bands around my heart. When I breathed, the lump on my chest was gone. Suddenly I was very angry.

"No, you damn fool," I shouted, brandishing my fist, "I don't work here! I'm a naval officer. I'm waiting for my wife to . . ."

I got no further. He took one horrified look at my face and bolted for the door. I tried to follow, but my legs were too weak. I sat down again, shaking. I was sweating as I shook.

They tell me my baby was born only a few minutes later. I wouldn't know. But I do know that next time I'm staying home until it's over.

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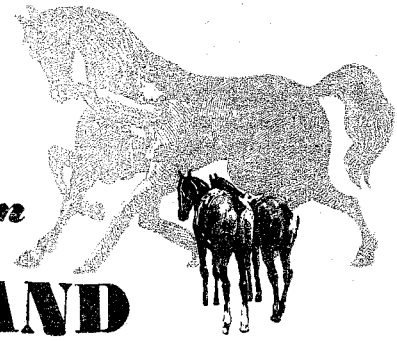
These GIs did business with untamed tribesmen who'd rather fight than eat



Horse-trading in LOLOLAND

by Cpl. Jud Cook

Four of us left Kunming, China, in a weapons carrier that was loaded to the limit. It carried extra drums of gasoline, food enough to last a month, bedding rolls, a sack of mail, and another more important sack. The second sack held several million dollars in Chinese currency, just part of a larger sum destined to do a special job.

A vital phase of China's war against Japan was connected with our trip and with other trips like it. The millions were to be delivered to a group of GIs in Tibet and in the unexplored part of China inhabited by the Lolos—fierce, black-caped characters who consider it sport to rob and kill. Our party was bound for Lololand, armed with two shotguns, two .45s and an M1.

The Lolos and the Tibetans have good horses, and the GIs at our destination were there to buy them for China. One look at China from a plane will answer any question about the need for horses. There are only a few roads good enough to handle the weight of trucks. The only feasible way to get supplies through to the fighting fronts was to pack them by horse.

Horse trading was our military assignment. And don't think it was simply a matter of dipping into the millions of dollars and waving a fistful of cash before the eyes of the horse owners. Horses and guns are the most highly prized possessions of the Lolos and they wouldn't give up either of them simply at the sight of a wad of moola.

The first step in buying was for the GI traders to go into a town

Corporal George J. (Jud) Cook, of Yank, The Army Weekly, was the first English speaking correspondent to accompany American soldiers into mysterious Lololand—untouched hunting and fighting ground of native tribesmen in the wastes of Northern China—where a U. S. Army purchasing mission bargained for horses for the Chinese army. Other American correspondents turned a cold shoulder to the Lololand trip when they learned it would take several weeks af primitive travel. Cpl. Cook, with a small party of enlisted men and officers, went through by truck and horseback to bring back one of the most unusual and exotic stories of the war. Here, as it was written for Yank, is his story, a first for Coronet's non-service readers.

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and get in touch with a magistrate. In this country a magistrate has the power of life or death over his people. They asked him to spread word that Americans were in the city to buy horses.

The owners then brought their horses into town and they brought with them a professional horse broker—*mayadza*, as he is called. All deals were made through the *mayadza*, never directly with the owners. If the bargaining was successful, the broker shouted, "*Maila!*" This means "Sell!" If the owner agreed, the *mayadza* dropped the halter on the horse and the deal was closed.

Both brokers and owners drove a hard bargain. Major Charles Ebertz, who did most of the buying, was a practicing veterinarian in civilian life. He reported case after case where he spent three to four hours buying a single horse.

In some instances money was no good at all. Almost all the Lolos would rather have silver blocks than folding stuff, and that posed another problem for the GIs, who had to go out and hunt up sufficient silver blocks.

Tibetans, on the other hand, will take money if they have to. They prefer barter goods, however, and the things they ask for have caused many a GI headache. They are moved by fads, the last Tibetan fancy being for yellow felt hats. For such a hat a Tibetan horse owner would trade his very best horse. Colonel Daniel H. Mallan, head of all the groups of horse buyers, once made a special plane trip to China and back to procure yellow hats. He wasn't able to get any felt ones, but yellow-painted helmet liners came close enough to buy a few horses before the fad melted away.

A TRIP we made with one of the trading parties will give a rough idea of typical horse procurement routine practiced by the Army in China:

We drove as far as we could by motor to a small town to which our saddle horses and mules had been driven the day before. When we arrived at the town at nine in the morning crowds of curious spectators had been waiting for us for hours. They mobbed our truck by the hundreds and helped us saddle our horses and load our gear.

Just as we were ready to shove off, a half dozen of them grabbed us by the arms and led us to a hovel that looked like a Hollywood opium den. There they brought out a huge black jug and poured each of us a bowl of their very best rice wine, stored away for special occasions like this. It was liquid dynamite, but as soon as we took a sip from our individual bowls our hosts refilled them. Dish after dish of food followed the wine and the meal was interrupted constantly by toasts. As soon as we finished one meal, another party was on hand, dragging us to its hovel. Two hours went by before we could get our show on the road.

We reached the Lolo village we were seeking late in the evening, dog-tired.

Wong, our interpreter, immediately announced the reason for our visit. He told the Lolos that we had silver to buy horses and that we came bearing gifts and medicine.

The tribesmen tied our horses

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and took us to a room in the mansion of the chief. In a matter of minutes we were backed against the wall by a stream of Lolos eager to get a look at the *Meigwas*—the Americans. They stared at us and mumbled among themselves. They felt the texture of our skins and measured our wrists, ankles and necks. Then they took turns standing beside us to compare heights. They were amazed by our wristwatches and pocket knives, but our guns were the main attraction.

After they had concluded the inspection to their satisfaction, some of them took Wong aside and told him they would like to have a shooting contest with us. Major Ebertz agreed and said he would stack his M1 against any of their rifles.

One of the young kids brought out a piece of tile and took off for the hills nearby. He placed the tile, which was to be the target, about three hundred yards away and then the chief came up with his rifle. He took five shots at the tile, but every one was either too short or off to one side. Major Ebertz took his turn. He put one round in his M1, adjusted the sights, took aim, squeezed off his shot and splattered the target to bits. Every Lolo around jumped with excitement. We were in.

THAT EVENING the Lolos feasted on two bulls they had killed. They sat in circles, about twenty to the circle, eating the beef from massive bowls, one to each group. Their eating habits must rank among the world's noisiest. With some two hundred lips smacking in enjoyment at one time, it sounded as if you were standing near a lake listening to the slap of the waves against a row of moored boats. They did not invite us to join any of the circles, but they did bring us some uncooked liver and tripe to take back to camp with us.

After the bull feast, the chief paid a visit to our quarters. A bearer brought a large kettle of rice wine and placed it at the chief's feet. We had to drink because the major planned to make a token purchase of a few horses. It was a quick deal, for its one purpose was to convince the Lolos that we were in the market for horses.

Even before the deal was closed curious Lolos began to jam the room. They squatted against the walls and watched us as the chief had a second meal after selling the horses. The chief ate with chopsticks this time and we shared some beef and pork with him.

When Wong informed the chief that we had to leave in a few days, he tried to persuade us to stay longer. He wanted us to remain in the village long enough to teach his people some American habits and maybe a few words of English. He and all the tribesmen pumped us with endless questions about the United States and about the whole outside world.

The Lolos themselves are not yet certain that the world is round. They asked us for proof of the shape of the world and for proof that the globe spins. If it spins, they reason, why don't people fall off and why doesn't the water spill out of rivers and lakes? They believe that the chief's house, a three story structure, is the last word in modern building. When we told them about

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skyscrapers in New York, they refused to believe us.

The evening's Lolo version of a bull-session finally ended, and we slept. The rest of our stay with the tribe was largely a matter of preparing to leave for camp.

The Lolos persisted in their curiosity about us and we continued to observe them. The Lolo women, we discovered, are attractive—what you can see of them. Only their hands and faces, and sometimes their feet, are visible. They seem quite innocent of bathing, and the dirt on their hands has undoubtedly been untouched by water for years. Possibly they observe the Tibetan custom of but three baths per lifetime—once at birth, once at marriage and finally at death.

Our mission had been finished with the buying of the horses. We packed our gear, including our liver and tripe, mounted our horses and headed back to camp.

A Helpless GI *is Grateful*

Like the blood they sent coursing through his veins as his life hung in the balance, the little film projector which now stands beside his hospital bed is his salvation. The one saved his life; the other is saving his mind. The awful pall of monotony that has hovered over him for months is gone. And he's grateful.

Now he can read . . . even if he can't sit up, or move, or hold a book. The nurse simply inserts a roll of microfilm into a machine. It's a tiny film on which they can photograph a magazine, or a newspaper, or even a whole book. All the helpless GI does is touch a button . . . just lightly . . . and there, above him, is magic on the ceiling.

The Red Cross has given its blessing to the idea. And all over the country organizations and individuals are helping to buy projectors. Coronet has joined them with microfilms of the complete issue of Coronet each month. These films will be distributed, without cost, to all institutions hospitalizing Army and Navy personnel that have projectors . . . a film for every projector.

But there is a crying need for projectors . . . now more than ever before. Because Coronet readers have indicated interest in this great cause, the publishers have set up a *Coronet Fund for Projected Reading*. All monies contributed to this fund will go towards the purchase of projectors. Coronet alone will stand the cost of the films it supplies.

In this way, a new world of hope and courage can unfold for the returning wounded . . . and before long, projected reading can even be made available to other bedridden victims as well.

Coronet invites you to join us and the many others in this worthwhile project by making your contribution, in any amount, to the Coronet Fund for Projected Reading, c/o Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

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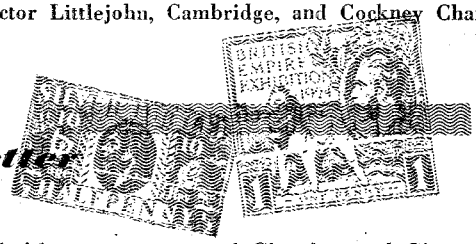
A note on English charms—Doctor Littlejohn, Cambridge, and Cockney Charlie



Cambridge Letter

—Cambridge

THERE IS a college at Cambridge called Trinity where pieces of the atom bomb were thought up.

Well, Trinity Bridge across the Cambridge is bordered by tall elms, or maybe sycamores. The trees throw shadows across the graveled path. Can you see them—straight, dark lines across yellow gravel? There are the old red brick buildings with the ivy on them. There is the smooth short grass, green in the steady drizzle, with the sun pushing through the rain and making the shadows of the trees.

On the yellow gravel path among the shadows, an old man walked with his hands locked behind his back. He was not really walking. He was progressing in erratic jumps. He was jumping across the shadows of the trees. He was looking down at the shadows and jumping over them.

We stood back and watched. I was smiling because the old man was enjoying himself, and it's nice to see people enjoying themselves. My friend and mentor who had brought me to Cambridge was smiling, too. "Littlejohn," he said, "one of the greatest mathematicians in Europe. In the world. Maybe he is solving something, or maybe he is just having fun."

That's the way it is in this country, where people speak a strange language in which *Cholmondeley* is pronounced *Chumley*, and *Cirencester* is *Sister*. We cannot ever really know it—we Americans—because we always start laughing just when things are getting serious. But we can enjoy and appreciate it. I love it—except for the climate and the unspeakably bad cooking. I love its people. You meet the people in the pubs. That's where I met Charlie.

He was a seafaring man. Sometimes we would stand talking with Paddy and sometimes we would play cribbage. Now and then, if not too many people were around, we would have a go at darts, but neither of us played darts well, and always somebody would come in and stand around impatiently waiting his turn and we would go back to cribbage at the corner by the window.

For an Englishman—Charlie was pure Cockney—he played an odd game of cribbage. He talked while the game was going on. He may have repeated some of his stories, but if he did, they were never the same in detail, so they were like new stories anyway. He had been everywhere—at least everywhere I've been—and he thought about things. He used to have a wife and, I gathered, some children somewhere in Whitechapel. But Charlie was away from England a lot—he being a seaman and all—and I got the impression that he never knew

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his family well, although he had the kind of affection for them that you have for the dog you used to own when you were a small boy. Anyway, they were all killed in one blitz or another, and Charlie was alone except for his friends.

He was a little fellow, but broad. He was getting a little bald, and when he is at sea, I imagine his eyes are blue. When I knew him they were rather pink. That was because there was not much for him to do while he sweated out his shore sick-leave after the last time he was torpedoed but to come to Mason's Arms, where he knew Paddy or I or some other friend was sure to be.

There is nothing like Mason's Arms in our country—at least not that I ever heard of. There is Mrs. White for a start—an angular, bronze-haired widow with rising blue eyes that can freeze any tendency toward nonsense among customers but can light with surprising welcome for "regulars" who behave. She owns the place.

Fred runs it. Fred is a brawny chap with a phony heartiness that never took anybody in. Hilda runs Fred. She is Fred's wife. There is a jolly blacksmith's daughter, built astern like a cruiser and forward like the feluccas that sail timelessly in the Nile. That's Peggy. Never be surprised when she squeezes your hand as she hands you change and calls you dear. She does that to everybody and it doesn't mean a thing besides inexhaustible well-wishing to all God's creatures. And there is Paddy!

Paddy is Pop Anson without the frame. His hair is plastered against his skull and his black moustache stretches out like handlebars on a bicycle. He wears gates-ajar collars and he belongs nowhere but behind the mahogany bar at Mason's Arms.

We were all friends. I never knew Doctor Littlejohn—he was above my station and talked mathematical language as unintelligible to me as Paddy's Cockney. But Charlie I knew.

And one day I came back from foreign parts and there was no Charlie. I asked Peggy about that and she took me aside. Charlie, she told me in shocked undertone, had borrowed some money off the house and hadn't been seen since.

Lord knows where Charlie is now. He had permanent papers as an able seaman. But there is a sign now over the bar in Mason's Arms that reads: "No cheques changed nor credit given."

So you see, people are just like everybody. —CHESTER MORRISON

Civilian Snafu

IT WAS ON A transcontinental plane out of Albuquerque. The stewardess passed down the aisle distributing gum with the usual explanation, "For the ears." One novice flyer took her literally. When ready to debark, the passenger reproved the hostess gently.

"Don't you think you should give out something a little less sticky to plug in a person's ears?" he asked. —*Sourdough Sentinel*

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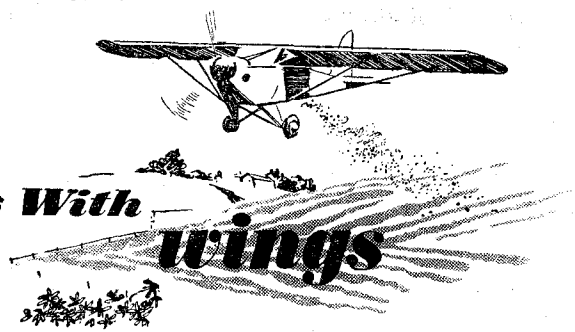
Man-made seeds, dropped from the skies, soon will make planting a matter of minutes



Farmers With Wings

by CURTIS ZAHN

"A TEN-TON CARGO plane can plant successfully 845.81 acres, in three and one-half minutes —elapsed *time*!" say Adams and Creighton of the International Seed Pellet Company.

The two inventors are ready to attack the earth, bombing dust-bowls off the map with cargo planes that shoot 43 thousand seeds per minute into the ground. Indeed, the men visualize a day when they will strafe whole continents, turning them into rolling green verdure, ending starvation and preventing erosion that now costs billions of dollars annually.

The present assets of the International Seed Pellet Company are two mahogany desks, some tin cans, gunny-sacks, TNT, ping-pong balls—and two tired, old Bellanca monoplanes. President of the company is young, graying W. W. Creighton, who quit work as a sheet metal foreman at Consolidated-Vultee a year ago and is eating light these days despite tomorrow's green pastures. Director of the company is Dr. L. S. Adams, the former oral surgeon who invented the first airmail pickup device. Dr. Adams and Mr. Creighton have practically nothing in common except Irwin, Pennsylvania, where they first met. They met again in San Diego and immediately began to go to seed together.

Adams' and Creighton's seed pellets are uniform in size, insuring even distribution. One machine will make fifty thousand pellets per minute. Some of their pellets are heavy enough to penetrate average soil to a depth of two inches when planted by plane. Tests show that few of them are budged by wind or rain. They contain even more supercharged vitamins than the richest natural fertilizer. Lastly, as a triple success insurance, toxic poisons are mixed into the clay-like covering so that even curious squirrels—which will eat anything once —will drop them like hot potatoes. Insect repellents are also present.

The pellet will sprout, and rapidly, where other seeds will not. Adams' machine removes the husk so that the seed germ will grow after a light dew—and if there is no dew, the pellet can be pre-

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moistened before the flight. The pellets can be stored for almost a year and yet sprout when watered.

But how can they be distributed from airplanes to insure an even crop? Heretofore, other experimenters have let the propeller wash do the sowing. Dr. Adams has invented a rotary distributor which is attached to the underside of the plane. It contains dozens of gun barrels which whirl around. The centrifugal force alone causes the pellets to shoot out seven hundred feet on each side of the plane, planting a swath 1,400 feet wide. There will be no light and heavy patches. At least one pellet will hit every square foot of earth to be sown. Each pellet will contain at least three seed germs. Using their own pellets and their own rotary distributor, Messrs. Adams and Creighton can plant any section of earth at the astonishing rate of 241.66 acres per minute!

AIRPLANTING already has been widely publicized by radio, press and cinema. All, however, have been strangely silent about results. "The other seeds go down all right," Creighton says, "but they don't come up." Indeed, the overall average for *all* kinds of planting shows a result of only thirteen per cent growth to maturity. But International Seed Pellet Company gets seventy to ninety per cent successful germination.

There are indications that the Federal Government believes in Adams and Creighton. The Department of the Interior has put up 100 thousand dollars for experimental airplanting of grass, and International will get most of it. The Department of Agriculture has assigned several thousand dollars for the same purpose, and a two and a half million dollar project will turn barren wastes green, if proposed legislation is passed. There are 775 million acres of land owned by the Government. According to Mr. Ickes, 130 million of them are arid. It seems logical that if the Government can get planted for $1.75 an acre what formerly cost $3.22—and enjoy eighty per cent growth instead of thirteen per cent—it may hire Adams and Creighton to strafe a good deal of the countryside.

Most of the plantings will be grasses. A hundred thousand acres of roving dust in New Mexico, Arizona and California will be bombed off the map. A critical example is the Hopi-Navajo range, where overgrazing has caused so much erosion that drastic reductions in cattle and sheep were ordered by the Government. Today the Indians are getting almost as hungry as the animals. When International goes to work, the effect will suggest a hailstorm in a hurry. The planes will have come and gone before their echoes die. The blitz will have been forgotten by the time the rains do their work; but before long, green verdure will appear. Erosion will be stalemated. And the following season the plants will re-seed themselves.

But Messrs. Creighton and Adams do not stop with weed and grass seeds. They are not men who cannot see the forest for the trees—as is evidenced by their imaginative experiments with pine and fir pellets. The Government pays seven dollars and a half to plant an

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acre of pine. International can fly over the same terrain and do it for around five dollars, with double the results. For this operation they use something that looks like a lead bullet. It penetrates soil to the depth required for tree planting. It is perforated so that moisture goes in and roots come out. It will be employed when they dive-bomb sections near Mt. Shasta, California. There also will be mesquite, chaparral, sumac and greasewood pellets to suit denuded areas unfit for other plants.

But can the company get enough seeds to do all these things, and get them cheaply enough to make it practical?

A good question. But as usual, Creighton and Adams have a good answer. "We don't need nearly as many seeds per acre as they did before, when only thirteen per cent would come up." The cost? "We can produce our pellets just as cheaply as anyone can package them," Creighton concludes.

International's predictions are, conservatively speaking, optimistic. The owners look forward to a day when even the Siberian wastes will be green. They expect to put five crews in the field at once. They expect to get enough ex-bombing planes to keep a lot of veteran pilots busy. They'll put their pellet-making machines aboard trailers and turn out quantities right on the spot, cutting shipping costs. When they move into a barren area the whole procedure will be a blitz from start to finish.

The final question concerns one of the company's lesser assets—the ping-pong balls.

Mr. Creighton is ready for that one, too. "Well, we're trying out some exploding pellets. You see, rocky areas and steep hillsides are hard to plant. For such purposes we'll clear out all people and animals and stage a three-minute air raid. We can make miniature craters all over the landscape, then fly back and get a cargo of pellets and drop them into the holes. Those ping-pong balls are loaded with powder."

Pilots trained for war evidently won't find peacetime boring. But if they do, they can plant rows that follow the contour of the land. "For that," Adams says, "they'll use the bombsight developed some years ago by Major de Seversky."

Remember Those Days?

When the Nazis were bombing London, a housewife was cleaning up her home. Her husband, who was in the bomb shelter in the yard, yelled to her.

"I say, Aggie, come on over 'ere in the bomb shelter where it's safe."

"Not until I finish tidying up the 'ouse," Aggie yelled back.

"What are you cleaning up the 'ouse for while the bombs are falling?" yelled the husband.

"In case they blow the front door off," she yelled back, "I want everything to look neat."

—*The Accelerator*

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Henry Campbell was brilliant and he could have been successful, but women and one marriage too many brought him to murder

The Riddle of the burning Bride

by ARCHIE MCFEDRIES

HENRY Colin Campbell's uncontrollable predilection for women caught up with him fairly early in life. He wanted to become a doctor, but he failed during his second year at medical school, because the curriculum there demanded a concentration that he could not apply to it. He was too busy with his *affaires d'amour*.

While still in his early twenties, Campbell drifted to Los Angeles, where he became an accountant for a business firm. He dressed meticulously and presented a dignified appearance. And though he was well under middle height, he had a smooth manner and a "line," including the reading of poetry, which fascinated women.

The dapper ladies' man soon found that his salary was not commensurate with the sums that he spent on his women friends, and he began to pilfer funds from his employers to make up the difference. He forged several checks and wound up in Folsom prison.

In 1904, when he was 35, Campbell turned up in New York City. Equipped with fraudulent references, he became the chief accountant for a large construction firm. His salary was high, but not high enough to meet the financial drain of maintaining three apartments for three different women. He stole again and was sentenced to seven years in Sing Sing prison.

When, in 1911, he was freed for the second time, Henry Colin Campbell, who was born Henry Colin Close but adopted Campbell as an alias early in his spotted career, constructed a completely new and fictitious background for himself. On the strength of this background he was hired as an educational director by the Union Pacific Railroad. He drew a substantial salary on this new job, which took him to Omaha, Nebraska. There was one thing about Campbell; he was highly capable in any job he held. Had it not been that he was an incurable philanderer, he would unquestionably have been a resounding success in business.

But again his weakness undid him. He married and deserted an Omaha girl and moved to Chicago,

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where he became a successful publicity and promotion expert. He was doing quite well until 1914, when he again married and deserted an innocent and unsuspecting woman. His two wives eventually got together and the bigamous marriages were annulled. Campbell was let off to continue his flirtatious ways.

In 1919, when he was fifty, he fell in love with a cultured and charming lady who was the antithesis of most of the women with whom he had associated. He really loved her. They were married and went to live in a neat little brick and stucco house in the tree-lined suburb of Westfield, in northern New Jersey.

FOR ALMOST a decade Henry Colin Campbell was a happy and home-loving man. He could hardly believe it himself. His wife bore him three fine children. Regular habits were agreeing with him. His mind was keener than ever, and he commanded high fees from large firms for his publicity and promotion campaigns.

In 1927, his old failing for women returned suddenly, like the recurrence of an arrested disease. Although he was nearing sixty, and his hair was white, he found that he still had all his old magnetism. All he had to do was turn it on—and he turned it on full blast.

By the spring of 1928 he was supporting two women in New York. By June of that same year, he had not only frittered away his entire savings on these two women, and several others as well, but he had mortgaged his home and gone into debt. Paradoxically, he loved his wife and his three children. He was desperate for cash with which to meet his obligations to them, and to carry on with other women as well.

Consequently, he bought a copy of a matrimonial magazine and was soon in correspondence with a widow, Mildred S. Mowry, who lived in the coal-mining town of Greenville, Pennsylvania. At first Campbell wasn't sure he could go through with this new, bigamous marriage, even though the bride-to-be had a little money.

Mrs. Mowry, in truth, was an exceedingly homely woman, and Campbell had always been a connoisseur of beauty. But cash won out over beauty, and the little blackguard married Mildred Mowry in Elkton, Maryland, where he used the name of Dr. Richard M. Campbell as his own.

They came to New York and Campbell put up his new wife at a second-rate hotel. He explained to her that he was a prominent abdominal specialist, but that his offices and living quarters were being redecorated. The want-ad bride was so happy she never suspected that Campbell was not everything that he represented himself to be.

Late in September, Campbell advised the woman to transfer her money to him. He would, he said, invest her funds for her. After she gave him the money, he showed her a spurious telegram calling him to California to perform a series of operations. "You'd better go back to Pennsylvania and wait until I return," he told her. "The decorating work in my apartment is taking a frightfully long time, and

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I wouldn't want you to be here alone in New York."

When Campbell saw the woman to the train for the coal regions, he thought he had seen the last of her. Four months passed, and the now suspicious bride went to New York to hunt for her husband among the city's millions.

Day after day she tramped the streets. The telephone book listed no Dr. Richard Campbell. For weeks she searched the faces of passers-by. Finally, on the twenty-first day of her search, she spotted Campbell on West Forty-second Street. She tapped him on the shoulder.

Campbell turned and shuddered. But he recovered his poise quickly. "Why, darling!" he said, "I was just on my way to send you a wire to come. I got in from California only this morning."

He embraced her warmly. The February dusk was enveloping the city. "I must call on some patients out in New Jersey," he said. "My car's parked just around the corner. Come with me, and we can talk. Then we'll come back to New York. The apartment is all redecorated. You'll love it."

It was after midnight when he drew up to his own home, on Madison Street in Elizabeth. His wife and children were asleep. He went to a closet and got a five-gallon can of inflammable cleaning fluid. Then he got his gun. He sneaked out of the apartment and put the can in the rumble seat of the car, and drove off again with the woman he was going to murder.

Not long before dawn, Mildred Mowry dropped off to sleep, under the monotonous humming of the cruising car. Campbell pulled up to a slow stop on a desolate road. He shot the poor, unsuspecting widow through the crown of the head, so that the bullet would not pass through her body and lodge in his car. Then he dragged the body to the side of the road, saturated it with the cleaning fluid, and touched a match to it. As he drove away, he could see, in the rear-vision mirror, the flames penetrating the pre-dawn darkness.

FOR SEVERAL days after it was found, the body lay unidentified in the morgue. The Pinkerton National Detective Agency was called in to conduct a nation-wide search, if necessary, to trace the two things which the brutal fire had not destroyed—the woman's shoes and her dental work.

The shoes were traced to the manufacturer. They had been cheap patent leather oxford ties, which were sold in large quantities in the Pennsylvania coal regions. The Pinkertons concentrated on that area. They distributed circulars, giving reconstructed data on the murder victim.

Eventually they identified her from the shoes and the dental work. They began to backtrack on her activities over the past few months. They learned from friends about Dr. Richard M. Campbell. At Elkton, Maryland, where the marriage had taken place, Dr. Campbell had given his home address as 3707 Yosemite Street, Baltimore.

The address was a vacant lot. That in itself was a clue. Anyone who knew enough about a neighborhood to know the number of a

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vacant lot must have had connections in the neighborhood. The Pinkertons learned that a man named Henry Campbell, of Westfield, New Jersey, had once owned property in the 3700 block of Yosemite Street.

Henry Colin Campbell and Dr. Richard M. Campbell were one and the same man, the Pinkertons guessed. They traced Campbell to Elizabeth while the dossier on his early life was being filled in.

The next night, they were waiting for Henry—the Pinkertons and the local police. The little old man hesitated a moment when he saw them. Then he confessed to his final crime.

The mother of his three children visited him in the death house at the New Jersey State Prison on the afternoon of April 17, 1930.

"Will you believe me," asked Campbell of his wife, "when I tell you that, in spite of everything, I have loved only you?"

"Yes, Henry, I believe you."

Three hours later, Henry Colin Campbell went to the electric chair —sent there, in a way, by many, many women.

Along the Assembly Line

SHORTLY BEFORE the first World War, when Henry Ford raised the minimum daily wage in his automotive plants to five dollars, one workman was found whose increased output was a great mystery to the time-study men. They watched this man, a Hungarian, for several days. He wasn't hurrying—just going along at a steady pace, wasting no motions and turning out twice his quota. Finally they asked him how he did it.

All he said was, "Mr. Ford pay me two and a half, I make five hundred axle shaft; Mr. Ford give me double, I give him double."

—CHRISTY BORTH in *Masters of Mass Production* (Bobbs-Merrill)

HENRY FORD WAS GIVING a pep talk to a group of his employes who were despairing of a particular construction problem. He told them how he had conceived the idea of a simplified assembly for a certain part now used in the Model A engine. To reduce the part to the desired simplicity required a delicate piece of machinery and infinitely accurate, painstaking work. Long after all else was ready for production the men were still struggling to produce the needed part.

Finally some of the staunchest men in the plant began to have doubts. One of them reported the lack of progress. "How many parts have we made?" Ford asked.

"Probably a hundred."

"And how many are right?"

"Not more than two or three."

"Two or three!" Ford shot back. "Then we've got it! Just go ahead and make them all like those two or three!"

—IRVING HOFFMAN

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Our Human Comedy

Life is a series of serious meetings, hurried comings and goings, business and bustle, but . . . just try to keep from laughing

GABRIEL PASCAL showed George Bernard Shaw some photos taken the week before. Shaw studied the photos of himself.

"Don't you like them?" Pascal asked. G. B. S. frowned and said: "Wait till you're ninety and see if you'll like *any* pictures of yourself."

—LEONARD LYONS

THE WAR was still on. The Liberator bomber fought back gamely, but damaged by flak she had dropped slowly behind the formation, only to be jumped by a half dozen fighters.

After fifteen minutes of running fight, the bomber was still in the air. One enemy plane had been sent spinning, but the other five continued to zoom in from every quarter. The control surfaces were in ruins. The wings and fuselage displayed gaping rents. Two engines were knocked out, and a third was smoking ominously as the bomber dropped height.

The worried voice of the mid-upper turret gunner was heard: "Hey, skipper, I'm running short of ammo."

"You are, huh," replied the pilot disgustedly. "Nuts, I'm running out of engines."

—LT. A. M. FEAST, RCAF

ON OUR WAY back to the United States we put in at a port for a day of refueling. It was there that Ralph, one of our second class radiomen, a shy, quiet boy who kept things to himself, mailed his girl a proposal of marriage. I happened to censor the letter.

Two weeks later we entered one of the greatest ports in the world. Countless ships of the fleet, from little destroyer escorts to bulky battlewagons, were tied up or lying at anchor in the bay. No sooner was our own hook down than the shore station tower began to blink out the name of our ship. The signal gang on the bridge caught it and someone yelled, in mixed amazement and glee, "It's for Ralph!" Ralph was on the flight deck where, blushing with every dot-and-dash, he read:

"We march down the aisle on

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your next leave I love you Sally."

Every signalman on every ship in the harbor got a chuckle from that message, and even at the end of two weeks the story was still making the rounds of the fleet recreation park.

—Lt. (jg) JOHN MOTLEY

THIS STORY is being told of the day Winston Churchill boarded one of Britain's best known warships before leaving on a cruise to a conference meeting. When the ex-prime minister set foot on deck and was accorded the reception due him, he walked through the rows of sailors at attention until he reached the captain. "Is this a dry ship?" Churchill asked him.

"Eeeyes, sir," sang the captain, beaming proudly. "In that case," replied Churchill, "have a cupboard put aboard for me."

—LEONARD LYONS

DURING the opening of the trout season around the early '20s, I sat in the living room of a venerable jurist. We were enjoying a highball and I was telling the judge what he missed by not enjoying the sport of Izaak Walton. Suddenly he looked out the window and gulped his drink.

"Drink up, George," he said, "let me hide the glasses! I see the rector coming up the drive to make a call. You know how these doggone ministers are," he added.

With glasses safely hidden, I was introduced to the clergyman and found that he, too, was an angler. He was anxious to accompany me the next morning and to show me the best streams.

A cold April drizzle greeted us at dawn, but as he loaded his angling equipment in my car I noticed that the rural divine had included a flask. Realizing that I viewed his precious cargo with a kindly glance, he said apologetically, "I thought we might get a little chilly while fishing. But for the love of Heaven don't tell the judge—he's such an ardent prohibitionist."

—GEORGE CARLL WILLIAMS

AS EMPLOYMENT interviewer for a large aircraft company, I meet and talk with many kinds of people. I thought nothing could surprise me, but the other day a recently discharged sailor set me back on my heels.

Well dressed in civvies, he wore on his lapel the Purple Heart as well as his honorable discharge button. However, it was another large gold star-shaped medal, suspended from a ladder of ten bars, which really took my eye.

My curiosity grew. I was sure he had won the medal through some unprecedented act of valor. The details of his employment being completed, I did something I don't ordinarily do.

I asked him how it had happened.

"Oh," he replied proudly, yet with the modesty befitting a hero, "I got that *before* I went into the Navy. I won it for going to Sunday school for ten years without missing a Sunday."

—ALFRED SEALE

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Research from the ranks accomplished a thousand "impossibles" to cut the casualties and speed victory

How GI Brains Saved GI Lives

by DOUGLAS J. INGELLS

WHEN THE FIRST B-29 came out of the great Bell plant at Marietta, Georgia, something went wrong with the brakes; it wouldn't taxi properly. Plant engineers couldn't find the trouble. The Superfortress was stubborn. They sent for the sergeant, who knew his B-29s as well as he knew his 1-2-3s and he soon spotted the malfunction—a busted wheel diaphragm—fixed it, and had the plane rolling. He also turned instructor and helped teach inexperienced workers how to pull proper inspections on the bomber giants so they could speed on their way to Japan with their bellies full of hell.

Jim Graham is the name, master sergeant, 39, married, and an Air Forces veteran for over twenty years. He's the guy who installed the first booster pump systems in the B-17s which lifted their operational ceiling by at least two miles. His idea for a new means of cooling the powerful engines on the B-29 helped turn a fair engine into a good one. He did it because for thirteen consecutive flights the bomber in which he was flying had to turn back when engines got too hot. Jim reasoned that by raising the cowling flaps a couple of inches, more air would go into the engine. The temperature dropped fifteen to twenty degrees.

"It was just enough of an idea," Graham says modestly, "to set the smart boys to work on it." It was just enough of an idea to make the big engines one hundred per cent more efficient than before.

Yet Jim Graham is only one of a thousand GIs who can tell their grandchildren that they personally had a hand in the creation of that force we call air power, which so speeded up the final victory. We gave them millions of dollars and limitless facilities to carry on their experiments, and in turn they paid off with gadgets that saved men's lives. Theirs was the "know-how" that helped perfect the B-29, the jet-propelled fighter, the magic of radar—yes, even the devastating atomic bomb. Research from the ranks was, indeed, a highly potent weapon.

For down in the laboratories and up in the planes, top sergeants and

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buck privates accomplished a thousand "impossibles" that nobody ever heard about. They tried and failed and tried again. Some died during grueling tests to prove a new piece of equipment that they helped father into existence. Others perfected new weapons and gadgets and took them into combat to make sure they worked effectively.

At Wright Field—nerve center of air power—in one laboratory alone there were more than seventy enlisted men engaged in engineering research. Of these, forty held engineering degrees (including five masters) from the finest universities and colleges in the nation. A senator's son worked on aircraft structures; a former president of a big plastics concern helped perfect a new laminate for all-glass airplanes; an India-born private, Phil Nazir, was a gadgeteer for the wind tunnels. There were scores of other men, of all ranks, who helped make the airplane a safer, more efficient fighting machine.

One problem for the aerodynamicists was to develop an instrument to measure airflow over an airplane's wing at high speeds. For eighteen months experts had an instrument in the design stages—a small disc, with a diaphragm and tiny wires, that was to pick up any pulsation no matter how slight. But nobody seemed able to make the device and make it work. That took a precision instrument man. It was just so much prop wash for twenty-year-old Private John L. Albriton, whose father, a watchmaker, had taught him the trade when he was knee-high to a tailwheel.

John set out with tiny tools and a delicate touch, and produced the gadget that did the trick. With a series of these tiny discs attached to the fuselage or wings of a model plane in a wind tunnel or on a large plane in actual flight, engineers were able to obtain a second-by-second account of airflow characteristics.

A force recorder which told how many pounds of energy were required from a pilot on the control stick to lift a glider off the ground, and a similar device which measured the pull force needed to tow a glider, were worked out by two sergeants. A private was responsible for the design of a special relief valve for hydraulic systems to make the raising and lowering of landing gear simpler.

Milton H. Joffee, a private first class, and Matthew E. Keller, a technical sergeant, were responsible for advancing the pressurized cabin which enabled men to live and breathe at high altitudes, and for the Anti-G Suit which fliers wore to prevent blacking out in turns and dive pull-outs.

Joffee is one of the few persons who can tell you what happens when a pressurized cabin explodes. They put him in a P-38 fuselage mock-up whose inside pressures were equal to eight thousand feet; then, with the whole fuselage inside a large low-pressure chamber, they simulated outside altitude pressures of 35 thousand feet. When everything was going smoothly, someone pushed in the small aperture in front of the cockpit—equalizing inside and outside pressures. The effect was that of being shot from a cannon.

More than one hundred times

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Joffee did the test. Air gushed from his mouth and nose, and his cheeks puffed out. But he came through the test unharmed. He had helped to verify what aero-medical experts long had preached: that within limitations pressure cabin "blow-outs" are harmless to the human body.

Matt Keller did the same thing for the proponents of the Anti-G Suit. Its rubber bladders help to equalize the forces of gravity on an airman at near-sonic speeds. Time and again he was whirled round-and-round in a centrifuge at tornado speeds. Sometimes wearing the suit, sometimes without it, always at great personal risk, Keller accumulated data that made design improvements possible.

Oddly enough, a big research center is hardly where you'd look for a sculptor, but Sergeant Robert Charles Koepnick is one of the best. His nimble fingers helped mold the shape of the oxygen mask which all our pilots wear in comfort and safety. The wooden heads which he carved to exacting dimensions dictated the size and shape of every helmet design.

In the same laboratory, Private Mortimer M. Marks was engaged in experiments with a new plastic lens for pilots' sun glasses. In his many tests, he found a new plastic combination that keeps out the sun's infra-red rays.

The list goes on like a roll call . . . Staff Sergeant Horace A. Knox . . . Technical Sergeant Francis L. Wallace . . . Technical Sergeant Raymond A. Gregory.

Knox and Wallace worked out some of the intricacies of controls for our super-secret guided missiles. What's more, they left their drafting tables and machine shops, piled into a couple of B-17s and took their new weapons over Germany, leaving a couple of surprise packages the Germans will never forget. Gregory, on the other hand, was one of the few enlisted-men pilots in the Air Forces. He demonstrated a new shipboard landing technique for light planes. It came in handy at Okinawa.

Reuben Raskin, a private first class, had eight years of refrigeration engineering in civilian life. That made it quite simple for him to develop a knock-down portable-by-air refrigerator which could fit into a C-47 transport plane. He made it possible for soldiers on a beachhead to get fresh meats quickly.

THAT'S NOT all, either. Some of these "stars with stripes" not only thought up new ideas, drew up the plans for their own creations, and fabricated the inventions, but they ran the proof tests to show that their inventions worked.

In April, 1943, for example, they put Staff Sergeant George Browne adrift alone in the Gulf of Mexico in a new type multi-place life raft complete with all the latest sustenance kits, to see how well he could live.

Of course, there were boats with other test engineers standing by most of the time, but at night and when the seas rolled up as high as a two-story building George was

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pretty much on his own. He sweated and baked in the sun all day, shivered and froze in the cool breezes at night. He fished. Ate his catches raw. It was no picnic, but then neither is it fun when the real thing happens.

It practically wore him out when they ran tests on climbing into the raft. He'd swim over to it, grab hold, and over it would go. Then he'd have a tough time getting it right side up again. That gave birth to an idea. He devised small rubber handles that were glued to the top and bottom of the rafts so it was comparatively easy to grab hold and turn them over.

Air-sea rescue stories wouldn't be complete without mention of Master Sergeant Edward J. Pekol, radar expert. A tough, seasoned battle veteran—Guadalcanal and Midway—Pekol put together scrap pieces of radio equipment and devised a new secret radio aid for life rafts. Then he went to work on a beacon device to "locate" stranded rafts for search planes.

A pianist, Corporal Audley J. Wasson, who holds an M.A. degree in music, applied precision musical timing to another new radar device that improved high altitude bombing.

Dive-bombing also was given a shot in the arm through work done by Technical Sergeant Edward E. Tassi. He helped a couple of armament officers to perfect and test a new dive-bomb sight that could put a five-hundred-pounder down a steamer's stack.

Two other enlisted men, Private Browder A. Richmond, Jr. and Private First Class Eugene L. Fisher were responsible for perfecting a new conveyor system to permit dumping overboard a full load from a cargo plane in less time than it takes to say "Geronimo." Both were killed while participating in a drop test.

There were many, many others. They didn't fight on the firing line, but with their slide rules, microscopes and mathematical formulae, combined with guts and ingenuity, they helped make it safer for the guys who did.

As one General expressed it: "Thank God for their brains."

Bridge Finesse

AN INSPIRING EXAMPLE of American ingenuity was displayed by contractors engaged on the air base job on the Island of St. Lucia. To complete a highway approach to the base, a bridge had to be built across a river which in its course took a hairpin turn.

It was a situation that the builders seized as a unique opportunity. First, they erected a bridge on dry land, in the open end of the hairpin. Now, admittedly, a bridge built in an open wasteland, with nothing under it, looks rather silly. This one did, at first. But not for long, for what the builders did next was to dam off the curve and force the river under their bridge.

—*The Travellers Follows the Flag*

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There's nothing to see in Picket's Corners if you're too old to thrill to simple things

Three-Minute WHISTLE STOP

"PICKET'S Corners! Stop here three minutes. Next stop Greendale." A town like a million other towns. Hay, feed and grain shed. Dinky little station. A kid and a dog mooching on the platform. Everybody in the daycoach gives Picket's Corners one look and one sigh and pulls in his neck. Just another three-minute whistle stop. Nothing to see out the window . . . better go back to what you were thinking.

Fake Seaman Second Class Perkins, way over there on the left. He's looking out the window but he's not seeing a thing. His mind is a million miles away. His furlough's over. He's going back to duty. What's one more stop to him?

His buddies, sitting in the first four seats, are on the fifteenth round of the blackjack game. The cards are beginning to get hot. No time now to look out the window.

Miss Suzie Sloane, third from left, in her Sunday hat and coat. Miss Sloane's on her way to the big city to hunt a job: Bagdad's just over the next hill. Suzie Sloane has no patience for anything so insignificant as Picket's Corners.

The Reverend Amos P. Jensen, now. He's a different kind of case. Got his mind on the coming Missionary Society meeting. "Craig should be there," thinks Reverend Jensen. "Haven't seen Craig since the old Seminary days. Enjoy seeing him. And Bishop Weymouth . . . I was ahead of him in the class ratings . . . a Bishop now . . ."

And so they go . . . down the line . . . left to right . . . each to himself, each to his own thoughts, nobody interested enough, nobody . . . hold on! Who's that in the last seat?

His name's Lincoln Joe Louis Jones. Today's the biggest day in his life. He's goin' to town. This is his first trip on a train! Talk about things to see . . . ! You know what Joe sees out that window? That hay, feed and grain dump—that's what the Pearly Gates in the Sunday school book must look like! That dinky little station—it looks bigger'n the First Baptist Church back home! The little boy and the dog ambling by. "Hey, Ma," says Joe, "looka that *big* boy—and oboy, whatta dog!"

Look good, Lincoln Joe Louis Jones. The rest of us don't get a thrill out of looking out of windows any more. We've seen too many wonders. We've grown up.

Look good, Joe. Six miles farther on there's another whistle stop. Another hay, feed and grain palace, another scrumptious railroad station. Maybe another big boy with an even bigger dog! Hold on, Joe.

"Board!" —ROBERT DUKE

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PAXTON COACH

Painted by Steven Dohanos

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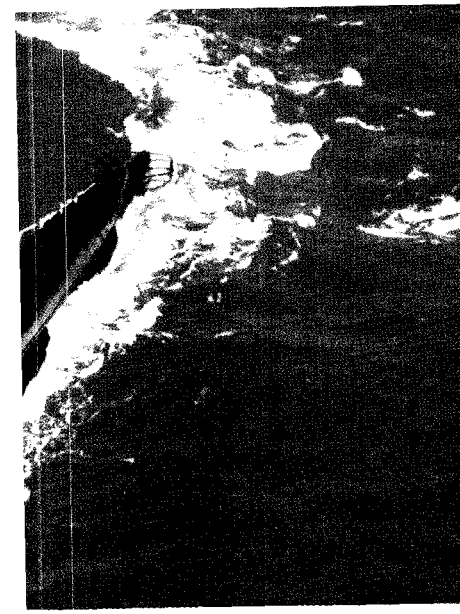

SILVERSIDES

This little known story of men below the sea speaks of more danger, more sacrifice—and more loneliness—than any other in the war's heroic annals

by Robert Trumbull

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A Foreword from the Author: The story of the U.S. Submarine *Silversides* is typical, I believe, of the submarines of the Pacific Fleet. The *Silversides* did, herself, almost everything that any other submarine has done, in addition to a few things that are unique. The fact that she established one of the best records of tonnage sunk or damaged reflects credit on her captain, Lieutenant Commander Creed Burlingame, but tonnage alone cannot be the full measure of a submarine captain and crew's efficiency, for other skippers just as skillful may have been assigned to patrol areas where the hunting was not so good.

There will perhaps be an impression that in gathering the material for this book of the *Silversides* I had at my disposal Captain Burlingame's patrol reports. I did not; that would have been very much against naval security regulations, and that is why I wish to make this point clear. This book is the most faithful account I can give of the experiences related to me by Captain Burlingame and his officers and men. I heard it from them at several times and places—on a barge beside a dry dock in Pearl Harbor, at the Bachelor Officers' Quarters, and on several undersea rides aboard the *Silversides* in Hawaiian waters.

Of course this book contains only part of the *Silversides* story; when the full story is told, it will be a glorious one.

—ROBERT TRUMBULL

THROUGH A wrinkling sea still slate-black in the hour before dawn, the United States submarine *Silversides* cut a course for Pearl Harbor. It was winter, and San Diego was only two days astern. The officer of the deck hunched his shoulders in the chill wind that swept the bridge, and reflected with pleasure that every turn of the screws was taking him closer to a warmer climate, and to battle.

The officer's thoughts were broken by the bridge communications speaker, which put a harsh parody on Lieut. Comdr. Creed Burlingame's Kentucky slur:

"Stand by to dive!"

Lieut. Comdr. Roy M. Davenport, the executive officer, half turned, flattening his back against the steel apron of the bridge and lifting his head toward the tower in the same motion.

"Lookouts!" he shouted smartly. "Stand by to dive!"

It was a moment for quickness, now. The lookout tower has two ladders, one aft onto the short, veranda-like "cigarette deck," and the other down forward into the bridge area.

On the order for diving the lookouts must descend forward in front of the officer of the deck, rudely as need be, so he can count them as each in turn jumps for the conning-tower hatch. The officer of the deck, certain that the topside is cleared, himself descends last. As the conning-tower hatch clangs shut above this last man, the sea is gushing into space already opened by venting compressed air that had partially or completely filled certain tanks. Diving planes move, the ship noses down, and in a minute there is only a swirl on the surface where a submarine had floated.

Davenport counted as the men brushed past.

"Last man, sir," a lookout called,

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his foot aiming for the hatch. Davenport opened his mouth, then stopped on an impulse and spoke sharply to the sailor:

"You're sure you're the last?"

"Yes, sir."

Davenport peered carefully aft where the wheelhouse opens onto the cigarette deck. Deck and ladder were empty.

"Dive, dive, dive!" he called then, and made his own leap below.

The conning-tower hatch banged, and the submarine was already settling in a swish of water through the freeway beneath the deck superstructure.

With the incredible swiftness of new submarines, the *Silversides* began to leave the surface of the sea to a slow winter dawn and to Seaman Second Class Sam Remington, age twenty, who wrestled on the lookout tower with a leather knot that refused to untie.

It was young Remington's habit, when on lookout duty, to tie the leather thongs of his binoculars to the "A" frame. When Mr. Davenport shouted the call to go below, Sam immediately whipped his glasses down, and was about to head for the bridge below when he discovered that he had tied the cord to the rail. "Hell," he muttered. This was the first time Sam had been topside for a dive, and he was impressed, quite properly, with the supreme importance of moving fast.

It didn't occur to Sam to leave the binoculars behind. With anxious fingers he worried the knot he had tied, but his angry yank had pulled it tight. He finally managed to get it loose.

The instant Sam's feet hit the cigarette deck he sprang through the wheelhouse for the conning-tower hatch. But it was closed. He snatched the bridge telephone.

"You left me up here!" he yelled, and listened, incredulous that there was no response in the receiver at his ear.

Sam called for help perhaps three times, as loudly as he could. Then, certain that he had not been heard and would be left, he simply dropped the receiver and walked back to the cigarette deck.

Sam seemed to have two minds now, one that noticed the slight tilt of the ship forward, and another that reflected, "This is a hell of a way to die."

Hardly any time had passed, yet the sea where it touched the *Silversides* had altered. The border of foam along the ship was fast disappearing.

Sam would fight as long as he could, but he was frank in his mind. He knew he would not be able to keep afloat until the submarine surfaced. She might surface pretty far away, too, and probably no one would see him, even if he were still alive. Well, he'd do his best, but it probably wouldn't be enough.

In the brief interval of these thoughts the deck had come awash. The whirling sea was near Sam's feet now. He gripped the after ladder with one hand, not taking his eyes from the water. There was a formless prayer in his mind. He began to shake a little.

Suddenly the submarine lurched, but upward. Sam had the sensation that the deck had pushed against his feet. It made his knees give slightly. The water roared, and

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with great surprise Sam saw the black deck boards appear again.

The button on the conning-tower phone, it happened by pure chance, was taped down that night. Sam's voice had been heard.

Burlingame had snapped:

"Surface!"

Sam Remington, they say on the *Silversides* now, holds the speed record for getting down the conning-tower hatch.

SHORTLY there came a day when Burlingame announced over the speaker system: "That was the last training dive. Next time will be the real thing."

Then:

"Strict attention, all hands! Our assigned patrol area is off the coast of Japan."

At eight minutes past eight in the morning Lieutenant Tom Keegan, officer of the deck, was hailed by a lookout:

"Two masts—four points on the starboard bow—crossing!"

"Ship sighted—captain to the bridge!" Keegan bawled into the speaker.

Burlingame leaped at the ladder. "King post mast forward and aft, flush deck—she's a trawler, a patrol boat! We'll get this baby with the guns! Battle surface!"

"Battle surface!" The order went through the ship.

Lieutenant Worthington, gunnery officer, took station in the conning tower to supervise, first, the preparation of ammunition.

Davenport climbed to the lookout tower and took position at the "A" frame to spot the shots on the target. He could see the ship plainly now. She was a 350-ton trawler with sail and auxiliary engine—a typical big sea-going sampan, combination fishing vessel and anti-submarine patrol boat.

"We'll do this the right way, fire a warning shot across their bow," Burlingame muttered.

The trawler was less than a mile away now. The submarine's anti-aircraft machine guns were manned, and the deck-gun crew waited impatiently in the conning tower.

The two ammunition drums attached to the bridge structure behind the three-inch gun had already been opened, and the shells there were ready.

The *Silversides* was drawing closer. Davenport, on the tower, could see the helmsman aboard the Jap trawler, and another man was running along the deck.

"Man the deck gun!" Burlingame ordered. Small arms had been brought to the bridge, and Burlingame was gripping a .45 automatic.

As the gun crew left the conning tower, others crowded up from the control room to pass ammunition.

"Right rudder five degrees—all ahead standard!"

A sweating pair in the maneuvering room moved heavy levers at a huge board covered with gauges.

"Put a shot across her bow!" Burlingame called.

The gun crew braced as a heavy burst of white spray wrapped about their shoulders like a whip. The gun lowered and cracked sharply—a jarring slam, quick and clean. A white column of water spouted some yards ahead of the trawler.

At once machine-guns clattered

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from the trawler's deck, and bullets hit the waves just short of the *Silversides*. The Jap would fight.

Burlingame, suddenly furious, called, "Open fire!" He kept the *Silversides* closing steadily on the trawler, which now was apparently trying to maneuver away while holding off the submarine with machine-guns.

The three-inch gun cracked again, but the *Silversides* was rolling so sharply that the pointers couldn't get a good line on the target. Worthington fired again, and a third time, but each shot was over the trawler's mast.

Machine-gun bullets rattled on the submarine, under the rail. Burlingame was bringing the *Silversides* within the enemy's range.

The *Silversides* also had machine-guns, poking through the portholes in the bridge. The youths who manned them were trying to pick off the Japanese who could be seen plainly now aboard the trawler.

Roy Riser, motor machinist's mate first class, stood by Davenport in the "A" frame looking out for aircraft. Suddenly he lowered his glasses and looked down at Burlingame, amazed.

"Captain!" he called, puzzled. "There's bees up here!"

"Bees, hell!" Burlingame shouted. "Those are machine-gun bullets—get the hell down outa there!"

At the tenth wide shot Davenport, spotting from the lookout tower, howled, "Hit him!"

This time, as if to please Davenport, the shell found the trawler, slamming into the stern. A gush of brown smoke broke from the Jap, and a few sticks flew into the air.

"A beauty!" Davenport yelled. "No change in range—no change in range!"

First Loader Freeman Myers, at the three-inch gun, was taking a shell from young Mike Harbin, when blood spurted from under Harbin's helmet. The boy fell flat, face down, at Myers' feet. The shell in Myers' hand was bloody; it was passed on automatically, and fired.

The ammunition passers were staring at Harbin. "Damn it! Wake up!" Myers yelled at them. The gun crew continued its work.

Myers, passing with one foot touching Harbin's leg, thought, "Lord, how quick a guy can die!"

The *Silversides* was scoring now. Flames were visible on the trawler, licking at a cloud of heavy black smoke. She turned toward the submarine in a last desperate attempt to save herself. It seemed the trawler's intention to ram the submarine, to make her submerge in order to avoid this, or, perhaps, to try for a lucky shot that would sink her.

Burlingame drew the *Silversides* away quickly to keep the same range, then whirled in a brilliant maneuver that put the trawler dead astern.

The deck gun spun to the new angle. Davenport noticed that Arthur Clark, electrician's mate acting as pointer, was tired and in pain from his foot. He tapped Clark on the shoulder, and took over the pointing. About eighty rounds had been fired, and it looked to him as though the enemy's personnel had all been killed. Nevertheless, Davenport hurled shell after shell into

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the burning trawler for another half hour. Finally, when it was obvious that the trawler would shortly burn to the water, Burlingame broke off after an hour and fifteen minutes from the beginning of the engagement.

But there was no exultation on the *Silversides* that night.

MYERS WAS in the poker game again, the game that lasted over a month without a break—always at least two of the original six were playing. The big machinist's mate was quite deaf, temporarily, as a result of the gun battle. Both his arms were swollen to twice their natural size from passing ammunition, and one arm was broken. He was unfit for duty, but he could play poker; the other players used a simple sign language when it was necessary to communicate with him.

The *Silversides*, below the surface, was nosing along the coast of Japan. Burlingame was arguing with Davenport.

"Now look, Roy," Burlingame said. "We didn't get a sun line this morning, and we should get one this afternoon. There's no one around, and anyway we have better lookouts than they have; we can sight them before they can sight us."

So Davenport gave the order.

Once surfaced, Davenport searched the waves carefully. As his gaze came upon a spot to starboard and just forward of the beam, he stiffened, and shouted instantly:

"Left full rudder! All ahead emergency!"

He ran forward and yelled into the announcer: "Periscope sighted on starboard bow!"

Below, the crew froze where they stood. They expected to be hit by an enemy torpedo any second.

Davenport asked, "Shall we fire at him?"

"Yes, get a torpedo ready," Burlingame said.

As the *Silversides* pulled away at full speed, the Jap kept raising his periscope to see better, and thus aided Davenport in his quick "set-up" for firing as the range widened. The Jap now was almost a mile away.

In the after torpedo room Andrew Smiley, torpedoman first class, reported, "Ready!"

Burlingame said: "Fire!"

There was a sharp report and a smoky blast backward from the tube as compressed air sent the torpedo on its way. The torpedo left a foaming streak down the middle of the submarine's wake. It was headed directly for the Japanese periscope.

"Reload!" Burlingame ordered.

"Tube reloaded, sir," the answer came from Smiley. Burlingame was startled. Smiley must have set a record on that reload.

The small group on the bridge watched the sea with desperate attention. Davenport watched the enemy periscope through his glasses.

Suddenly the periscope disappeared.

A long moment later the *Silversides* shuddered as if its bottom had scraped a sand bar. Then, still later, the men on the bridge heard a sharp explosion.

Burlingame turned to Davenport. "Roy, we got him!" he exclaimed,

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slapping Davenport on the back. Later he wrote a report: "Full credit for sighting and sinking the submarine should go to the officer of the deck, Lieutenant Commander Roy M. Davenport, U.S. N., who had the situation well in hand when the commanding officer arrived on the bridge." And Davenport, months afterward, was awarded the Silver Star.

"Let's get out of here and submerge," Davenport urged. "Really, captain, this is too much of a strain."

This time Burlingame acceded.

IT WAS shortly after the watch changed one afternoon, several days following the sinking of the Jap sub, that the *Silversides* found herself sharing the ocean with several enemy patrol boats and a great number of small fishing vessels in sight of the Japanese coast. This was a dangerous area not only because of the patrol boats but also because of the fish nets which might become entangled with the submarine and give away her presence. Each net had fastened to it one or more bamboo poles perhaps ten feet long, weighted to stand upright. These were festooned at the top with a bunch of grass or a Japanese flag, and served as markers for the location of the nets.

Burlingame was among them, cautiously raising his periscope now and then. He spotted a medium-sized ship several miles away, ducked his periscope and moved in, passing beneath the patrol vessels. When he was clear of these he was diverted suddenly by a flapping noise about the conning tower.

"Now what the hell's that?" Burlingame muttered.

"Up periscope!" he ordered.

He squatted and stared through the eyepieces as the periscope rose, Burlingame rising with it. He swept the periscope around quickly, stopping briefly when it was pointed aft.

"Take her down!" Burlingame directed the diving officer through the speaker to the control room.

"We're trailing a Japanese flag—we tangled in a fish net and we're pulling one of those markers with a Jap flag on it!" Burlingame told Davenport.

Davenport's jaw dropped.

"A fishing vessel about five hundred yards away," Burlingame continued, his heavy brows drawn down, "must have seen his net being pulled through the water, because now he's heading over to tell a patrol boat about it."

The patrol boat was only six hundred yards away. Burlingame expected to be depth-charged any minute.

Burlingame took the *Silversides* deeper to try to rid it of the net with its Japanese flag. At the same time he turned the submarine and put on full submerged speed. Soon the *Silversides* was back in approximately her original position, and Burlingame again was boldly poking up his periscope among the patrol boats. Then he sighted another freighter, steaming along in the same direction as the other.

Jubilantly, but with care, Burlingame began to close in. The freighter, of medium size, was a worthwhile target.

Burlingame raised his periscope

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again, cautiously. "Down periscope!" he ordered quickly.

As the shining steel periscope shaft slid downward into its well, Burlingame turned to Davenport.

"There's another freighter coming down the coast," he said. "I think we can get them both."

Burlingame put on all the speed he dared.

"Looks like we're not going to get any closer," he said finally.

"Forward tubes ready!" he ordered, and raised the periscope again for a tiny instant.

Then:

"Fire one!"

Tom Keegan's finger pressed the button.

"Fire two!'

"Fire three!"

"Up periscope!"

The orders stepped on each other's heels. Burlingame saw three narrow white lines, like rapidly unrolling streamers on the water, reaching for the freighter.

Several minutes dragged by, then two heavy explosions, like the firing of two five-inch guns one after the other, made the *Silversides* stagger.

The freighter burst at her stern, and again amidships. Heavy black smoke spurted from her vitals. She shuddered as if in grievous pain, and lurched toward the beach, with the two columns of smoke suddenly becoming one.

"Hot damn!" Burlingame exclaimed.

"How about a look, captain?" Davenport pleaded eagerly.

"All right," Burlingame replied, stepping away from the periscope.

Davenport looked, and let go the periscope with reluctance. He turned back to Burlingame, grinning boyishly. "Boy, she's smoking!" Davenport said. "Now let's get the other one!"

Burlingame, at the periscope once more, saw the second ship turning. He knew he would have to work fast. This one was larger. She had begun to turn away, then had swung back, like a football halfback reversing his field.

Burlingame swung the *Silversides* around too.

"Get tubes ready aft!" he ordered.

The ship and the submarine each completed a circle at the same time. Burlingame therefore was lined up for a stern shot, as he had craftily planned.

"Range!" Burlingame snapped.

The figure he gave was the maximum distance at which a torpedo could be fired with any hope of hitting.

"Bearing 2 10!"

"Angle on the bow—90 starboard!"

"Fire one! . . . Fire two!"

The torpedomen struggling with the reload almost lost their footing as a tremendous blast rocked the submarine. This was the first freighter, blowing up in one great geyser of smoke and flame.

Then Burlingame, watching, saw the second freighter gush fire, and two explosions followed. For the next few minutes the *Silversides* was rocked by a series of detonations.

"Pull the plug!" Burlingame ordered. "Let's get the hell out of here ahead of those patrol boats!"

The *Silversides* swung her black nose around and glided away. She had sunk the two freighters.

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JUST BEFORE noon, Burlingame sighted a convoy of ships, and submerged quickly.

"We'll have those for lunch," he said. "Torpedoes ready!"

There were patrol boats along the convoy's flanks, and destroyers were nearby, but Burlingame closed quietly toward the coast.

The ships of the convoy were strung out, too far apart and too well protected to permit an attack on more than one. Burlingame chose the largest. She was a big merchantman, heavily laden. He closed in to short range and fired torpedoes.

Burlingame, watching through the periscope, saw the first torpedo strike the merchantman under the stack. The freighter broke completely in two and began to go down both bow and stern.

Several patrol boats and destroyers began to converge.

"Down periscope!" Burlingame yelled. There would be no chance for a second look that day.

"Stand by for depth charge!"

The *Silversides* was in a tight spot. The surface craft had the submarine hemmed; there was no clear escape in any direction. Explosions were tossing the ship from side to side, and water was grinding through the superstructure.

In the maneuvering room Arthur Clark and Albert Gutzmer, each stripped to the waist and dripping sweat, worked as delicately as surgeons, sliding the heavy levers in response to Burlingame's commands. Davenport moved about, inspecting the ship and dropping a word of encouragement here and there. Eventually he retired to his stateroom. He took his Bible from his desk, and read over the 91st and 46th Psalms.

Alvin Mumme, the placid chief electrician's mate, timed the depth charges by the maneuvering room clock, and kept the tally with his pencil on the door. He carried a hydrogen detector and made periodic trips from end to end of the boat. The great batteries had not yet begun to heat, but might be giving off small amounts of hydrogen. More than 3½ per cent of hydrogen in the air would be an explosive mixture, and it was against this that Mumme was on guard.

The day dragged on, minute by minute. It was not the explosions that bothered the crew so much as the waiting between.

As the night aged, the air became stifling and foul. The "smoking light" had been on for hours but the air was blue from cigarettes that had been consumed before. Occasionally a jet of oxygen was let into the boat from the bullet-shaped tanks along the overhead.

Radioman Albert H. Stegall, his lean face lined and older, reported after a long period of silence that the destroyers and their smaller snipers, the patrol boats, were far off and faint in his earphones. Burlingame raised the periscope. He swung it carefully around. There was nothing in sight but a dark, troubled sea.

Burlingame gave the order to surface, and the *Silversides* bored out rapidly.

Because of the long submergence, during which torpedoes had been fired and tanks vented inboard many times, air was compressed

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in the boat to about five pounds above atmospheric pressure. Ordinarily this excess pressure would be "bled out" slowly, but it was imperative to go topside at once to see how close the Japs were.

Burl ngame gave the order to open the hatch. As the hatch was released, all the excess pressure within the submarine funneled into the conning tower to fight for egress. For a moment the conning tower was a maelstrom of air. Two gales, coming from fore and aft in the ship, met in the control room and joined in an upward sweep that carried papers, charts and books along.

THE *Silversides* was threading her way through one of the many groups of islands that stud the Pacific. The submarine stole underwater between two islands in a mysterious area held by the Japanese. The land rose on both sides of the narrow channel, and Burlingame was unsure of the bottom beneath him. His only guide for this island group carried the notation, "This chart is not to be taken as a safe guide for navigation."

Burlingame was under the additional handicap of having no gyrocompass; this all-important instrument was broken. In addition, the pit log was giving undependable readings.

Breakers began to burst off the submarine's port bow and beam. Burlingame called for a sounding. The report came, 115 fathoms. The second sounding was only 15 fathoms.

Then the fathometer went dead.

"All back emergency!" Burlingame ordered, wiping sudden perspiration from his face.

The *Silversides* shuddered and clanked as her motors abruptly reversed, and she pulled laboriously backward.

Burlingame hauled out of the channel at slow speed. At night, surfaced, he started in again. Maneuvering cautiously, he tried to keep a line approximately midway between the two islands. He was using the hand lead to make sure there was a safe depth of water beneath the ship.

Morning found the *Silversides* safely through. Burlingame went to his stateroom. His face was lined from fatigue. Before undressing, he wrote the incident in his record, concluding:

"What with the gyrocompass and the fathometer inoperative and the pit log erratic, the only advantage we had over Christopher Columbus was that the *Santa Maria* couldn't back out with breakers ahead."

DURING A leave in Australia, Burlingame headed for the gay life of one of the big cities. His stay there was cut short, however. One night while he was dancing at a club frequented by officers of all the services, he was fascinated by the expensive uniform on an American standing at the edge of the dance floor. Burlingame danced by him several times to inspect the handsomely tailored uniform in detail. When his gaze reached the gentleman's lower extremities Burlingame halted and gave the other officer an astonished look, for he was wearing boots and spurs.

"Pardon me, friend," Burling-

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ame said politely, "but where is your horse?"

The officer stared, his features stiff and red.

"And where," he queried haughtily, "is your ship?"

"My ship," Burlingame answered good-humoredly, "has been a hell of a lot closer to Japan than your horse has."

Only then did Burlingame notice that he was addressing a major general. He danced on, and left the night club quickly.

ONE MORNING George Platter, a 21-year-old fireman third class, sought out Thomas Moore, the thin, sandy-haired pharmacist's mate. Platter's square, dark face was set with pain.

"Moore," he said, "I got an awful pain in the gut."

"Where does it hurt?" Moore asked. Platter pointed.

"Here, lie on this bunk," Moore said. "Now, does it hurt here?" he asked again, probing with a forefinger. The husky boy nodded, his teeth clenched.

Moore soberly scratched above his forehead, where the hair was growing thin. He said, "It's appendicitis, all right."

Thomas Moore was a good pharmacist's mate, one of the best, which is to say that his medical capability was about equivalent to that of a trained nurse of the same experience. He was 22 years old.

He diagnosed Platter's case with certainty. After his four months' course in nursing at the San Diego Naval Hospital, he had served his apprenticeship for five months in the surgery ward, then spent a full year assisting in the operating room itself. He estimated that he had seen some two thousand appendectomies performed, and he believed he could do the operation himself if necessary.

He went to Burlingame's room.

"Captain, Platter has appendicitis pretty bad," he said bluntly.

Burlingame stroked his beard, staring at Moore. "My God, son," he said, "do you realize we couldn't be closer to the highway to Tokyo? It would take several days to get back to base."

Moore shook his head. "I'm afraid it would burst before we got back, sir."

That evening Burlingame surfaced, hoping that fresh air might help the patient. Instead, Platter's condition grew worse. Moore prepared to operate.

The wardroom was to be the operating room. Platter was to lie on the wardroom table, which when pulled out to its fullest extension was only five and a half feet long by three feet wide. A piece of ironing board was fixed to lengthen the table so that the patient could stretch out.

Moore laid out his equipment. A pharmacist's mate is not supposed to replace a physican; he is expected only to give first aid until a physician can be reached. However, in his locker he had eight hemostats (bleeder clamps), two standard Navy surgical knives, and other common medical tools. There were no retractors to hold back the open lips of the incision, so Moore had to devise a crude pair by bending spoons at right angles.

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Assistants would be needed, and Moore passed the word for volunteers. A large group answered. Ether cans, spinal anesthetic, gauze, sponges, and all the other necessaries were ready. Platter was carried in and laid on the table in the hot glare of the bare bulbs.

Burlingame, meanwhile, had ordered the submarine submerged. The *Silversides* was now in a zone of enemy operations, and it would be disastrous to be surprised by an enemy plane or ship while the operation was in progress. Also, Burlingame knew that by diving he would eliminate practically all motion of the sea against the ship.

Led by Davenport, the assistants kept up a running commentary of humor as Moore administered the spinal anesthetic. Platter grinned weakly. Burlingame looked in, told a crisp and indelicate joke, and went back to the conning tower. Platter laughed then. "Cut that out, damn it," Moore said, as his patient's belly started to shake with mirth.

Moore located the appendix by the ancient rule of thumb: little finger on umbilicus, thumb on point of hipbone, drop index finger straight down and its tip points to the appendix.

He took twenty minutes to complete the incision. He straightened and took a deep breath, then bent over Platter again. Perspiration was running from his hair where it receded steeply back from his high forehead.

After an hour Burlingame came in again.

"How's it going?" he asked.

Moore's light, reddish eyebrows were down. "Cut through six layers, sir," he replied, "but I haven't found the damn appendix yet."

Noticing that Moore appeared perfectly calm, Burlingame said, "Well, if it doesn't worry you, it doesn't worry me."

Another half hour passed, and Davenport sent word to the conning tower that the appendix had been found at last. Then he went to the forward torpedo room, where a large group waited quietly. The entire ship's company was up.

Moore's troubles were only beginning now. It developed that the appendix, which looked as if it were just about to burst, was attached to the section of the upper colon which lay underneath. Detaching the appendix from the intestine, Moore discovered, was going to be a long and tedious job. He set to work, slicing away a small section, then tying it off to prevent excessive bleeding.

Moore worked slowly, making sure that each of his ties was firm. Platter's intestines were bothersome too. They continually pushed against the abdomen wall, protruding through the incision so that Moore would have to shove them back.

"Say, I can wiggle my toes now," Platter said suddenly.

Moore called for a can of ether. The spinal anesthetic was wearing off.

In a moment Platter gasped and began to moan. He could feel Moore's fingers tugging within him now. He picked up a can of ether in weak fingers, and managed to tap Moore on the head with it.

Moore let the appendix go for a

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moment, and began to apply ether. He directed Davenport and Detmers to relieve him as Platter lost consciousness. The ether fumes began to permeate the ship.

The second hour had passed when Moore got the appendix entirely free and laid it triumphantly aside.

"Now it'll be easy," he said, and smiled broadly. "I recognize it now," he added. "That's an appendix! Gangrenous, too."

In four hours the job was finally done.

ONE MORNING smoke was sighted on the horizon. Burlingame closed in until he could distinguish the tops of the masts of several large merchant ships.

The *Silversides* was still on the surface. Burlingame studied the glassy sea.

"We can't make a periscope attack in a sea like this," he decided. "They'd see our feather, sure as hell. We'll wait around until dark, then let 'em have it."

At sunset the *Silversides* submerged. As twilight gathered, the submarine lay beneath the sea and let the convoy approach. The six forward torpedo tubes were ready.

Burlingame and his officers were absorbed in this chase. Since the beginning of their first patrol it had been the ambition of all of them to attack an entire convoy, alone.

A patrol boat turned suddenly and headed directly for the submarine's position.

"He must have picked up our screws," Burlingame muttered.

The convoy began to wheel away in the start of a zigzag. The change in course, executed in slow, beautiful precision, left some of the ships passing ahead of the *Silversides*. The fat merchantmen moved in a straight line, chain fashion, like ducks on a belt in a shooting gallery.

Burlingame glanced about the conning tower.

"Well, let's go," he said. "Let's get rid of these fish."

Keegan put his finger on the firing button.

Burlingame said:

"Fire!"

And again, immediately:

"Fire!"

Torpedoes were fired to hit all ships of the convoy and as they went down their tracks in the moonlight their wakes indicated successful trips.

Burlingame pulled in the periscope and fled. If the patrol boat did not actually know now that the submarine was present, it would know in a few seconds.

Davenport dropped to the control room. Long seconds had passed since the firing of the first torpedo. Suddenly five explosions, one after the other, rattled the *Silversides*.

After the fifth explosion, Stegall turned his head toward Burlingame from the sound gear and grinned.

"The screws of three of the freighters have stopped, captain," he reported.

Burlingame looked longingly at the periscope shaft.

"Damn it," he said ruefully. "We can only claim damage for these three babies, and I'm as sure as hell we've sunk 'em!"

"What the hell happened to the

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sixth fish?" he suddenly inquired at large.

Smiley ran into the control room, looking worried. He went to Davenport.

"There's a torpedo jammed halfway out of the tube," he said, breathing hard.

Davenport kept his face expressionless as he hurried to inform Burlingame. He knew that if the captive torpedo were not "armed" already, it soon would be, and the ship might be blown up any second. Very shortly, everyone in the submarine knew it, too.

Davenport was as worried about the crew's morale as he was about the danger from the torpedo. He knew that while the crew was in such a state of mind, any small mishap that occurred could conceivably start a panic that might result in the loss of the ship and all the lives in it.

"I'll go up forward and see if the fish is really jammed in the tube," he told Burlingame. "If it is, I think the best thing to do is to try to fire it when we can, and get rid of it. If it does go off as it leaves the ship, maybe it won't damage us quite so much."

There was no doubt in Smiley's mind as to whether the torpedo was still in the tube. He knew it was.

Davenport, because he knew that nothing could be done about the dangling torpedo at the moment, decided that his best course was to convince the crew that it was not in the tube at all.

"Now, look here," he argued with Smiley. "The amount of impulse pressure we used was sufficient to force the fish completely out of the tube, even if it didn't run."

"But the outer door—" Smiley began.

"That same thing happened to me a couple of times when I was torpedo officer of another submarine," Davenport interrupted. "You get barnacles and foreign growths into the operating mechanism so it prevents proper operation of the door.

"There's no torpedo there," he concluded. "You only think there is, just because the door won't close."

Smiley said, "Yes, Mr. Davenport."

The executive officer went back to the control room. There Burlingame questioned him closely.

"Well, is the fish in the tube, or not?" he demanded.

"I don't think so," Davenport said.

"Are you *sure?*" the captain persisted.

"No," Davenport admitted. "But I *think* it's out."

Depth charges were rumbling distantly. The patrol boats were expected to make a closer contact with the submarine at any minute, and every man in the *Silversides* was constantly aware that a depth charge, if it came near enough, could detonate the dangling torpedo and blow the submarine to bits.

The air inside the submarine was becoming foul, and smoking was stopped. In this intense and choking atmosphere men labored and waited for three hours.

It appeared at length that the pursuing patrol boats had hopeless-

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ly lost the submarine's track, so Burlingame surfaced in order to make the maximum speed out of the area. Smiley went topside to look for the dangling torpedo, but it was too dark to see. At dawn Burlingame submerged again and loafed along throughout the day, studying what he should do next. All this time the crew was tense about the dangling torpedo.

Burlingame took the risk of surfacing before dark, to learn once and for all whether the torpedo was in the tube or not.

Smiley and all the officers went topside and peered into the sea from the bow. The water was clear, and they could see the head of the torpedo protruding from the tapering side of the ship.

Torpedoman Walter Czerwinski was dropped into the water in a sling to try to disarm the torpedo so that there would be no chance for it to explode. He found the fish was in such a position that he couldn't get the arming gear off. He came back on board, and it was decided then that the torpedo would have to be disengaged from the tube by refiring it.

"We need just enough men in the forward room to make the room watertight and fire the fish," Burlingame said. Smiley, Duckworth, Torpedoman Third Class Paul Dennis, and Junior Clark volunteered.

Dennis closed and dogged down the watertight door while Smiley and Duckworth flung the bulkhead flappers to close off the ventilating pipes from the rest of the ship.

Smiley stood between the tubes. Duckworth put his finger on the firing key, and Dennis picked up the telephone.

"Has anyone got anything to say?" Smiley asked, looking into each face.

There was a low-voiced chorus: "Let 'er go!"

"Report to the bridge that we're ready for firing," Smiley directed Dennis.

Burlingame's voice came back through the intraship speaker:

"All back emergency!"

There was a rising throb of motors and the submarine shuddered as the Diesels went into reverse at top speed.

The speaker crackled again:

"Fire."

Duckworth pressed the key. There was the familiar loud snap, like the smashing of a paper bag full of wind.

The ship lurched slightly.

A thin wake spurted from the bow of the sub, went off into the distance, and disappeared.

In the torpedo room, the four men were laughing uncontrollably.

Smiley held his shaking sides. "Well," he gasped, "she's gone, and we still got the bow!"

THE PACIFIC Fleet gives the Navy Cross only once; when a man earned this highest Fleet award a second time he was given a gold star in lieu of the medal. A ceremony was arranged for presentation of the gold star to Burlingame shortly after the return of the *Silversides* to Pearl Harbor, but the hour slipped Burlingame's mind while he was yarning with other skippers in the submarine base officers' bar. He received the

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by Robert Trumbull

award later, without ceremony, in the office of the chief of staff.

Meanwhile the statisticians at the submarine base totaled up the *Silverside's* record. She had sunk, by conservative count, more than 60 thousand tons and damaged over 35 thousand tons more—which made her one of the leaders in an outstanding submarine force.

On a morning some days later a silent group of officers in khaki watched the *Silversides* stand into the channel, turn her narrow length about, and point for the open sea. Burlingame waved goodby from the bridge. The *Silversides* rounded a bend, passed the entrance buoys, and headed again toward enemy waters.

Pig Boat Perils

THE OFFICERS of a pig boat, as subs are called in the Navy, became chummy with some Army airmen at one of the ports they visited and the latter graciously invited the sub-men for a flight in a new type plane.

The plane made a remarkably smooth takeoff and the first quarter hour of the trip was like drifting in a row boat on a placid mill pond.

Then the fliers turned on the excitement. They did snap rolls and slow rolls, wing-overs and hammerhead stalls, inverted spins and spirals . . . in short, the business.

The sub-men were scared stiff, but they gritted their teeth and rode it out. When the plane landed, the airmen solicitously asked how the sub-men enjoyed their trip. In reply, the Navy men invited them for a short cruise on the pig boat.

The airmen accepted with alacrity. When they got aboard the pig boat, the conning tower was closed and they were led below. They got a big kick out of watching the complicated machinery put in motion to take them below the surface. The first half hour was just like riding the swing on the front porch at home; they hardly knew they were under the sea.

Then suddenly things started to go wrong. The skipper barked commands, and officers and crew members hurried about, pulling levers like mad. The airmen were scared stiff—especially when a seaman shouted that the depth gauge was stuck and the skipper gave the ominous order to blow everything.

The fliers were hurried up the ladder to the conning tower . . . there was one chance in a hundred they could be saved. When they insisted they wouldn't leave until everybody else did, they were told, "Skipper's orders."

"When I give the command, push your way out that hatch and keep your eyes closed or the backwash will blind you," ordered the skipper.

The airmen closed their eyes and pushed frantically through the hatch. When they stopped thrashing their arms about and sputtering in the effort to save themselves, they opened their eyes to find that the submarine had never left the dock!

—SGT. RICHARD HARRITY

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Between these Covers

Farewell and Hail: Now that ***Arnold Gingrich,*** Executive Editor of Coronet, has gone to live in Europe, he'll be providing us and you with the best there is in European literary and artistic talent . . . ***Roy Chapman Andrews*** (*Meet Your Ancestors*, page 47) has chased whales, shot tigers, written books, and substituted for newscaster Lowell Thomas on the radio . . . It's no secret that ***Irving Hoffman,*** who "Grins and Shares" them with you every month, is nearsighted. A friend of his once held up thumb and forefinger with *nothing* between them, and asked: "What do you think of this diamond, Irving?" "Beautiful," said Hoffman, "where did you get it?" . . . The day before the atom bomb burst, ***Robert E. Sherwood*** (*Japan: Our New Frontier*, page 4) was outlining for us some of his ideas on America's place in the Pacific. When the war ended we couldn't rest until he had written them down so you could see them, too.

About Writers and Readers: ***Paul Gallico*** (*The Army-Navy Classic*, page 28) has 147 acres of farmland in New Jersey. Someone else does the work while Paul sits around looking exhausted. His article on the Army-Navy football games is a bit of a birthday present to the Annapolis Naval Academy, which was one hundred years old on October 10th . . . ***Phil Drotning*** (*Top Man in the Deep Sea*, page 86) has been in journalism for thirteen years, but he doesn't feel old. He's 24 . . . From India comes a note in which a homesick soldier says, in part: "The pictures to my mind make Coronet the *best* magazine on the market today" . . . And from France a fifteen-year-old boy writes: "I was able to know your magazine which interests me very much and now I am a regular reader of it . . ."

We're Happy We Were Wrong: In our story of the USS *Wahoo* in the October issue (*Salute to the Wahoo*) we reported the loss of the submarine and its heroic men. After the issue had gone to press, we learned that Commander Richard Hetherington O'Kane and nine of his crew had been rescued from a Jap prison camp. For once we say, "Thank God we were wrong!"

Snapshots of Pictures: The original of ***Douglass Crockwell's*** "Dutch Girl" (page 27) is being presented to Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands . . . *Daycoach* (page 145) is ***Stevan Dohanos'*** favorite painting of the many he has done. It is one of the few he has hanging in his own home. . . . We feel we should tell you that you very narrowly missed having your picture among those in *An American Album* (page 71), because our editor spent more than six months looking for American faces . . . Coverling ***Lavone Mullinger*** was in Hollywood visiting her sister Donna Reed, when Mead-Maddick got one look at her outdoor beauty and ran for their cameras. Lavone is headed for big things cinema-wise.

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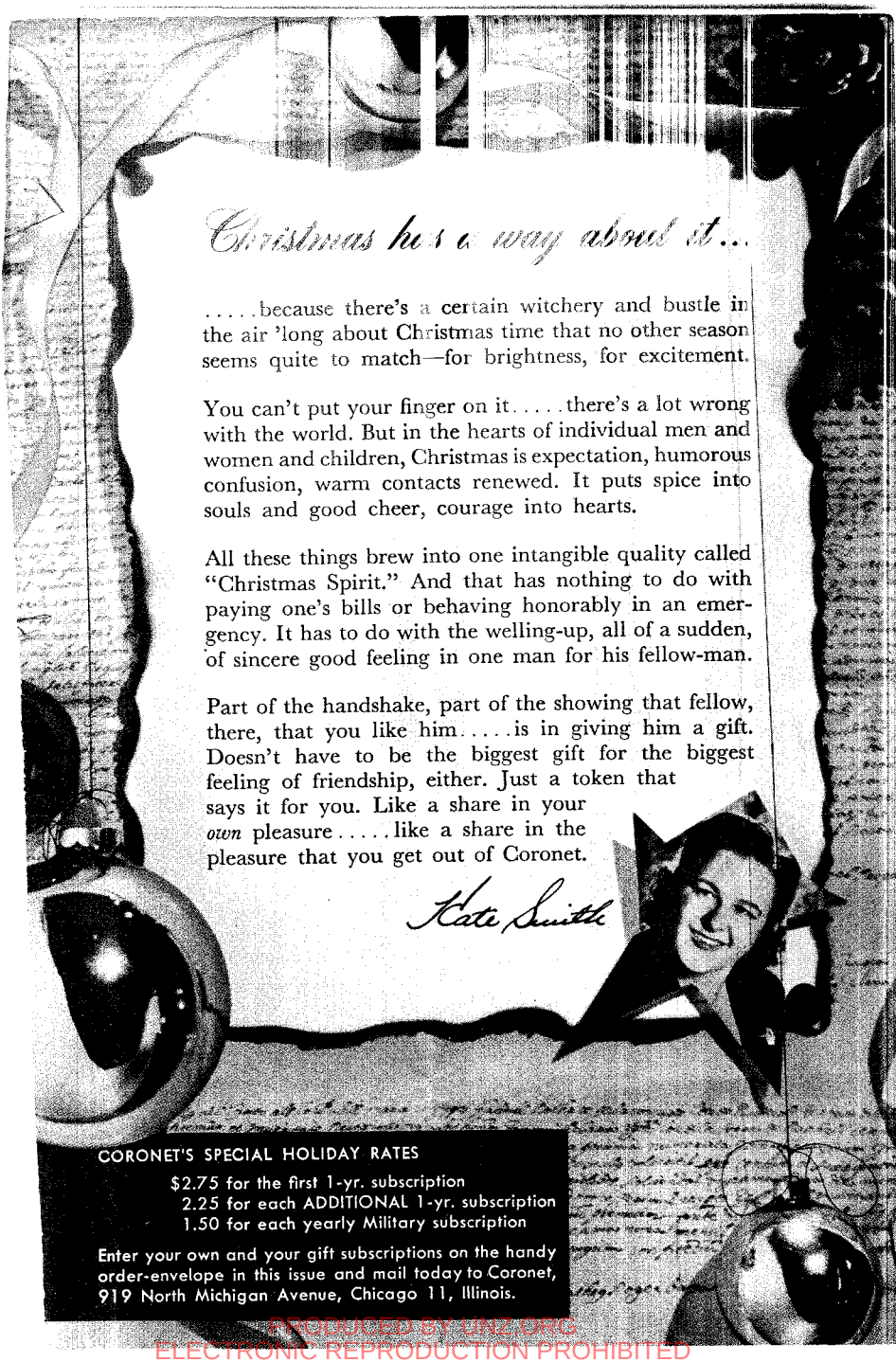

Christmas has a way about it...

.....because there's a certain witchery and bustle in the air 'long about Christmas time that no other season seems quite to match—for brightness, for excitement.

You can't put your finger on it.....there's a lot wrong with the world. But in the hearts of individual men and women and children, Christmas is expectation, humorous confusion, warm contacts renewed. It puts spice into souls and good cheer, courage into hearts.

All these things brew into one intangible quality called "Christmas Spirit." And that has nothing to do with paying one's bills or behaving honorably in an emergency. It has to do with the welling-up, all of a sudden, of sincere good feeling in one man for his fellow-man.

Part of the handshake, part of the showing that fellow, there, that you like him.....is in giving him a gift. Doesn't have to be the biggest gift for the biggest feeling of friendship, either. Just a token that says it for you. Like a share in your *own* pleasure.....like a share in the pleasure that you get out of Coronet.

Kate Smith

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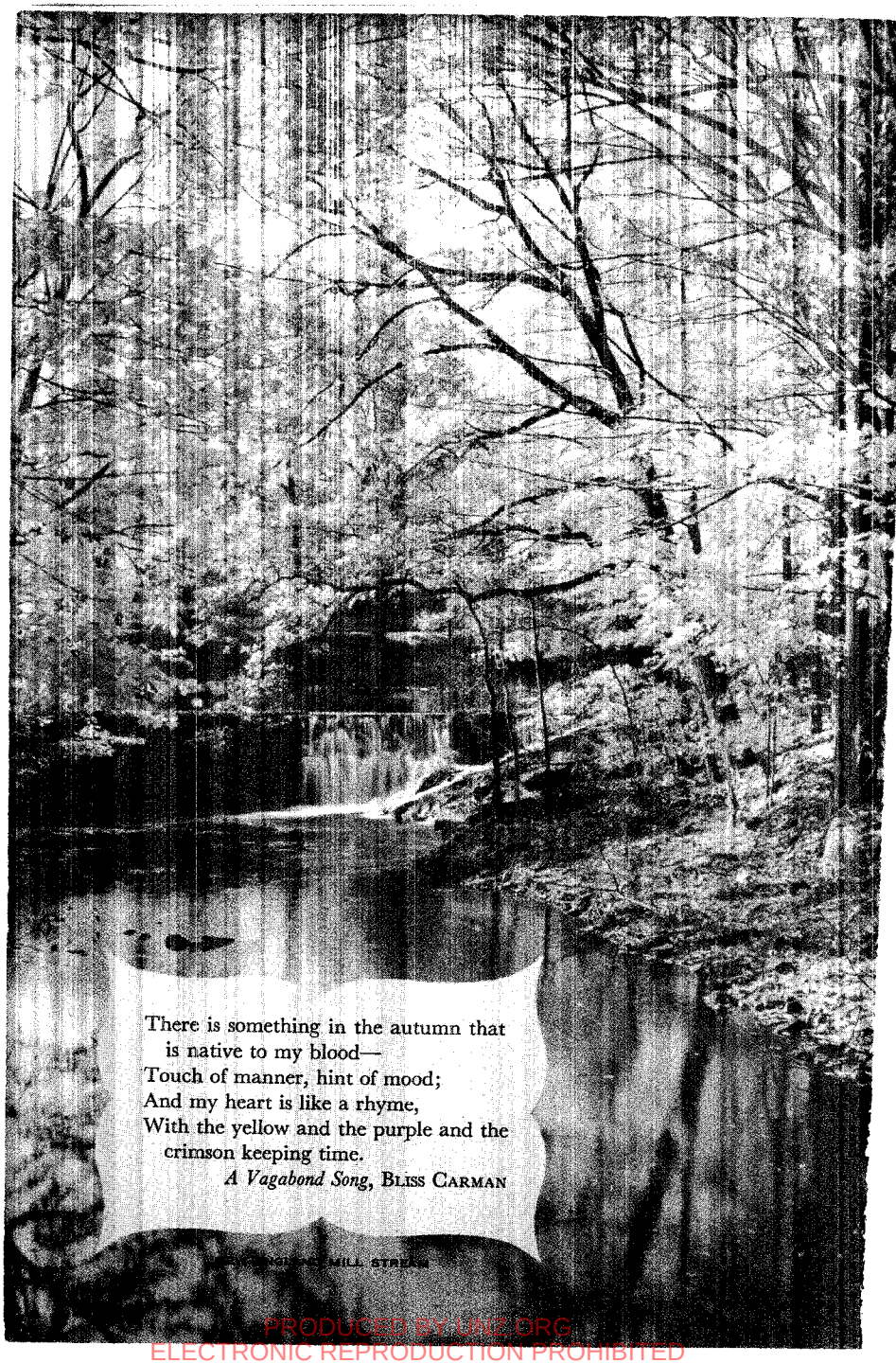

There is something in the autumn that
is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the
crimson keeping time.

A Vagabond Song, BLISS CARMAN

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